

THE TRUTH ABOUT LIZ TAYLOR AS A BACHELOR GIRL—Hedda Hopper

★ PHOTOPLAY

August 20¢



Doris Day

SEE HER TROUSSEAU
IN FULL COLOR

*Choose the
New Stars*

PHOTOGRAPHS, FACTS AND
A LOT IN THIS ISSUE

N 2/56 41 R 132542 G
P 2-52 2Y H
MRS. C. SLOSBURG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS

Your first cake of Camay brings a

lovelier complexion!

A SKIN FOR
WEDDING BELLS!

*This is MRS. CORNELIUS LORENZEN, Jr.,
the former Barbara Jean Shaw of New Jersey—
a lovely Camay Bride!*

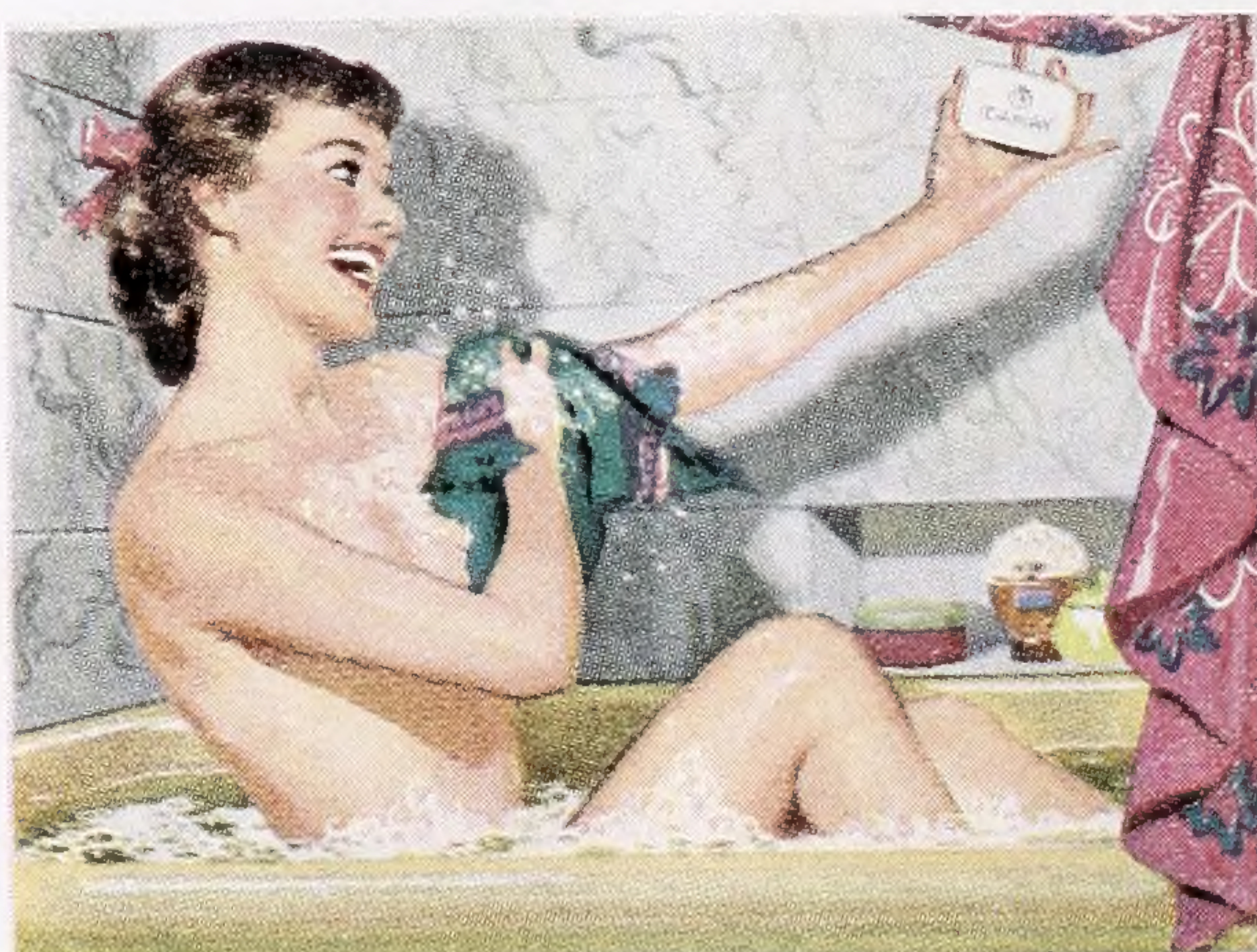
There's an ingenue's fresh appeal about Barbara Lorenzen—a "little girl" charm that wins you from the first meeting. Her coloring is in soft pastels—her complexion, softer than satin itself. Barbara's *first cake* of Camay made her a gift of new beauty.

When friends inquire about her beauty care, Barbara has a ready answer. She says, with conviction: "At last I've found a beauty soap that's made for my skin—Camay. When I changed to regular Camay care, my *first cake* of Camay brought a fresher, clearer complexion."

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Camay

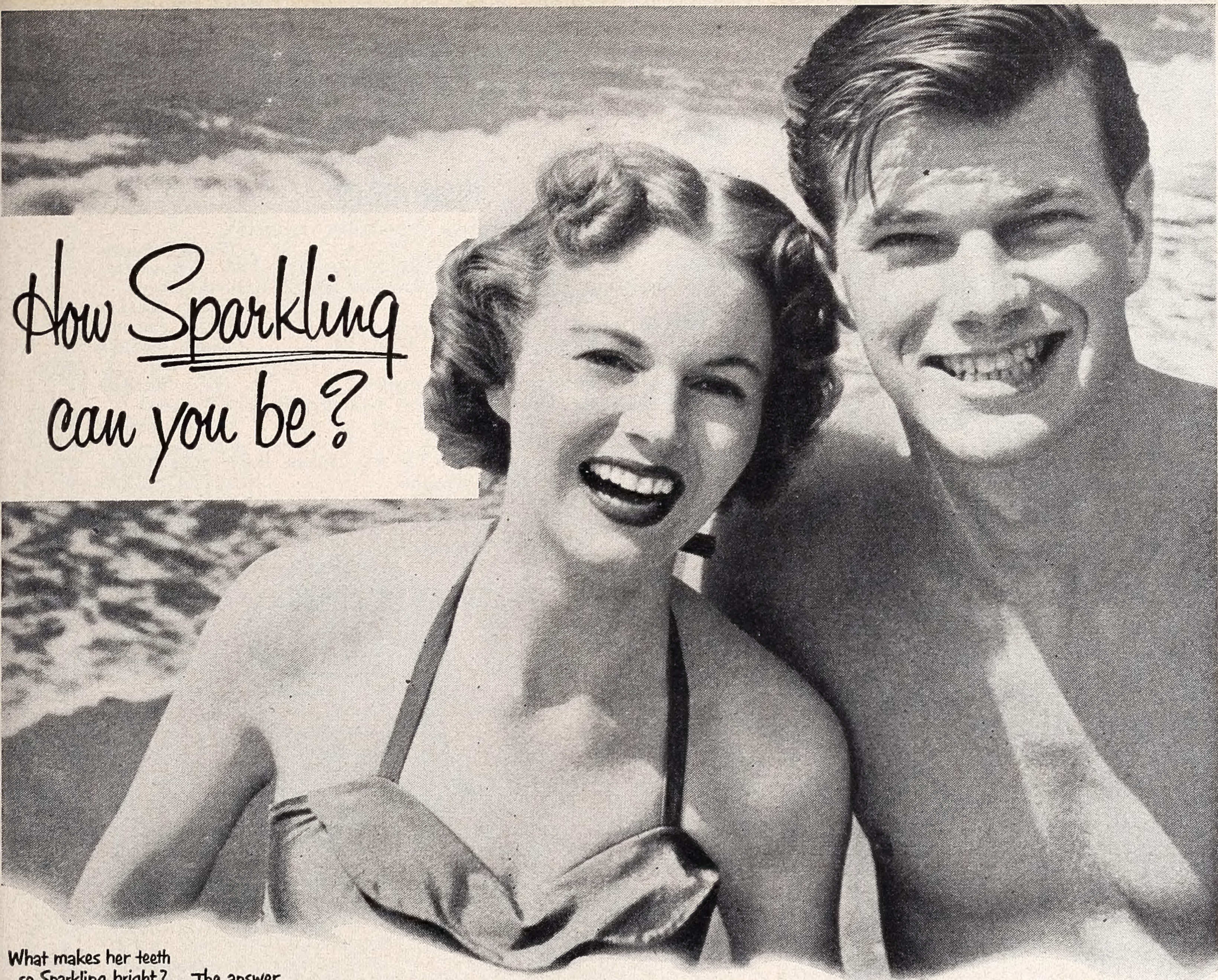
the soap of beautiful women



**In all the world—
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For mildness, for fragrance, for quick, rich lather—it's hard to imagine a finer beauty soap than Camay! Always ask for the big thrifty "Beauty-Bath" size. It gives more lather, more luxury, more of everything you like about Camay.

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can you be?



What makes her teeth
so Sparkling bright?.. The answer
is **IPANA!**

The answer is **IPANA**

for cleaner, healthier teeth!

Yes, you really sparkle when you use Ipana. This tooth paste gets your teeth cleaner, reveals the hidden sparkle of your smile — and helps prevent tooth decay.

You'll love Ipana's sparkling taste and tingle, too—leaves your mouth fresher, breath sweeter. Get Ipana Tooth Paste today for your Smile of Beauty!

What makes her mouth
so Sparkling fresh?.. The answer
is **IPANA!**



She's always
swamped with dates!.. The answer
is **IPANA!**

For really cleansing
teeth and mouth, the answer
is **IPANA!**



A Product of Bristol-Myers



*Remember—to reduce tooth
decay—no other tooth paste
(ammoniated or regular)
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effective than Ipana!*





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FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 39 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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Cover: Doris Day, star of "On Moonlight Bay"—Miss Day's dress by Angovar
Natural Color Portrait by John Engstead

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AUGUST, 1951

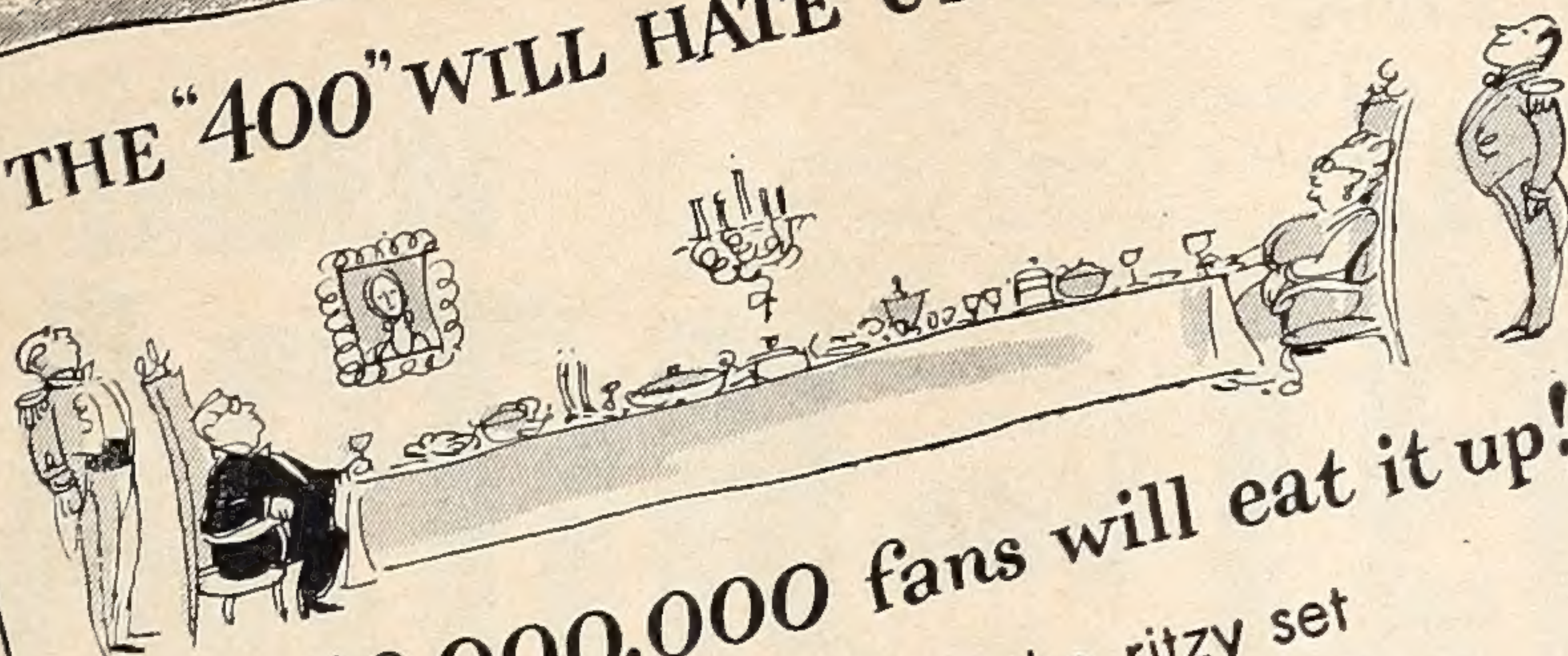
PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y., average net paid circulation 1,200,163 for 6 months ending June 30, 1950. EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial Branch office: 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Harold A. Wise, President; James L. Mitchell and Fred R. Sammis, Vice Presidents; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$2.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions, and Canada. \$4.00 per year all other countries. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old, as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

VOL. 40, NO. 2

MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS, AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage and will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury. FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Douglas Lockhart, Vice President. Re-entered as Second Class Matter, May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail, P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1951 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company.

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but 40,000,000 fans will eat it up!

It's a riotous rib of the ritzy set
...the romantic escapades of a lady
crook and the Latin in her life!



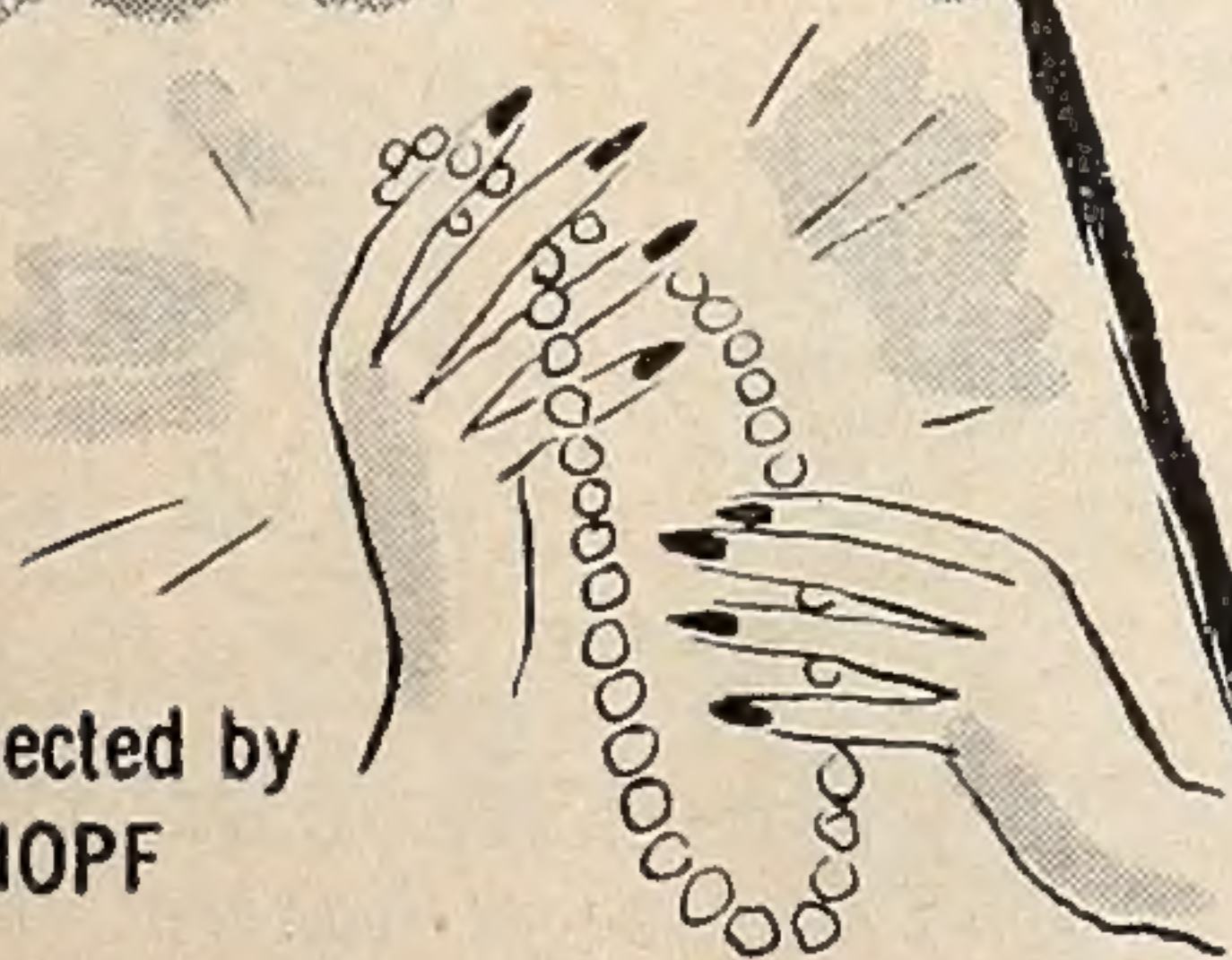
As a Maid...
she isn't
very maidenly!

As a Lady...
she isn't
very
ladylike!



M-G-M laughingly presents
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with
FERNANDO LAMAS • MARJORIE MAIN

Produced and Directed by
EDWIN H. KNOFF
An M-G-M Picture



Screen Play by
LEONARD SPIGELGASS and KARL TUNBERG

Based on the Play "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" by Frederick Lonsdale



READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

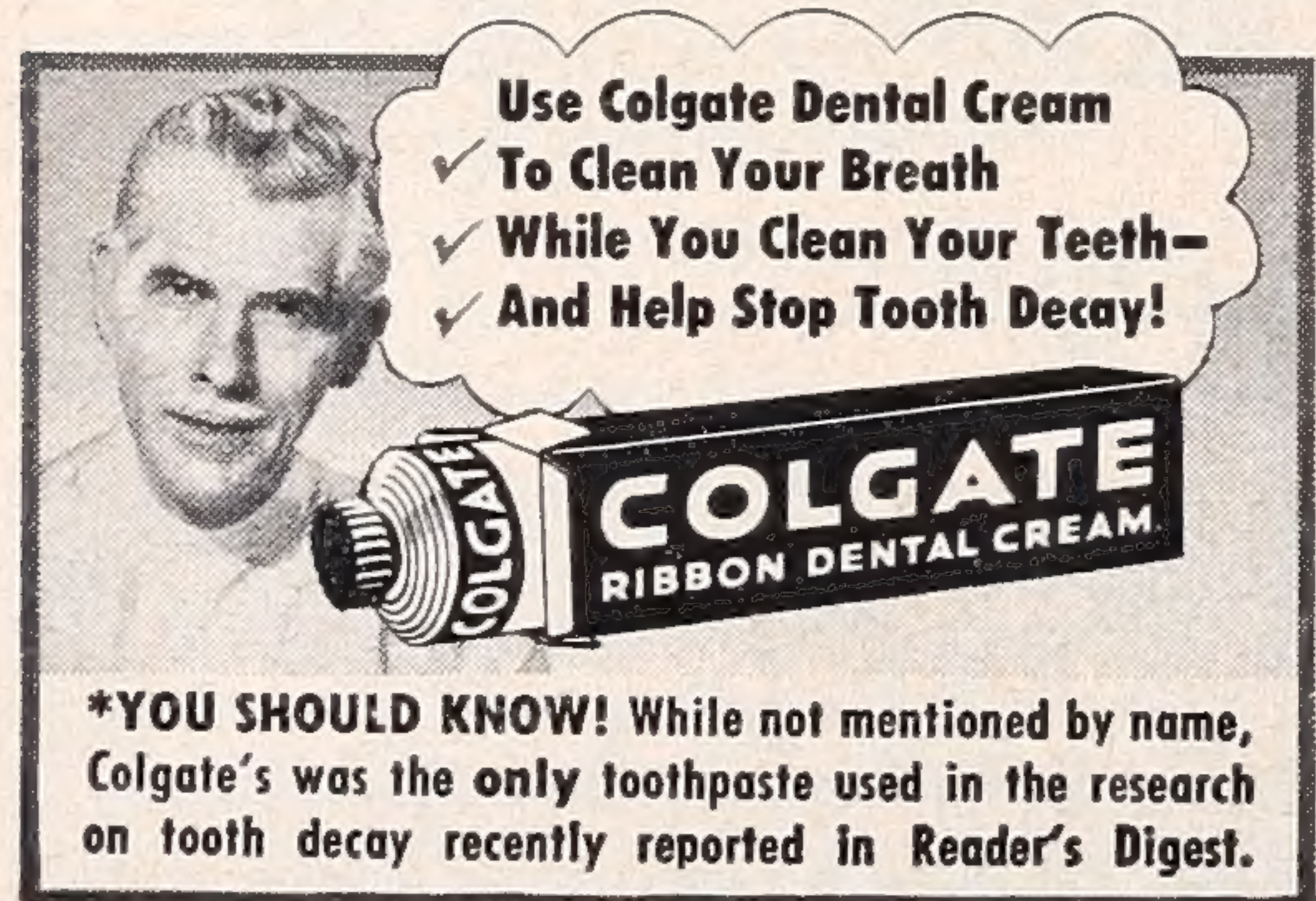
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

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LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

COLGATE CARE WAS ALL IT TOOK TO GET THIS DREAM-DATE ON MY HOOK!



READERS INC.

Cheers and Jeers:

I think Shirley Temple should give Susan a chance at pictures. She had her chance and should give her daughter the same chance. She would probably have been very unhappy if her mother had said no at her chance in pictures.

DELORES HART
Bridgeport, Wash.

For a long time I've been faced with this problem, "Which does Hollywood value most, looks or talent?" It can't be talent, I've often thought, because Elizabeth Taylor can't act at all and yet they keep her in movies. They do the same thing with Farley Granger and Shirley Temple. It strikes me that if the screen wants more talent instead of pretty but dull faces, they'll concentrate on actors like Dick Widmark.

JULIA PAGANO
New York, N. Y.

All of this moaning and groaning about Liz Taylor is getting to be quite boring and a little out of date. Liz is supposed to be a charming and matured young lady but it seems she is very much acting the part of "a dying calf in a thunderstorm." Let's have some good actresses like Jane Powell or Judy Holliday instead of the "whimpering little pieces of humanity."

MRS. THOMAS V. NEAL
Kansas City, Mo.

I do want to offer all the roses on your June cover to Mr. Frank Powolny who took that beautiful picture of Betty Grable.

DENISE COURVILLE
Quebec, Canada

Last week Debbie Reynolds and Carleton Carpenter were appearing in person here in Chicago. After the show we went backstage hoping to meet them in person. They gave us their autographs and even went outside so we could take some snapshots of them. If all of the stars were this cooperative to their fans they would have many more of them.

SANDRA KEANE
Chicago, Ill.

Casting:

Every Sunday the New York *Journal-American* prints a wonderful medieval adventure comic entitled "Prince Valiant." Why doesn't Hollywood make it into a movie? It's the kind of thing Errol Flynn would have done well in his younger days. Ty Power would be good now—Tony Curtis looks the part, but I don't think he'd do it justice. Maybe John Derek, with good direction. It's just the kind of costume adventure story we need these days.

EDNA BIRCH
New York, N. Y.

Readers' Pets:

What have Monty Clift and Farley Granger got that John Hodiak hasn't got? I think John is a great actor and surely deserves more than he gets. Besides that, he is happily married and has good looks.

PEGGY GERLOCK
Ordway, Colo.

Ruth Roman has twice as much sex appeal as Turner and Gardner put together.

Has twice the looks of Taylor and Darnell. She never gives a bad performance. Under these conditions, she undoubtedly will live to be another Barrymore!

BILLY J. DORSEY
Cumby, Tex.

Question Box:

Could you give me the name of the boy who played *Conroy* in "The Halls of Montezuma"? He's really some actor!

LYNN NEVILLE
Monroe, Wash.

(He's Richard Hylton, born in Collinsville, Okla., 12/11/24; 6' tall, 155 lbs., has hazel eyes, dark brown hair, is unmarried. Next, "The Secret of Convict Lake.")



How about a picture (minus Indian paint) of Susan Cabot, the actress who portrayed the part of *Monasetah* in "Tomahawk." I am an usher and "Tomahawk" ran four days at our theatre. Usually, I get pretty tired of those four-day shows, but not "Tomahawk."

GEORGE HERRE
Bloomsburg, Pa.

(Susan was born in Boston, Mass., 7/9/27; has dark brown eyes and hair, 5'2", 104 lbs.; married to Martin Sacker. See "Choose Your Star" for further information and page 46 for picture without Indian paint.)

"The Great Caruso" was simply wonderful. I would like to know if the song by Ann Blyth was really sung by her.

JUDITH HICKS
Fort Wayne, Ind.

(Yes. Ann has a beautiful voice. She sang on the radio when she was five, was with the San Carlo Opera Company in New York before she came to Hollywood.)

Could you tell me the name of the tango Eleanor Parker and Anthony Dexter danced to in "Valentino"?

JON JOHNSON
Rockford, Ill.

("Noche de Amor" (Night of Love) published by Leeds Music Publishing Co.)

Saw a sneak preview of "Strangers on a Train." Who was the girl who played Farley Granger's wife? Never thought I'd notice anybody else in Farley's picture, but this girl was good.

LUCKY CARROLL
Pasadena, Calif.

(That was Laura Elliott, born in Moorehouse, Mo., is 5'5", 115 lbs., has light brown hair, brown eyes, is single. Made her debut in 1948 in "Special Agent." Next, "When Worlds Collide.")



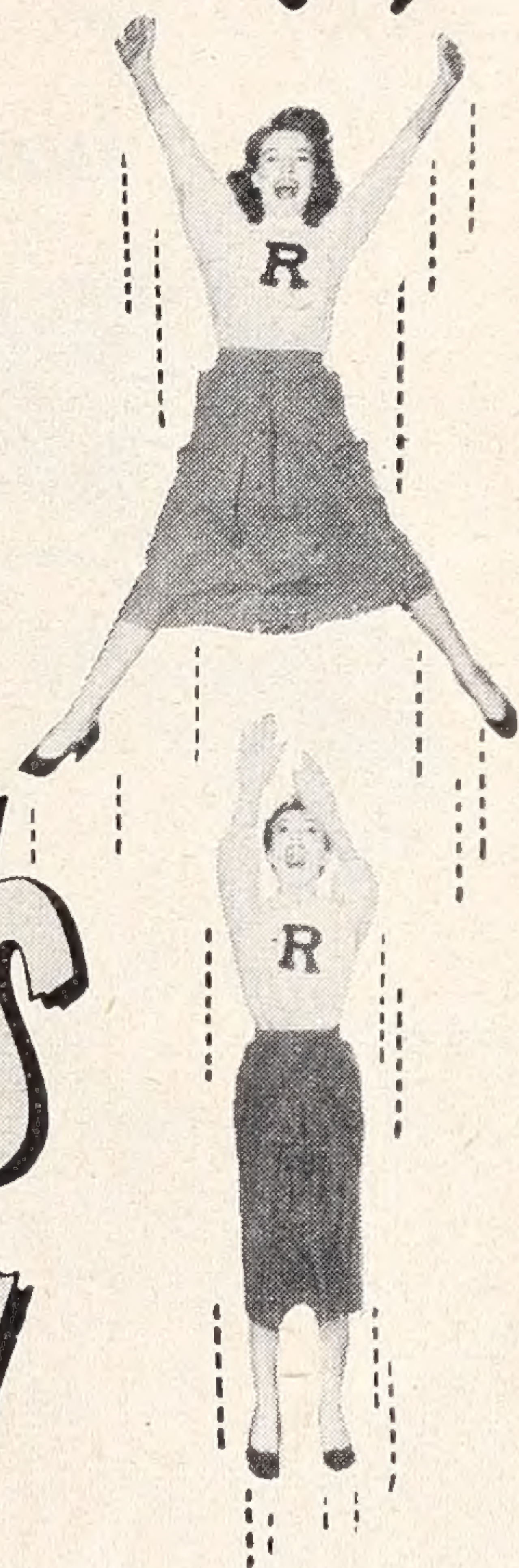
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Dean's Making the Passes and Jerry's Fumbling!!!

DEAN
MARTIN and JERRY
LEWIS

in
HAL WALLIS'
production

**That's
MY
BOY**



HEAR DEAN SING
"Ballin' the Jack"
"I'm in the Mood
for Love"



RUTH
HUSSEY and Co-starring
MARION
MARSHALL
POLLY
BERGEN

with
HUGH SANDERS • JOHN MCINTIRE • TOM HARMON

And Introducing EDDIE

MAYEHOFF

Directed by HAL WALKER
Associate Producer, Story and Screenplay
Cy Howard • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



EDDIE MAYEHOFF
scores a comedy sensation
... in his first big movie
role, as Jerry Lewis' ex-
All-American Pop!



for a
Gayla
hair-do



every day
all day

wear the new, modern

Gayla
HAIR NETS



"PERMANIZED" • RUN-RESISTANT
(a Gayla exclusive!)

Grooms Hair-dos—Saves Waves
Invisible—Tru-Color Hair Shades

more women use

Gayla
HOLD-BOB

bobby pins than
all other brands
combined.

set curls easier
hold hair-dos better



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Claudette Colbert's next
picture is "Let's Make It Legal"

your problems answered
by **Claudette Colbert**



what should I do?

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen and have been working at a job I like for three years. I am making progress in my work, and have earned four pay raises so far. I need to dress a little better than I do and I need to begin to save a little money. I have met a fine man who works for the same company, and eventually we want to marry and establish a home of our own. We could begin to see our future in a bright light if I didn't have family problems.

I support my parents and my twenty-four-year-old brother. He has never worked a day since he came home from the Army. He has no disability, he didn't even go overseas. He is 6'2", weighs 195 pounds, and is in perfect physical condition. However, he won't work. He will start out, pick up application blanks, make a big show of going to work. Nothing happens. He sits at home and reads. Or he sleeps. Then, at night, he goes out with his boy friends. I have to give him money.

When I protest to my mother, she tells me to pack up and get out if I don't like the way things are going. She waits on my brother hand and foot, and adores him. He can do no wrong, but she picks at me from the time I get home until I go to my room and close the door, or go out on a date. She says I don't appreciate the years of care she has given me, and that she is head of the family, and I have to let her manage the family money.

I love my parents, but sometimes I get dreadfully discouraged.

Svetla T.

Certainly we should respect our parents, but—by the same token—our parents owe us simple justice. Unless you have not told me the full story, it is obvious that you are being victimized by a lazy brother and a mother who is showing shocking favoritism toward her son.

You are of age; your letter indicates that you are a self-reliant, self-supporting, intelligent adult. You have a right to establish your own home, a right which might be denied you if you were to remain as a slave in your parents' household.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-four years old, and have a four-year-old son. I came from a very poor family and was put out on my own at thirteen; had a rough road to earn my living, get some education and keep a clean life. I had to fight some of the men I worked for to keep my pride and decency. I married a serviceman when I was sixteen and spent three years working and saving every penny of my allotment.

My husband wanted to get ahead, so I

took in washing for two years to buy my clothes, some of the furniture and the baby's things. We now have a new home, furnished comfortably, and he has a new car.

My husband is a salesman, very seldom home. He says he loves me, but he likes interesting, stimulating people and has to get out at night to get a new viewpoint. He has never been untrue to me because he is religious, but he is ashamed of me and keeps me from his friends.

I told him the other night I would leave the baby with him, he could get a housekeeper, and I would go away if that would make him happy. He didn't say anything, just went out as usual, leaving me alone as I am day after day, until I think I will go crazy. Tell me what there is in the world for a woman like me.

Moora M.

There is a great deal in the world for a woman like you, but there is a knack to getting what you want. It is a rare man who really understands or appreciates the sacrifices made for him by any woman except his mother. It is human nature to undervalue anything we get without personal effort. The free thing is held cheaply. Simply look around you to persuade yourself that the most pampered of wives are often those women who are least deserving.

Your husband, I suspect, doesn't want a slave; he wants a stimulating, attractive "girl friend" and that is exactly what you should train yourself to be. Stop working so hard about the house and devote that energy to yourself. Have your hair done a new way; get yourself some new clothes, a dram of some really good perfume. Have an afternoon nap when you put the baby to sleep and take time out to read some of the current magazines.

Sometimes I think there should be a sentence in the wedding ceremony, a promise to keep oneself lovable, worthy of pride, and mentally stimulating.

Incidentally, while you are making yourself over, don't forget for an instant that you are doing it for yourself, not primarily for your husband. A person cannot be of interest to another individual until he is interesting to himself.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am thirteen years old and I have a mother who doesn't understand me at all. She calls me cheap and says I go around with the wrong group of kids. This is because I don't try to make up with a gang who are richer than we are.

I had a date with one of those boys and he tried to get fresh. I decided then that

(Continued on page 8)

Everything's gay "On Moonlight Bay"

FROM
WARNER BROS.
STARRING

**DORIS
DAY
GORDON
MACRAE**

AND
JOY! AND LOVE! AND THE JOY OF LOVIN'!
AND SINGIN' AND DANCIN' AND SUCH
ROMANCIN'! IT'S SUNLIGHT
AND MOONLIGHT ROLLED INTO ONE!

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

With those
moonlight bay-bes
and
bay-eautiful songs!
'Love Ya',
'Moonlight Bay'—
lots more!



WITH JACK SMITH • SCREEN PLAY BY JACK ROSE AND MELVILLE SHAVELSON • DIRECTED BY ROY DEL RUTH • PRODUCED BY WILLIAM JACOBS
MUSICAL DIRECTION RAY HEINDORF MUSICAL NUMBERS STAGED AND DIRECTED BY LEROY PRINZ

ON THE WAY!

and!

"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER"

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"A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE"

A revolutionary new Improvement in Internal Sanitary Protection

Pursettes

'MEDICALLY-CORRECT'

The Only Tampon with *lubricated tip*

Just watch women quickly change over to Pursettes—the sensational new tampon for internal sanitary protection. Pursettes—developed by a practicing surgeon—offer an almost unbelievable new degree of comfort, security, and convenience.

Pursettes are 'medically-correct'—the *lubricated tip* makes insertion easier than ever. No applicator is needed. Pursettes are purposely designed to be small in size yet insure greater absorbency. Just test their absorbency in a glass of water—you'll be simply *astounded!* And one 'safety-margin' size makes it adequate for all users.

These remarkable new Pursettes guarantee *silhouette security*. No telltale bulges. No pins or belts. No odor. No chafing.

Be up to date.
Change to Pursettes.



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Be sure to get this dainty jewel-black plastic purse container, at no extra charge, with each package of Pursettes (looks like a small lighter or compact).

SANITARY PRODUCTS CORP., TANEYTOWN, MD.

(Continued from page 6) clean, wholesome fun was good enough for me. I don't care if I do have to walk to school parties instead of going out with older boys who have the family car.

I have two older brothers who are always making fun of my crooked teeth and my chubbiness. And this isn't the worst. I am scared, because lately I have stolen little things like a school notebook binder, a box of pencils, a package of envelopes. When my mother asked about them, I lied. I said some kid gave me the things.

I feel that I am all wrong, and I don't know what to do about myself.

Ellie June K.

When you say your mother doesn't understand you I think I agree with you. But then, I don't think you understand yourself. The reason you have stolen is because you think—as you said in your letter—that you are "all wrong." Unconsciously perhaps you are trying to prove it. Stop thinking along that line at once. Think instead, "I am all right. I am popular. I have nice friends. I do the right thing."

There is an old, old rule which was once stated in this way, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Translated, that can mean: "A girl can be pretty, popular, happy, and successful because she expects to be. She knows in her own heart that she can make her dreams come true."

Change your thoughts about yourself. You'll be surprised to discover that it will begin to work for you at once.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am sixteen and a junior in high school. I have had this one girl friend for six years, but about three years ago she moved into another neighborhood. We continued to write to each other faithfully but lately her letters have been, well, not too nice. She seems to have joined the wrong crowd and become "fast." About two weeks ago, after reading one of her letters, I was so disgusted that I showed it and several others to some of my friends, just to find out whether I was imagining things. My friends thought it was insulting for her to write such off-color letters.

I became angry and wrote to her about it. Now I am sorry. She wrote back that an apology was in order from me. She said she had told me those things in confidence. I telephoned her and she said she didn't care to meet me to talk things over, that I was meddling in her private business.

I didn't realize until now how much one misses a friend. What can I do?

Sara B.

Remember the old rhyme about Humpty-Dumpty? Well, there are a lot of things which, like Humpty-Dumpty, can't be put together again. Your friendship with this girl, I'm afraid, is similarly beyond repair.

It was a serious violation of confidence for you to show this girl's letters to others. Now is a good time for you to learn that it is the worst possible manners for the recipient of a letter to pass it on, unless it be a family letter mailed round-robin fashion. It is quite all right to read aloud to trusted friends certain portions of an interesting letter, but even then, the reader must be positive that the portion of a letter read is entirely impersonal.

You violated another tenet of friendship: you criticized your friend to others when she was in no position to defend herself. Also, you wrote her a critical letter. Probably the most easily misunderstood means of communication is a letter. You remember, I am sure, the habit of Abraham Lincoln to write a bitter letter at night, and then to destroy it the next

morning. A good policy to follow.

Finally, there is one final rule of friendship which you ignored: You planned, originally, to terminate your friendship on grounds which made you seem superior to your friend. If you are to have a friend, you must accept that friend as she is; if you intend to terminate a friendship, you must do it as gently as possible, as gradually as possible, so you avoid hurt to someone who has been important in your life.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am in an Army general hospital, recovering from pneumonia which I picked up in Korea. My question is an important one. I am twenty. When I left the States I wanted to marry my girl, Barbara, who is sixteen. Her folks consented, but my folks said the old-fashioned phrases that I was too young, too unsettled, without a trade or profession, etc. They thought I should wait until I came home after the war. Now I know this girl very well. I have gone with her for three years. She would make any man a swell wife.

Do you think it was a fair decision given by my parents? All the boys over here are bitter about this. We're too young to marry, too young to vote, but not too young to fight for this country. I don't get it. The nurse says I'm recuperating—I'm getting quarrelsome.

Jack

Probably you're going to hate me for my modest and apologetic opinion, but I feel that what I am about to say should have been said long ago. All things considered, a man sometimes is too young to vote, is too young to marry, yet is just right to fight. Sadly enough, war is a young man's business in this complicated world. You, yourself, have seen the soldiers from other wars serving beside you. You have seen how important stamina was, and how your youth stood you in good stead. The chief qualities of war are, in the words of Mr. Churchill, "blood, sweat, and tears" combined with fear, boredom and sudden death. A serviceman's responsibilities, at least in part, are to obey orders, to be ready to exercise both courage and ingenuity and to stay alive. A young man does these things most easily.

Marriage is something else again. You can't get transferred to another outfit if you don't like the mess sergeant. When you don't get leave, to live a life of your own for ten or twenty days, you can't blame it on "channels." And when you are on sentry go, you don't get relieved every four hours, particularly when junior is teething. Of course, there is one advantage: In marriage you can yell at your commanding officer without getting court-martialed.

Better wait until you're twenty-two.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.



THAT'S ALL, SISTER!

You're snubbed, Honey chile . . . definitely and deliberately . . . by the very man who, last night, simply begged to be introduced. You don't like such treatment? Of course you don't. Men usually stick around. But this one didn't. What did you say or do to antagonize him as you danced the night before? Whatever it was, you certainly are off to a bad start on your vacation.

It can happen to you...any time

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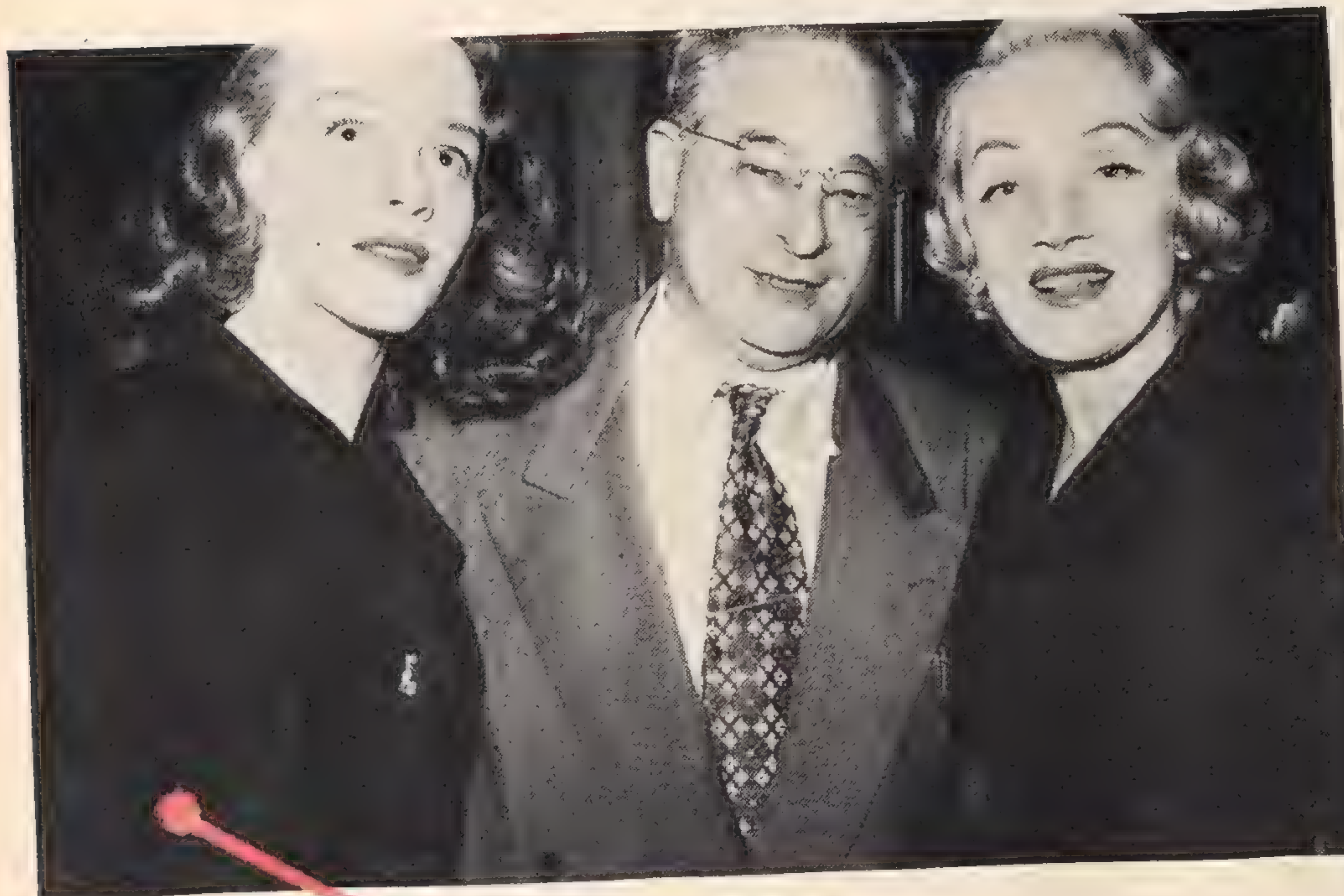


INSIDE STUFF



cal york's gossip of hollywood

Welcome vision on the Twentieth lot is pretty June Haver, who returned from trip abroad to acquire a new hair-do and role with handsome Bill Lundigan in "A Wac in His Life"



Beauty and the press: Photoplay photographer Hymie Fink, with Marlene Dietrich and her daughter Maria, was one of many guests who celebrated meeting Marlene at a press luncheon twenty-one years ago. Maria was flown from New York as a surprise for her famous mother



It was a milk toast for Katie Hepburn, shown with Humphrey Bogart at press reception at the Claridge Hotel, London. Bogey and Katie are in England for their new picture, "African Queen."



Four familiar faces at the Ice-Capades opening—Janie Powell, husband Geary Steffen, A. C. Lyles and pert date, Vera-Ellen

Wedding bells will soon be ringing—for Sally Forrest and Mito Frank. Long-engaged couple announce they'll be married in August

● **It Occurs to Cal:** That Twentieth Century's loss is Paul Douglas's gain. Now that he's free-lancing (the studio failed to renew his option when he refused to forfeit his raise) the rugged Romeo is making more per picture than he made in a year. . . . That the great-aunt who inspired Maureen O'Hara to reveal exercises that develop a firm bust never dreamed her big secret would be publicized . . . That Hollywood is being her usual fickle self in wasting the talents of Mercedes McCambridge, who merely won an Oscar for her first screen performance.

In Case You Care: According to Lili St. Cyr, of all the Hollywood stars, Bette Davis would have the best chance to make the grade as a stripteaser. Says the lady who takes 'em off herself: "Bette moves her body with rhythm and thought the way a dancer does" . . . Margaret O'Brien has started a new fad amongst Hollywood teenagers. Maggie collects bits and pieces of material, cuts them into strips and braids them, the final result—a rag-rug shortie coat . . . His sensational smash personal appearance tour was all Mario Lanza needed to inspire his temperament. Now he isn't returning studio phone calls or opening their letters . . . According to set snoopers, Mel Ferrer is worried that Arthur Kennedy will steal all their scenes in "Chuck-a-Luck." We've got news for Mel. Not only will Arthur steal 'em, but that great actor will do it *without* trying! . . . David Brian, who started out sensationally as a hot and handsome heavy, now

that's HOLLYWOOD for you

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Sidney Skolsky



Haver

Jot this down for future reference: "A Place in the Sun" and "A Streetcar Named Desire" are the entries to beat in the Oscar derby . . . I must admit that Tony Dexter reminded me more of Don Ameche than he did Rudolph Valentino . . . June Haver is underrated as a box-office attraction . . . I'm darned tired of those bedroom scenes in movies which show an electric light from across the street blinking on and off . . . While attending a premiere, Tony Curtis remarked to Janet Leigh: "I wonder if those people in the stands realize that the main reason we came was to see them." True words, for a change, from an actor . . .

A bra company is advertising a "three-way bra" and Tom Jenk asks me if that will make Jane Russell obsolete . . . Ethel Barrymore never sent me, on stage or screen, but Judith Anderson can do things to me.

What a build-up Howard Hughes could give Marilyn Monroe, who has the build for it . . . No matter how empty a theatre is, a tall person always takes the seat in front of me . . . Have you noticed how polite theatre managers and ushers are becoming? . . . I think Jerry Lewis would be even funnier if he mugged less . . . I can't imagine Shelley Winters and Farley Granger really married . . . Mickey Rooney's personality appears to be hindering his career. He's a great talent . . . Maurice Chevalier is the only actor I can recall wearing a straw hat in the movies.

Mitzi Gaynor and Janet Gaynor have never met . . . I wish they'd let Ann Blyth sing more in pictures, and also give George Sanders a singing role in a film . . . Whenever I see actresses wearing a lot of jewelry, I think it is from the prop department or for a publicity story . . . If I had to name them, I'd say that "Vivacious Lady" and "Twentieth Century" are the comedy and farce movies I've enjoyed most. My favorite gangster film is "The Public Enemy" and my choice of a musical is "Forty-Second Street." All right, so you have different favorites. You're entitled . . . Mike Curtiz, watching a girl during a dance audition, remarked, "She has the makings of another Gene Kelly" . . . The latest women's fad in Hollywood is wearing men's shirts. It's the first time I haven't objected to being with stuffed shirts.

Glenn Ford is actually a better golfer since playing the role of Ben Hogan . . . It sure would be a money picture: Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra teamed in a film . . . Why do the movies make newspapermen villains? The heels in "Follow the Sun," "Valentino" and "Ace in the Hole," to mention a few, are Fourth Estaters . . . Whenever I see Alfred Hitchcock I think he is dreaming up a new locale for a chase sequence . . . Francis, the mule star, is also feeling the pinch of soaring food prices. The hay purchased for his daily diet has gone up over sixty cents a bale, and that's money . . . Tom Lang knows an actor who's disappointed in love—he finds himself admiring others . . . Virginia Mayo has as good a figure as anyone in pictures.

I go along with Thelma Ritter, who hates more than anything else, "having non-actors tell me about my job. They don't do that to plumbers and typesetters" . . . Patricia Neal, who is about the tallest actress in pictures, and Debbie Reynolds, who is about the shortest, never have any trouble getting dates. So I guess a female any size is appealing . . . Wholesome is the word to describe Doris Day, although she has been married three times . . . Girls who live on the wrong side of the tracks always meet a wealthy man—in the movies, that is . . . June Allyson is the only actress I know who can wrinkle her nose and not annoy me.



Simmons

Jean Simmons is almost as beautiful as Liz Taylor, but without all the publicity . . . I think Hollywood is very nice to people considering what people have done to Hollywood . . . Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride disprove the theory that audiences go to the movies to see only handsome heroes and heroines . . . I have yet to meet a person coming from a drive-in theatre who can tell me what the picture was about . . . According to trailers, the greatest movie ever made is always the next attraction. It makes you feel like a dope for having come to see the film playing . . . Most of "The Cave" was filmed on location at Carlsbad Caverns and the studio sent the special effects department to improve the set. Even when nature gives her greatest performance, Hollywood wants it better. That's Hollywood for you.



Ford

prefers leading roles. By refusing to snarl and sneer in a Ray Milland picture, David further provoked his studio's waning interest.

Chuckle of the Month: 'Way back when Cal was callow, we interviewed Marlene Dietrich. In those days she had quite a crush on—*herself*! Instead of looking at us, she faced *herself* in the mirror when she answered our questions. Well, today she has wonderful humor, she's the most glamorous gal in town. Recently we met Marlene again—this time face to face. At a luncheon in the same room where she was first introduced to Hollywood reporters twenty-one years ago, La Dietrich offered a prize to the one who guessed her lucky number. Why not forty-six (her age) Cal thought? Certainly those forty-six years have been lucky for her. Suddenly she was standing before us! In her hand she held an autographed black and pink garter that she wears in "Chuck-a-Luck," her first Technicolor picture. "I don't know who thought this one up," she grinned, "but it's nice meeting you." Cal accepted his prize. "We've always wanted to meet you too," we said with a sigh.

Paging Papa: It was just a week before Jimmy Stewart's beautiful twin daughters were born. We were talking between scenes on "The Greatest Show on Earth" and in true tradition, he wasn't a very happy "clown." "I'm so afraid Gloria will have to go to the hospital while I'm working," despaired Jim. "It takes two hours to remove this make-up. Can't you just see me sitting there with all the expectant fathers in *this* get-up!" Fortunately, the twins cooperated and Jimmy made a respectable appearance in the fathers' waiting room. Because Gloria Stewart is RH negative (the babies were delivered by Caesarean section) she required a transfusion. Mrs. Ray Milland, who has the same type blood, never left her house without leaving word where she could be reached when they needed her.

Hollywood Is a Place Where: Elizabeth Taylor adores pickled herring while Humphrey Bogart goes for French pas-



Betty Grable—on suspension for refusing to do another picture because she felt she was working too hard—relaxes at races

STUFF

try . . . Debra Paget's stand-in holds her school books while Louis Jourdan makes love to her . . . Debbie Reynolds can't wait to play older parts, while Jane Wyman keeps getting younger and younger . . . Robert Taylor's bed sold at public auction for three times the amount paid for a leather-bound set of World History . . . Piper Laurie at nineteen talks about the mistakes made by actresses, while Ethel Barrymore at seventy-two says: "I've never stopped making them!"

Miss Worry-Wart: Cal was that amused over the plight of Jeanne Crain, the day we lunched with her at Twentieth. "I did a terrible thing," she confessed seriously. "The publicity department wanted to take pictures of the actual cutting, when they shortened my hair for 'People Will Talk.' I promised to telephone them but I was so nervous over what my husband would say, I completely forgot." Being a publicity-wise old owl, Cal assured her the super-scoopers would think of something. The following week we ran into Jeanne on the lot. Her hair was long again! "You were so right," she laughed. "This is false hair and now they're going to get their pictures after all!" In Hollywood they can do anything—and usually do.

Laughter and Tears: For his role in "Mr. Belvedere Rings His Bell," Clifton Webb had to know how to knit. When the studio offered to give him lessons, he arched an indignant brow: "Please!" belted Mr. B. "I haven't known Joan Crawford all these years for nothing!" . . . She asked us not to print it but we still think Ruth Roman should be given credit for having one of the kindest hearts in Hollywood. Recently Tom Plant, a studio messenger boy, was the victim of an accidental shooting. Ruth remembered Tom who delivered her first fan letter when she came to the Warner lot. Not only did she contribute, but she canvassed the studio and collected enough money for the surgery that saved the boy's life . . . The studio's attempt to establish a publicity romance between Cornel Wilde and Betty Hutton fell flatter than a bride's biscuit.



Bob Stack and Claudette Thornton make it a date for some fun. Bachelor Bob gets around—but never to the altar!

hollywood party line



BY EDITH GWYNN

Nationally Syndicated Hollywood Columnist

The past month has been a virtual madhouse of premieres, smart cafe openings and big charity events, but very few private parties—even the local caterers were complaining. There were two nice smallish soirees, though. Marie McDonald and Harry Karl spread a sumptuous buffet for about fifteen pals, most of whom are still raving about the delish dishes that were whipped up by Marie. The John Irelands (Joanne Dru), the Van Johnsons, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, Scott Brady with RKO contractee Barbara Darrow, Greta Peck (without Greg, who was home with his flu bugs), Ann Sheridan with Jeff Chandler, were there. Annie wore a short cocoa crepe dinner dress with tiny sleeves, a long accordion-pleated tunic—the bodice cut very low in front and high in back. Evie Johnson and Joanne Dru were stunning in sweater-type dressy separates.



Loretta Young, Jeff Chandler—their autographs aided charity

Sonja Henie and Winnie Gardiner threw a black-tie sit-down dinner for twenty, with quite a few late dropper-inners after the feast. Gene Tierney, gorgeous in white lace (minus Oleg, who had gone East) was escorted by Gilbert Roland. Janie Powell, very much expecting, was more than "deceiving" in her box-jacket of light blue faille worn over a slim skirt of the same material.

You've never seen a group work harder than the bunch of stars who turned out to help Father Patrick Peyton raise money by autographing his book, "The Ear of God," for most of the 5,000 people who attended the charity fiesta given on the famous McCarthy estate in Beverly Hills. Jeanne Crain, Charles Coburn, Roddy McDowall, Louella Parsons, Betty Lynn, Charles Boyer, June Haver, Ricardo Montalban, Jeff Chandler were just some of them who must have wound up with writer's cramp. Loretta Young and Roz Russell were literally "all over the place," not just signing books, but interestedly talking with just about everyone who purchased one. And here's a "fashion note": Van Johnson came by our house later, wearing a navy blue suit plus a fireman's red vest of flannel with brass buttons and flaming red wool socks! P. S. On him it looked good.

Big star-studded crowds suddenly found themselves deserting the famed Sunset Strip cafes in favor of trekking to the Cocoanut Grove during Lena Horne's sensational engagement. There's just no one like Lena when it comes to sexy song-singing—but delivered minus vulgarity and with a vitality that spells perfection and plenty of glamour. On hand to greet her were Wanda Hendrix with Bob Boyle, Liz Taylor (in a decollete white lacy short evening gown over many sheer skirts of varying blues) with Stanley Donen, Paula Raymond with Harry Crocker, Hollywood's most eligible and sought-after beau. Frankie Sinatra was there too with Ava Gardner stunning in an off-shoulder short dancing frock of black starched chiffon with soft flattering ruching all across the bodice top.

Edgar Bergen gave a little shindig at the mountain-top home he and his Frances share. It was to show off his latest TV show and also turned out to be a real (though unintended) showing-off of the Bergens' newly re-done bedroom. Esther Williams and Ben Gage, Joan Bennett, the Ray Millands, Connie Moore, June Allyson are just a handful of their pals still raving about the color scheme that ranges from light violet walls to deep purple carpet, with bedspread and drapes of quilted chintz combining shades of lilac, grays, violet and dead white. Enormous white and gray striped lamps as well as chairs in these colors decorate the room and the same color scheme carries over into their large almost entirely mirrored dressing-room where Frances had a big bunch of artificial violets attached to the tops of the two tiny violet and gray striped chairs. June Allyson sent Frances pale lavender chiffon nighties, appliqued in violet; Benita Colman sent a bed jacket of almost sheer lilac (quilted) velvet and Lauren Bacall added clear plastic mules, trimmed with lilac maribou and violets. Well, it's really a room that would inspire your chums to make with the matching accessories.

Piper Laurie looks darling in an outfit she used touring with Tony Curtis in behalf of "The Prince Who Was a Thief"—and still wears around town. The dress is of pale pink linen, made quite simply with almost a shirt-waist top and tiny sleeves. But the skirt is very full, falling in unpressed pleats to calf-length. Over it goes a duster that's a deeper shade of polished pink cotton satin. It has full, widely cuffed elbow-length sleeves and falls in deep folds down the back. Piper wears just a narrow little veil that covers only her eyes, drawn back and fastened with a big pink cabbage rose and this, kiddies, is the hat!

WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S WHISPERING ABOUT

BY HERB STEIN



Betty Hutton, Pete Rugolo

How-modest-can-you-get department: Shelley Winters telling Leonard Lyons she'd been offered a job as a radio columnist but had to turn it down "because I'm too busy making news and don't have time to write it!" Sam Goldwyn furious with Farley Granger for going on that New York trip with Shelley. Tried to get Universal's boss, Bill Goetz, to talk Shelley out of it—and what the Winters gal told Goetz isn't printable . . . Betty Hutton's boy friend Pete Rugolo—a great talent—signed by Paramount to do the musical arrangements for De Mille's "Greatest Show on Earth,"

which kept him near Betty almost around the clock . . . Jane Powell, who never buys anything new for a home, is decorating her current house via auction sales and secondhand furniture stores.

The elaborate wardrobe and snazzy car for Howard Keel in "Callaway Went Thataway," a picture ribbing Westerns: His petrol wagon in the flicker will be snow-white with black trimmings and loaded with every kind of Western ornament imaginable . . . Esther Williams, who'll be the first actress to swim the English Channel in M-G-M's "Everybody Swims" . . . Debbie Reynolds, despite her success at Culver City, still playing the second French horn in the Burbank Youth Symphony.

Joan Fontaine, looking and yearning for the right man . . . Clark Gable's claim that he'll go it alone from this writing out and duck all future matrimonial ventures . . . The Hopalong Cassidys doing the New York niteries, with Hoppy in "civvies" . . . The town's most eligible bachelor: Carleton Carpenter, twenty-five, Vermont's gift to Hollywood, dating the younger set . . . June Allyson, whom M-G-M had trouble "aging" for years, is being made younger in "Too Young to Kiss," in which she'll play not only herself, but her twelve-year-old kid sister.

Mercedes McCambridge arriving in town with a haircut that made her a dead ringer for Ruth Roman . . . Tony Dexter, who almost believes he's Rudolph Valentino . . . "Strictly Dishonorable," musical film version, which will put Janet Leigh in the same "forward class" as Jane Russell and Marie Wilson . . . Jack Benny's line: "Phil Harris would like to be the kind of lover Vic Mature thinks Errol Flynn is" . . . Dan Dailey looks sensational these days and his frequent date Barbara Whiting looks even better . . . Shirley Temple's oldie, "The Little Colonel," making the rounds of neighborhoods for Saturday kiddie matinees.

INSIDE

Pouting Pigeons: It's the same old story and as usual, there are two sides to the situation. When U-I brought Tony Curtis to Hollywood, he was completely unknown and inexperienced. It was a gamble, but they paid him so little, even his agent didn't ask a commission! Jeff Chandler, who came straight from radio, was unknown to movie audiences too. His own studio put him in mediocre pictures, but he soared to success on loanout at Twentieth. Now both boys have been offered new contracts which they *aren't* about to sign! Being as how their pictures bolster the box office, Jeff and Tony would like to share more than the glory. The studio's stipulated raise in salary (according to Hollywood standards) could best be viewed through a magnifying glass!

A Stitch in Time: This probably won't endear us to the glamour kiddies, but the best place to see them these days is Ohrbach's on Wilshire Boulevard. Now that the economy wave's hit Hollywood, custom-made clothes are considered a luxury. So such budget-minded beauties as Ann Sothorn, Loretta Young, Merle Oberon and Rosalind Russell grab their gowns in the popular apparel house. There they sell those wonderful copies of original French models—but not at those original French prices! Like women everywhere, the movie stars get a big boot out of their bargains.

Snake in the Class: "Don't print it until we're ready to break the news," cautioned Cal's good friends, Annette and Mark Stevens, "then it's your scoop that we are expecting a baby!" Cal kept his word, but so help us—we were double-crossed by their four-year-old son! It happened in school when each child was asked to tell the class about his parents. "My father takes the bus each morning and my mother cleans the house," said one. "My father works in an office and my mother sells dresses," said another.



Two Pecks share in a bushel of fun at Ciro's, where Sophie Tucker made her Hollywood debut. Greg's a busy man these days. Besides his film work, he's in the midst of play production at La Jolla

Errol Flynn appeared with a cane—and wife Pat Wymore at Ice-Capades opening. He's still limping from his accident. And sore about those "parting" rumors!

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When it came Mark Richard's turn, the little villain came out with this: "My daddy goes to the studio each morning and my mother *throws up!*" The hysterical teacher ran out of the room, called the Stevenses to tip them off that their secret was out! And now you know why poor ol' Cal is sobbing in his suds!

It's the Truth That: Jane Wyman's friends believe she's lost whatever interest she had in attorney Greg Bautzer . . . Errol Flynn's face (he's still walking with a cane) reflects the agony he's suffered from his back injury . . . Howard Duff, who recently recovered from a broken leg, just discovered that he also had three cracked ribs . . . There are eighty-six pages of copy in Alan Ladd's new Warner contract which, according to the popular star, "are ten pages more than there were in my first script!"

Studio Shorts: "Who was that pretty young girl who just spoke to me?" asked a puzzled Richard Hylton. "She's Barbara Bates," laughed a publicity man, "the girl you tried to rape in 'The Secret of Convict Lake.'" Poor Richard had never seen Barbara out of the 1850 costumes and make-up she wore in the picture! . . . In this case, one man's poison turns out to be rare roast beef for Gig Young. Many of his important scenes in "Slaughter Trail" were played with Howard Da Silva, who won't appear in the picture. Since he was termed an unfriendly witness by the House Un-American Activities Committee, the studio decided to reshoot Howard's scenes with another actor. So Gig gets paid all over again to repeat his performance.

Brief Cases: Van Heflin is even more worried than his friends over his wife's health. The beautiful Frances is suffering from an internal disorder . . . The very rough and very private showing of "Behave Yourself" (the picture Shelley Winters and Farley Granger made together)

IMPERTINENT

INTERVIEW

BY ALINE MOSBY

U. P. Hollywood Correspondent

Patricia Neal was a very embarrassed lady when the story of the Gary Coopers' break-up splashed all over the front pages. Leading lady Neal was cast as the other woman in a real-life drama.

For the first time what the gossip columns had been buzzing about for many months leaked into official print.

The news stories reported that, "Cooper and Miss Neal were that way about each other, according to columnists . . ." The public prints quoted the beautiful actress as telling friends, "Am I in love with him? Could be. But I'd be silly to go around advertising it, wouldn't I? After all, he's a married man."

On the set of "The Day the Earth Stood Still" at Twentieth Century-Fox Studio, Pat couldn't stand still for any interviews. But after the shouting died down, I staked out a watch by her kidney-shaped swimming pool and finally caught her with her previous "no comment" down.

"Are you in love with Gary or are you just old friends?" I inquired.

"Oh, this is such a touchy subject," said Patricia Neal, who is known around the plaster city as a charming, well-mannered and proper young lady.

"I'm very fond of him. He's quite wonderful and I've known him for three years, ever since we acted in 'The Fountainhead.' But I absolutely had nothing to do with the breaking up of their marriage.

"We're very good friends. He's a wonderful guy and I love working with him. But I had nothing to do with his marriage trouble. I'm sure most intelligent people agree with me that no such thing could happen—that no one could break up a happy marriage."

Pat admitted she was unhappy about her being linked with the lanky, curt actor.

"Yes, I was upset," she said. "I'm from a pretty conventional family background and I don't like this kind of thing at all.

"Actually only one columnist has been unkind to me. I hope this talk will die down, that people will find something else to talk about. I wish everyone would just ignore this."

Now that the Coopers are publicly separated and Gary's more or less free, will she go out on a date with him?

"I don't know," the husky-voiced movie queen said, "whether I will or not."

Has he asked her yet? "No," she said firmly.



Gary Cooper, Pat Neal in scene from "The Fountainhead"



Kathryn Grayson, back from New York where she saw ex-husband Johnny Johnston in his play "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," with Oilman Glenn McCarthy



Attending a war benefit at Ciro's are Charlie Chaplin and Gene Tierney. Charlie, whose wife, Oona, recently presented him with third daughter, is planning to produce another film, "Footlights"

Swim
without
Worry!



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when you use *Tampax

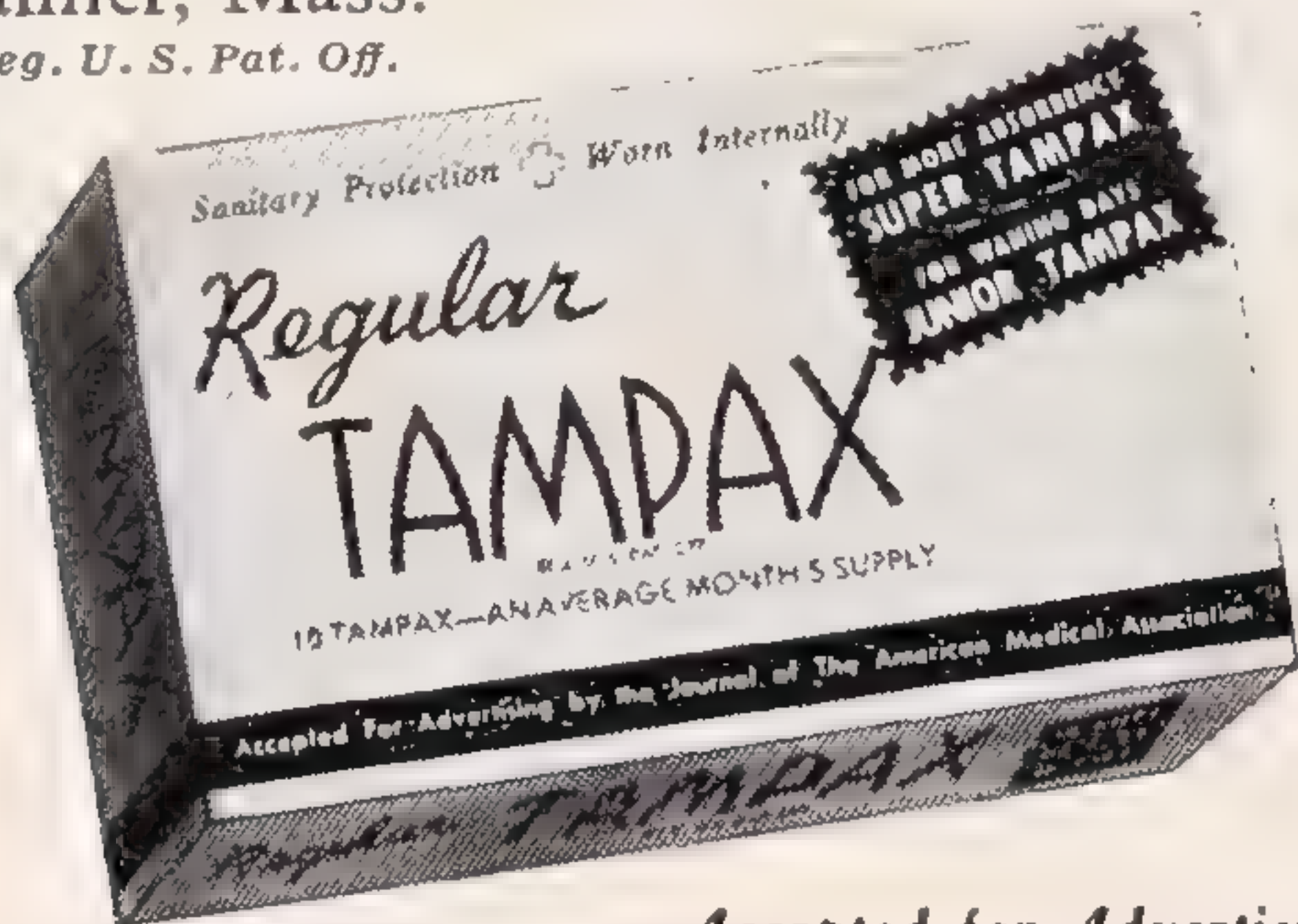
What a pity it is to let fear of embarrassment keep you out of the water on "those certain days of the month." Hasn't anyone ever told you about Tampax for swimming? With Tampax monthly sanitary protection, you can throw to the winds all the nagging worry that *something* may possibly betray the situation.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
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Tampax is simply ideal for bathing and for beach—with suit wet or dry. It is an internal absorbent, worn internally. Nothing at all outside. No external pad. No belt. . . . An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of extremely absorbent surgical cotton compressed into slim applicators. Easy to insert. Quick to change. No trouble to dispose of.

Wonderful to think about—no odor forms with Tampax! No chafing is possible. No bulging bulk will bother you and no sharp edge-lines will "show," no matter what you wear. . . . Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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Sharman Douglas, Bob Patton, Mrs. James S. Douglas, Peter Lawford were among guests who wished Mike Romanoff luck at opening of new Beverly Hills restaurant

INSIDE STUFF

disclosed that retakes and added scenes may be necessary . . . When Sylvia went on location with Clark Gable before the break-up, she wore leopardskin shorts which are now being copied by all the Hollywood glamour girls . . . Six-foot-four-and-a-half Howard Keel and six-foot-three Fred MacMurray can't close their dressing room doors on "Callaway Went Thataway" on account of because there isn't room enough to stretch out inside!

News, Good, Bad, Indifferent: Deborah Kerr's dated the stork again, which gives her two reasons for rejoicing. Now she won't have to make "Ivanhoe" in England and she will be able to get acquainted with that new home in Santa Monica . . . Viveca Lindfors is the proud possessor of her American citizenship papers . . . Audie Murphy exercising a new husband's prerogative by refusing to

allow his bride to accept film offers . . . Red (Money Bags) Skelton signing a new TV contract which ups his earnings to ten million dollars seven years from now . . . Shirley Temple with an emergency appendectomy, convalescing in a Tulsa, Oklahoma, hospital . . . Wanda Hendrix deciding against a New York address. The rumored reason? Art Director Bob Boyle . . . The Tyrone Powers home in Hollywood again and happily awaiting the stork . . . Farley Granger and Shelley Winters allowing one week to go by without making front page copy—which proves it can happen here!

Love Match: The morning that local columns carried the story of the Ava Gardner-Frank Sinatra break-up, Cal had a luncheon date with the luscious lady. "Do you mind if I bring along a very dear friend of mine?" was Ava's message. He turned out to be—Frank Sinatra! Uncertain though their future plans may be, to (Continued on page 19)



Also at Romanoff's: The Earl of Dalkeith, Princess Margaret's favorite escort, and his hostess Merle Oberon. The Earl escorted Ava Gardner to the Ribbon Ball

AVA GARDNER, CO-STARRING IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S "SHOW BOAT"



AVA GARDNER... Lustre-Creme presents one of the "Top-Twelve," selected by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Famous Hollywood stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for their glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest ... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Yes, Lovely Hollywood stars help to keep their hair always alluring with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Beautiful hair plays a vital part in the glamour-career of every movie star ... so when Hollywood stars tell you they use Lustre-Creme, it is the highest possible tribute to this unique shampoo.

In a recent issue of the magazine, "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Ava Gardner as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world. Lustre-Creme will help you achieve such glamorous hair beauty.

Under the spell of its rich lanolin-blessed

lather, your hair shines ... behaves ... is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse ... dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen glows with renewed highlights. All this, even in hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels, and shines like the stars ... ask for Lustre-Creme, the world's finest shampoo, chosen for "the world's most beautiful hair"!



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair



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Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild ... leaves
your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible
“fragrance men love”—is proved by test to be extra mild
too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather
is ideal for *all types* of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And
daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring
out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness,
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LAUGHING

STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel"
on your local TV station.)

During his stage tour with "Apple of His Eye," Edward Arnold attended a White House reception and President Truman asked him how it was going. Arnold reported fine except for a couple of nasty notices by two critics. Truman's eyes danced as he said: "Would you like me to write them a letter?"

Gig Young played a hectic love scene with Virginia Grey and then retired to his dressing-room. Before shutting the door he put up a sign which read: "Temporarily Out of Ardor."

Someone asked a Hollywoodman now in TV just what he did. He replied, "I manipulate strings."

"Do you hold up *Cyclone Malone* or *Howdy Doody*?" he was asked.

"Neither," he replied. "I hold up Frank Sinatra."

Billy De Wolfe, explaining in "Lullaby of Broadway" why he's a butler: "I had a mad, impulsive desire to keep from starving."

Irene Ryan's switch on Dorothy Parker's famous words about men seldom making passes at girls who wear glasses: "Men always make passes at girls who drain glasses."

Walter O'Keefe, on Bing Crosby's operation: "I understand the doctor had to remove a clot from his wallet."

Overheard at Ciro's: "She was perfectly willing to live on his income but that didn't leave anything for him to live on."

Rudd Weatherwax, trainer of Lassie, explaining how he keeps his dog actors from being gun shy: "I bring them into the living-room and tune my TV set in on a Western. After a couple of sessions, they yawn at gunfire."

The RKO studio menu features a sixty-cent special, "The Thing." It's a meat loaf.

Definition of the new 1951 bathing suits: The little bit that isn't bare.

Red Skelton says he saw a very unusual French movie—the boy and the girl were married.

Overheard at Mocambo: "They decided they were seeing too much of each other—so they got married."

Credit Jackie Coogan with: "The only thing wrong with some smart children is that they don't smart in the right place."

Ray Heindorf, the musical director, was rehearsing the studio orchestra when a cat meowed on the set. Ray tapped on his stand for silence and then deadpanned: "Would someone please take the cat down to the music department and have it tuned."

INSIDE STUFF



Nancy Sinatra, as Elsa Maxwell predicted, has agreed to give Frank his divorce so he can marry Ava Gardner. However, there was great excitement when Nancy arrived at the Ribbon Cabaret Benefit Dance with Arthur Loew, Jr.—and there was Ava, just back from New York, with Lana Turner!



(Continued from page 16)
watch these two together is to fully realize their deep devotion for each other. Following lunch we sat on the "Lone Star" set and watched Frankie boy's best beautiful girl being made love to by—Clark Gable! "Any suggestions?" called out the "King" to the crooner. "Just do it in one take!" was the kidding answer.

Set of the Month: The first lady of the theatre, who is making her first movie in eighteen years, was in jail. "I'm just visiting 'My Son, John,'" Helen Hayes called through the bars. "I'll visit with you as soon as they get this shot." We sat in the sun outside the sound stage, while she worked on a needlepoint reproduction of a castle she once visited in Ireland. "It helps me to relax if I keep my hands busy," said Helen. Then we talked about her exciting return to pictures, her treasured friendship with Joan Crawford, how she likes the old Tarzan movies on TV and the big impression she made on son Jamie, when she introduced him to Bob Hope. "I think I scared my friends when I arrived in Hollywood," she mused. "They thought I was here to stay. You see, I spend so much time in hotels, I travel with my favorite Renoir painting and a portrait of Mary (her daughter who was so tragically taken by polio) to remind me of home." Cal needed no reminder that great people like Helen Hayes always have the greatest simplicity when you meet them.

Wedding bells, phone bells: "Well, we did it and we wanted you to know before the news hit the papers." It was Tony Curtis, exuberant with happiness, shouting over long distance wire from New York. "Did what?" Cal asked. "Got married, of course," answered Tony, and Cal couldn't have been more surprised.

The wedding, Tony told us, took place at the Pickwick Arms Hotel in Greenwich, Connecticut, with Jerry and Patti Lewis serving as best man and matron of honor. Tony and Janet had only a five-day honeymoon in New York. Then Tony had to continue his nation-wide tour with "The Prince Who Was a Thief." And Janet had to return to Hollywood to make "Just This Once." But Cal expects to toast the bride and groom personally when they're reunited at Malibu later this month.

Private Preview: Cal doesn't review pictures, but Producer Charles Feldman's special showing of "A Streetcar Named Desire" compels us to share our experience. We sat there with the most star-studded audience in Hollywood history. In contrast, Marlon Brando's guests were his grandmother from Eagle Rock (near Los Angeles), his two great aunts and two cousins. The mighty Marlon (he's now making "Viva Zapata" at Twentieth) didn't bring Movita, the Mexican actress who dated Steve Cochran south of the border. Supposedly in the States to see Steve, she suddenly switched to the Brando brand of romance. Such grateful guests as Ethel Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Claudette Colbert and Olivia de Havilland were visibly shaken when the lights went on in the movie projection room. In their own words—"Streetcar is the most lustful, exciting picture of the year. The performances of Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando and Kim Hunter will tear you apart!"

Brief Cases: If Elizabeth Taylor is suffering from a stomach ulcer, as reported, it has to be a beautiful one! . . . Farley Granger, who likes to keep moving, moved into the Sunset Strip apartment owned and decorated by director



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INSIDE STUFF



Valentina Cortesa, Richard Basehart, who met while making "The House on Telegraph Hill," above, now admit secret marriage in London

Mitch Leisen . . . Gordon MacRae, who loves to give presents, would love to give his contract back to Warners . . . Lana Turner is hurt and should be, over those published pictures of her appearance on the "American Day" program in the Hollywood Bowl. Lovely Lana, who has never been more slender, was "framed" to look like Kate Smith's baby sister!

Song and Dance Man: Garbo doing a Charleston couldn't have surprised Cal more. Literally exuding friendship and enthusiasm, George Sanders regaled us with his future plans. "I'm going to make my first musical at Twentieth. You see, when you reach my old age (he's in his early forties) you have to figure out how long you can last. Last year I tried out for the Pinza role in 'South Pacific.' Everyone was so pleased, I signed for fifteen months in London. Then I began thinking of the life I'd have to live and I fell apart! They kindly let me off the hook. When Hedda Hopper asked me to sing on her program, Hollywood producers got interested. Now I only have one problem. Should I become a singer who can act, or remain an actor who can sing?" Just keep on being this charming, we wanted to tell him. Of course—we didn't.

Rural Rookery: "Are there any movie stars living around here?" A weather-beaten car filled with tourists addressed a laborer who was building a fence in front of a ranch at Chatsworth. With hammers and saws clanging from the belt that held up his old dungarees, Fred Astaire walked over and leaned on the rickety fender. "Yep, there shore are," he said. "Just drive on one mile and turn to the right. You'll see a white house and if you're lucky, maybe you'll also see Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz!"

Perennial Performer: In the midst of the most insecure, unproductive period in Hollywood, get a gander at Ray Milland's commitments. At Paramount he's signed for one picture a year for seven years.

At Warners, where he's under contract for three pictures, they've already signed him to do an extra one. Ray still owes M-G-M two pictures on an old contract and now Twentieth wants to sign him! This kid is really asking for it.

Happy Ending: Cal's crystal ball was right! Richard Basehart was secretly married to Valentina Cortesa, when we said as much last month. "I'm sorry I couldn't tell you the truth then," said our friend when we called to congratulate him. "But Val's eighty-year-old grandmother lives in Stresa, Italy, where she raised my wife. Because she is very sentimental, Val wanted to break the news in person. So she had to keep it a secret until she finished her London picture. We were married last March when I took a suspension and flew over to pop the question." The happiness in Dick's voice was heartwarming to Cal, who happens to know the details of his devotion that preceded the loss of his first wife. The lonely guy met the famous Italian actress when they were cast in "The House on Telegraph Hill." Valentina, who had never seen her husband on the screen, asked Twentieth to run "They Walk by Night." "No thanks," Dick answered her invitation to see the picture with her, "I can't stand to watch myself, but may I take you to dinner first?" Something happened to the film that night, so they spent the entire evening becoming fast friends. And that's how their romance began. "Grandma's coming over with Val," Dick enthused. "We want her to be happy here, so I'm learning to speak Italian and I've hired an Italian housekeeper. We'll get a larger place when Val can pick it out. In the meantime, I'm having all the furniture re-covered and the garden filled with flowering plants. I can hardly wait—I'm so happy." Their plans for the future include the children that both want so much. "But first," laughed Dick, "I'll have to buy my wife a wedding ring. We got married on her lunch hour—so we had to use a prop!"

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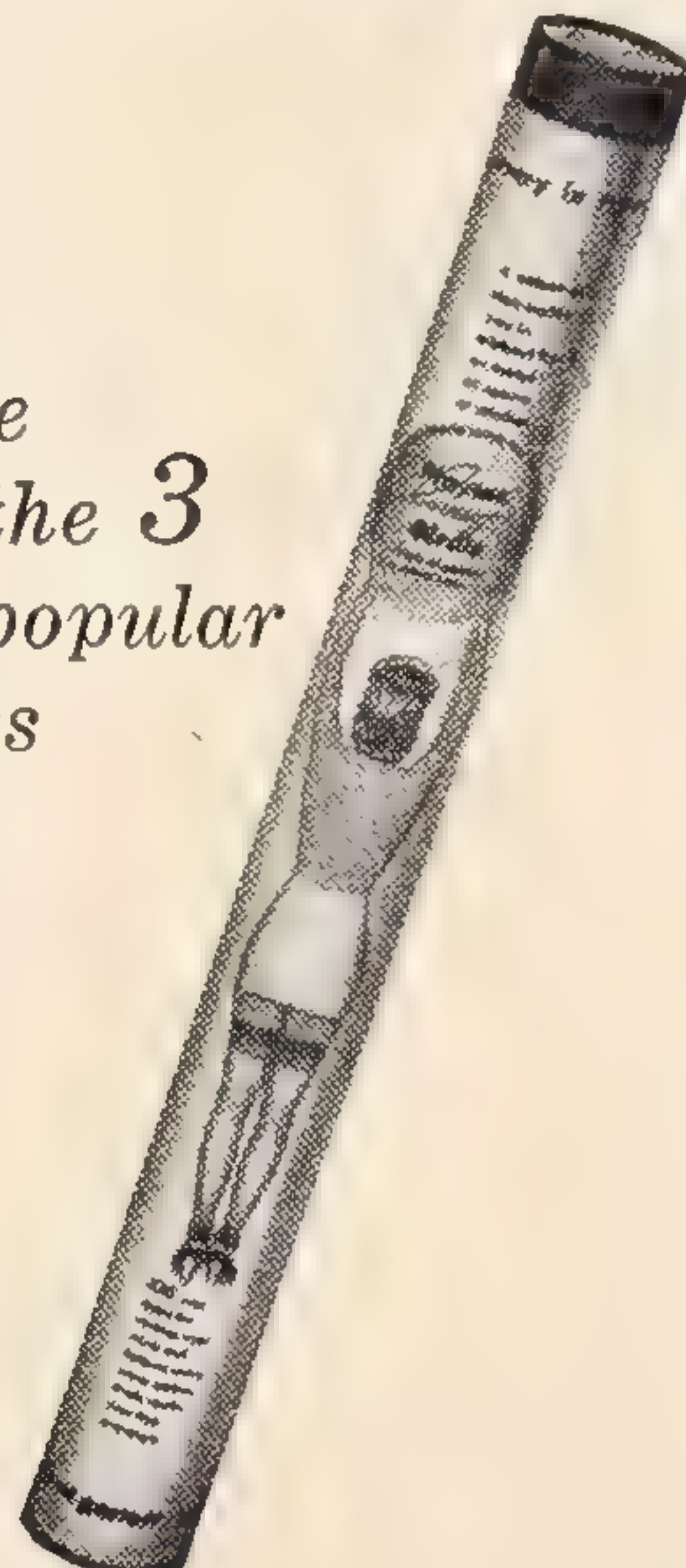
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Brief Reviews

✓✓ (A) *ACE IN THE HOLE*—Paramount: A ruthless drama in which Kirk Douglas, an unprincipled reporter, holds up rescue of cave-in victim Richard Benedict, in order to get a better story. With Jan Sterling, Bob Arthur. (May)

✓✓ (F) *ALONG THE GREAT DIVIDE*—Warners: Kirk Douglas plays a marshal who tries to save Walter Brennan's life in this blood-and-thunder epic. With Virginia Mayo, John Agar. (June)

✓✓ (F) *APACHE DRUMS*—U-I: A non-sympathetic Indian story for a change about the siege of a frontier town inhabited by Stephen McNally, Coleen Gray and Willard Parker. In Technicolor. (June)

✓✓½ (F) *APPOINTMENT WITH DANGER*—Paramount: Alan Ladd, sent to solve the murder of a fellow post office detective, discovers plot for million-dollar robbery. An exciting crime story. With Phyllis Calvert, Jan Sterling, Paul Stewart. (May)

✓✓ (F) *BIRD OF PARADISE*—20th Century-Fox: Picturesque South Sea Island story centered about love affair between Frenchman Louis Jourdan and native girl Debra Paget. Gorgeous Technicolor and Jeff Chandler make this worth seeing. (May)

✓✓ (A) *BRAVE BULLS, THE*—Columbia: If you like bull-fighting you'll go for this story of a matador, Mel Ferrer, who loses his nerve in the bull ring and his heart to Miroslava. With Anthony Quinn. (May)

✓✓½ (F) *CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER*—Warners: Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo find romance and adventure during the Napoleonic War against England in this Technicolor classic. (July)

✓✓ (F) *FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND*—M-G-M: A hilarious sequel to "Father of the Bride" concerning Spencer Tracy's trials when Liz Taylor announces a blessed event. With Don Taylor, Joan Bennett, Billie Burke. (May)

✓✓ (F) *FIRST LEGION, THE*—Sedif-U.A.: A warm story about Jesuit Fathers and their reactions to what appears to be a modern miracle. With Charles Boyer, Barbara Rush, Lyle Bettger. (July)

✓✓ (F) *FOLLOW THE SUN*—20th Century-Fox: Glenn Ford stars in the life of golf champion Ben Hogan from his caddy days to his comeback after a near-fatal accident. With Anne Baxter. (June)

✓✓ (A) *FOURTEEN HOURS*—20th Century-Fox: Many lives are influenced as Paul Douglas and Barbara Bel Geddes try to dissuade Richard Basehart from jumping off a hotel ledge in this suspenseful story. With Debra Paget, Agnes Moorehead. (June)

✓✓ (F) *GO FOR BROKE*—M-G-M: Van Johnson is a strict young lieutenant whose disappointment at being assigned to a Nisei platoon is changed to respect when he sees the boys in action. (June)

✓✓ (A) *GOODBYE, MY FANCY*—Warners: Congresswoman Joan Crawford returns to the university, from which she was once expelled, for an honorary degree, and gets involved in some romantic complications with college president Robert Young. With Frank Lovejoy, Eve Arden, Janice Rule. (June)

✓✓ (F) *GREAT CARUSO, THE*—M-G-M: Mario Lanza's thrilling voice is heard in excerpts from famed operas in this Technicolor version of life of the world's greatest tenor. With Ann Blyth. (June)

✓✓ (A) *HOLLYWOOD STORY, THE*—U-I: Richard Conte, as a movie producer, sets out to solve a twenty-year-old Hollywood murder. With Julia Adams, Richard Egan and many yesteryear screen favorites. (July)

✓½ (F) *HOUSE ON TELEGRAPH HILL, THE*—20th Century-Fox: A suspenseful melodrama with Valentina Cortesa as a Polish D.P. who comes to America, marries Richard Basehart, and discovers she's marked for murder. With Bill Lundigan. (July)

✓✓ (A) *I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE*—20th Century-Fox: Interesting drama of the garment district with Susan Hayward as an aggressive dress designer who wants to get to the top even if it means stepping over partners Dan Dailey, Sam Jaffe. With George Sanders. (June)

✓✓ (F) *I WAS A COMMUNIST FOR THE F.B.I.*—Warners: Exciting true story of a man rejected by friends and family when he becomes an undercover agent to expose the Red menace in America. With Frank Lovejoy, Dorothy Hart. (July)

✓✓ (F) *KATIE DID IT*—U-I: Cute comedy in which illustrator Mark Stevens breaks down the reserve of ultra-conservative Ann Blyth and breaks up her engagement to Craig Stevens. (June)

✓✓ (F) *KON-TIKI*—Art-Film—Sol Lesser—RKO: Documentary films of actual 4,300-mile sea voyage taken by raft by Thor Heyerdahl and five companions. Not for the easily sea-sick. (July)

✓✓ (F) *LAST OUTPOST, THE*—Pine-Thomas-Paramount: Still another Civil War era Western with Yankees, rebels and Injuns shootin' it up. With Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming. (July)

✓✓ (F) *LEMON DROP KID, THE*—Paramount: Gay comedy with Bob Hope playing Santa Claus in order to raise \$10,000 owed to Fred Clark. Marilyn Maxwell's the doll in Bob's life. (June)

✓✓ (F) *LULLABY OF BROADWAY*—Warners: Delightfully entertaining Technicolor musical starring Doris Day and Gene Nelson as a couple of talented youngsters who get their break in a musical backed by S. Z. Sakall. With Billy De Wolfe. (May)

✓ (F) *MA AND PA KETTLE BACK ON THE FARM*—U-I: This time Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride tangle with the snobbish parents of daughter-in-law Meg Randall. With Dick Long. (June)

✓✓ (F) *MAN WITH MY FACE, THE*—Gardner-U.A.: Barry Nelson is forced to prove his own identity after he returns home one night to find a double in possession of his wife, his home and his dog. With Carole Matthews. (July)

✓ (F) *NEW MEXICO*—Allen-U.A.: A scenically beautiful Western with Lew Ayres as a Union captain, who, after attempting to defend maltreated Indians, is forced to track them down. With Marilyn Maxwell. (July)

✓✓ (A) *ON THE RIVIERA*—20th Century-Fox: There are clichés and confusion in this lavish Technicolor musical which stars Danny Kaye in the dual roles of playboy Frenchman and American entertainer. With Gene Tierney, Corinne Calvet. (May)

✓ (F) *PAINTED HILLS, THE*—M-G-M: Lassie deserves better than this dull story which has her avenging her master's death. With Paul Kelly. (June)

✓✓½ (A) *PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN*—Romulus-M-G-M: A beautiful and tragic love story with Ava Gardner as a restless 1930 playgirl; James Mason, the 17th Century Dutchman doomed to sail the seven seas until he finds a woman who'd die for him. (June)

✓✓½ (A) *PAYMENT ON DEMAND*—RKO: After twenty years, Bette Davis is asked for a divorce by Barry Sullivan in this adult case history of a marriage. With Betty Lynn. (May)

✓ (F) *PRINCE WHO WAS A THIEF, THE*—U-I: Tony Curtis comes into his own as a star in this Technicolor Arabian Nights tale about a royal infant reared by renegades, who finally claims his birthright. With Piper Laurie. (July)

✓✓ (F) *QUEEN FOR A DAY*—Stillman-U.A.: The popular radio show is the springboard for dramatization of short stories: "Gossamer World," "High Diver" and "Horsie" featuring Phyllis Avery, Adam Williams, Edith Meiser and cast of unknowns. (June)

✓✓ (F) *SEALED CARGO*—RKO: When Dana Andrews, owner of a small Canadian fishing boat during World War II sights a wrecked Danish schooner, he becomes involved in intrigue and murder. With Carla Balenda, Claude Rains. (July)

✓ (F) *SOLDIERS THREE*—M-G-M: A rather dull and much too British version of the Kipling story despite the presence of Stewart Granger, Robert Newton, Walter Pidgeon, David Niven. (June)

✓✓½ (F) *TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE GIRL*—20th Century-Fox: A controversial but straightforward exposé of cruelties of college sorority snobbishness. With Jeanne Crain, Dale Robertson, Mitzi Gaynor, Jean Peters. (July)

✓✓ (A) *THING, THE*—RKO: A chilling science-fiction adventure about a "thing" from another planet that lands at North Pole in a flying saucer with the intention of destroying the earth. With Ken Tobey, Dewey Martin, Margaret Sheridan. (July)

✓✓ (F) *UP FRONT*—U-I: An entertaining comedy based on misadventures in Italy of World War II's famous cartoon characters *Willie* and *Joe*. Tom Ewell and David Wayne bring the hilarious "dog-faces" to life. With Jeffrey Lynn. (May)

✓✓ (F) *VALENTINO*—Columbia: Intriguing, fictional treatment of life of Hollywood's "Great Lover" with Tony Dexter as *Valentino*. Eleanor Parker, Richard Carlson, Patricia Medina. (May)

✓ (F) *WHIRLWIND*—Columbia: Gene Autry rides the old trail as a government agent out to get a nasty thieving rancher. With Smiley Burnette. (July)

✓✓ (F) *YOU'RE IN THE NAVY NOW (U.S.S. Teakettle)*—20th Century-Fox: When Gary Cooper enlists in the Navy, he doesn't reckon with being assigned to an experimental ship that won't behave. A funny comedy with Jane Greer, Eddie Albert. (May)

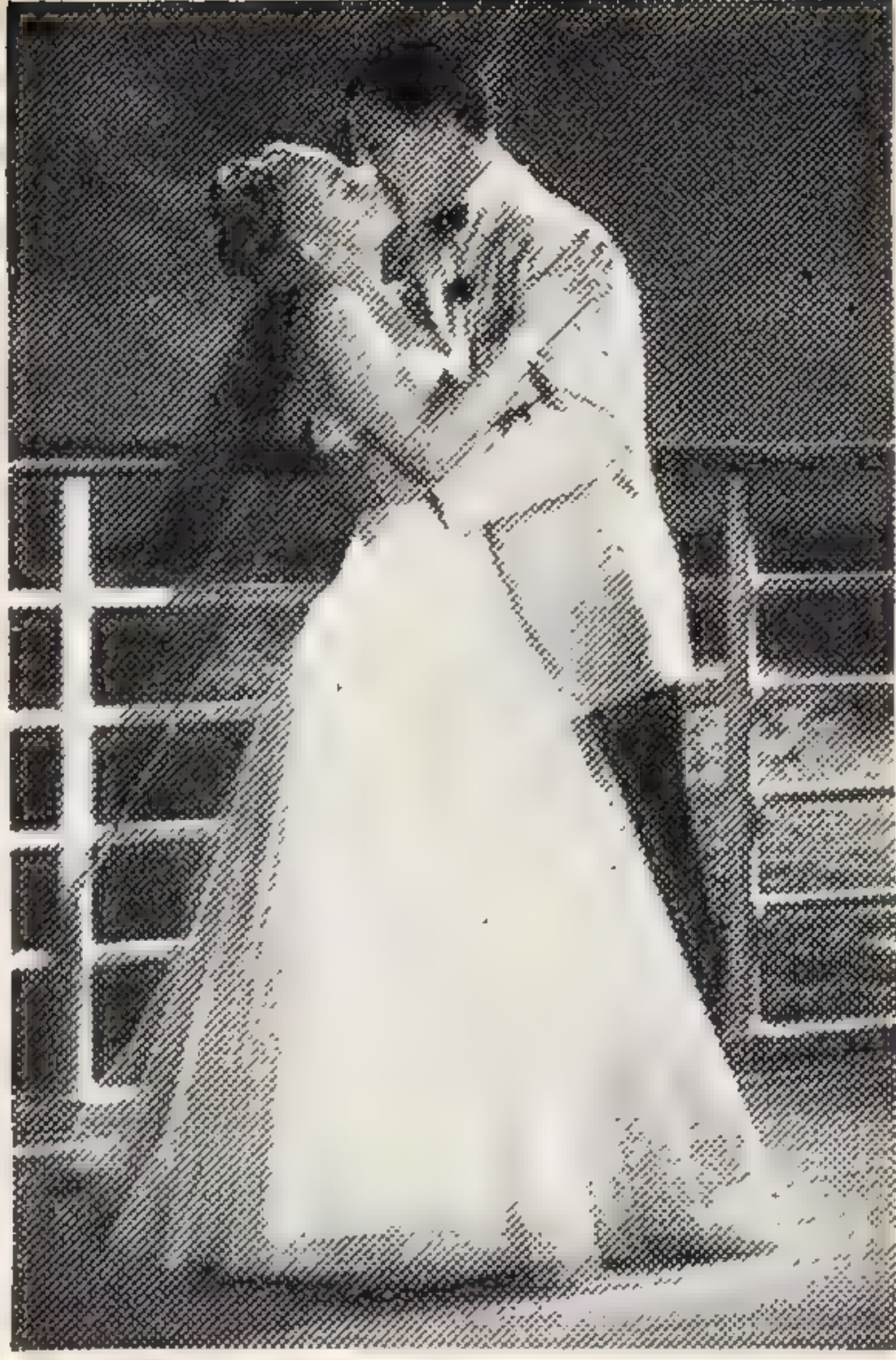
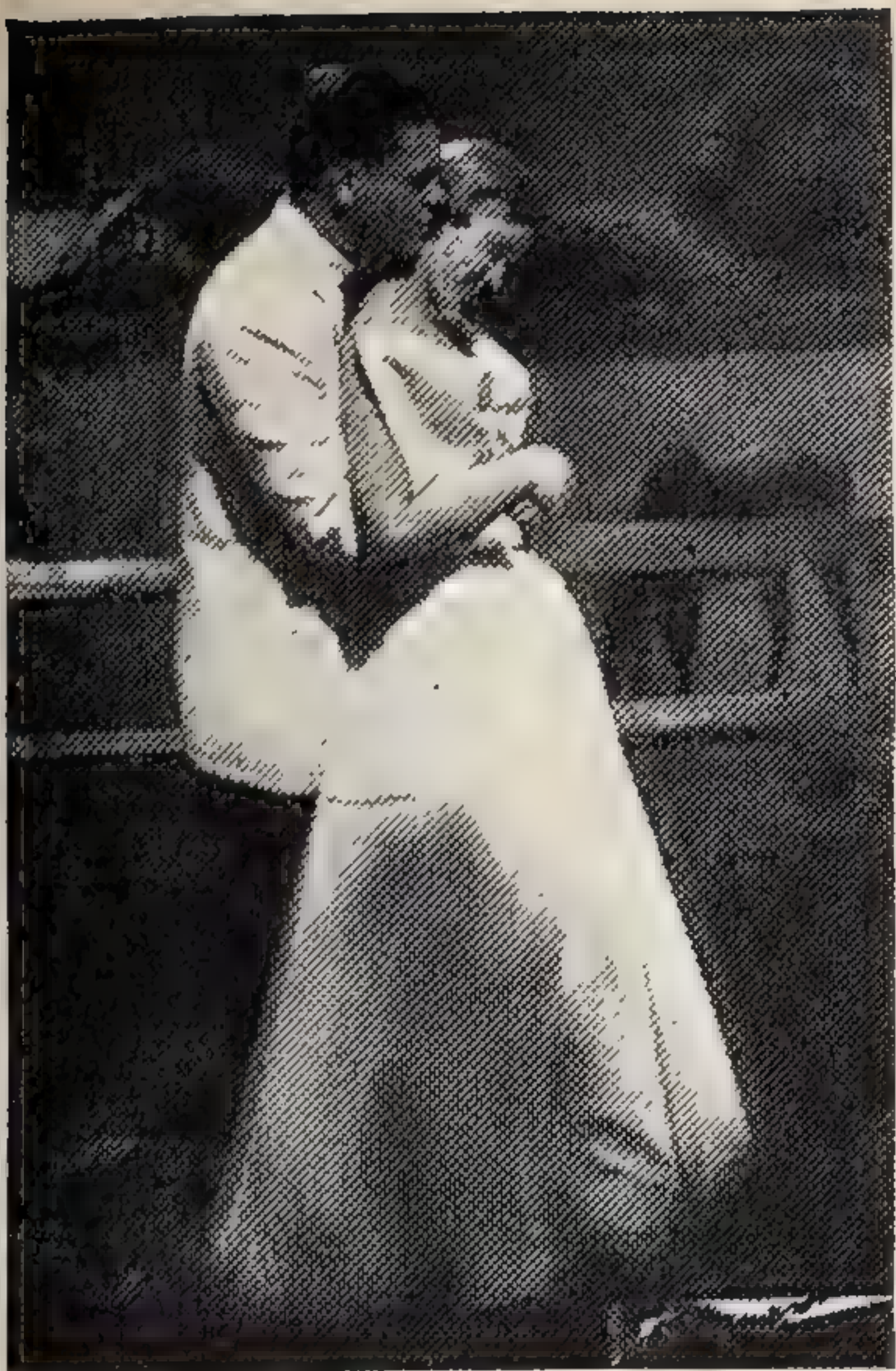
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With Edgar Bergen somewhere around, everything from the trick dogs to the birthday cake talked back! Even Candy, who has become something of a ventriloquist herself, kept her small guests entertained by having her dolls talk to them.
Exclusive photographs by Hymie Finl

*When a lady reaches the advanced age of five
 —there's nothing to do but celebrate. And even
 the trained dogs barked their approval of the fun
 at Candy Bergen's happy birthday party*

Party for



When Candy, who had a crush on Dot Lamour's son Ridgely Howard, left, switched to Jim Stewart's stepson Ronnie, a crisis arose!



Thumper Spreckels calls on Mom Kay Williams for help. Left, Vickie Milland, Pamela (June Allyson) Powe



On a tricycle not for two: Juliet, Ronald Colman's daughter, and Liza Minnelli

Candy

• Everyone, including Photoplay's Hymie Fink, specially invited by Candy, needed road maps to find Edgar Bergen's hilltop house! But the fun was worth the search! And Ridgely Howard, who interrupted movies and dog acts with "When do we eat?" agreed Candy knew how to feed a feller!



A dog's day: Candy with Michael and Ronnie McLean, Gloria Stewart's sons



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On old man river: Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel in third screen version of the Jerome Kern-Edna Ferber love story

✓✓✓ (F) Show Boat (M-G-M)

BIG, beautiful, musically wonderful, "Show Boat" comes to the screen for the third time to establish itself as a beloved bit of American folklore, to be told and sung over and over.

However, the news of this version is Ava Gardner who, as *Julie*, literally runs away with the show. And her competition is really something in a cast highlighted with such names as Kathryn Grayson as *Magnolia* (and very excellent she is, too), Howard Keel as the handsome gambler, *Gaylord Ravenal*, Joe E. Brown as *Captain Andy Hawks* and Agnes Moorehead as *Mrs. Hawks*. For extra measure we are given the dancing Champions, Marge and Gower, who bring a young, vivacious freshness to the screen and William Warfield whose singing of "Ol' Man River" literally brings down the house. Robert Sterling plays *Julie's* husband who eventually deserts her. And Ava's singing of "Can't Help Lovin' That Man" and "My Bill" has a tender, appealing quality that reaches out and beyond the movie screen. And the duets between Miss Grayson and Keel are just as effective. In fact, everything about it—the drama, color and direction—make it a picture you won't want to miss.

Your Reviewer Says: A spectacular movie with great heart.

Program Notes: One of the sights to which M-G-M should really have run excursions was the life-size Cotton Blossom show boat erected on their back lot and designed to move under its own power propelled by a paddle wheel, 19½ feet in diameter and driven by two 225-horsepower airplane motors . . . Joe E. Brown cut short his Australian tour of "Harvey" to play Captain Andy . . . William Warfield hurried home from an Australian concert tour to play Joe and prove himself one of the finest Negro baritones since Paul Robeson, who played Joe in the Broadway production . . . The Champions, who high-stepped from the floors of smart supper clubs to make their screen debut in "Show Boat," proved themselves actors as well as dancers and will stay on to make more movies . . . Kathryn Grayson realized a cherished ambition in the role of *Magnolia* and temporarily forgot her legal troubles with her estranged husband, Johnny Johnston.

SHADOW

✓✓✓ OUTSTANDING

✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR



Story of a champ: Rise and fall of the great Indian athlete starring Burt Lancaster, Phyllis Thaxter, Charles Bickford

✓✓ (F) Jim Thorpe—All American (Warners)

A GRIPPING human interest story of the rise, the fall and the regeneration of one of the greatest American athletes, Jim Thorpe. And no one could have portrayed the stoic Indian to better advantage than Burt Lancaster in both the physical and emotional elements of the story. The thrilling athletic achievements that led Thorpe to be acclaimed by the King of Sweden as the greatest athlete in the world are skillfully interwoven into the human interest story of the man; as a student at Carlisle, his love for Margaret Miller, also a student there; of his fabulous accomplishments in the 1912 Olympics in Stockholm and the sudden turn of events that stripped him of all honors. As his wife, Phyllis Thaxter is excellent, as are Charles Bickford as the famous coach "Pop" Warner and Steve Cochran, Dick Wesson and Jack Bighead as classmates.

Your Reviewer Says: A sports epic, made touchingly human.

Program Notes: Jim Thorpe, now sixty-two, working with the writers, insisted the darker phases of his life be honestly uncovered. Lancaster, his hair dyed black for the role, underwent strenuous physical training with Thorpe himself as one of his several coaches. Scenes centering around Carlisle, the famous Indian school no longer in existence, were shot in and around Bacone College, only college exclusively for Indians and situated near Muskogee, Oklahoma. Over 400 Indians were employed throughout the making of the film, many of whom had never donned a feather in their lives . . . Jack Bighead, a powerful lot of Indian of the Ute tribe, is a football hero at Pepperdine College in Los Angeles. Dick Wesson is non-Indian and comes to movies fresh from the carnival circuit . . . Steve Cochran had to find shelter in a motel while on his four weeks' location stay in Muskogee because the hotel that housed the rest of the cast refused to take in Steve's dog, Tschaiakowsky.

STAGE

BY SARA HAMILTON

F—FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

A—FOR ADULTS



Second chance: Football and a brunette come between Joan Bennett and Paul Douglas in comedy of marital errors

✓✓ (A) The Guy Who Came Back (20th Century-Fox)

THIS guy who came back took a detour through every corn patch known to movies and still emerged a pretty good guy. This, we suspect, is mainly due to the ability of Paul Douglas to put over a character with the rugged sincerity that seems a part of the man.

Briefly, the story has Paul a professional football star unable to adjust to the fact his hour of glory is over. Enters then the other woman, Linda Darnell, who persuades Douglas to try a night club act which flops dismally. Having separated from his wife, Joan Bennett, who is loved by Paul's best friend, Don DeFore, Douglas makes one last heroic effort to re-win his lost glory. Billy Gray plays his young son and Zero Mostel his friend.

Your Reviewer Says: Cut to standard pattern.

Program Notes: Paul Douglas had little trouble catching the feel of his role of a professional football star, having been one himself for the Philadelphia Yellow Jackets. Unlike his screen self, however, Paul quit the game before it quit him and became a radio sports announcer. During this picture, Douglas tore a cartilage loose from two ribs and went through most of the movie in considerable pain and yards of adhesive tape . . . Joan Bennett used her dressing-room as an office, carrying on the business of her own movie company, Diana Productions . . . Linda Darnell refused to go blonde for her role. Too many memories of Amber and those endless hours at the hairdressers'. The mink worn by Linda in the film was insured for \$25,000 which so stunned Linda she was afraid to sit down, stand up or even walk around in it . . . Zero Mostel began his career as a night club performer but was so good in "Panic in the Streets" and "The Guy Who Came Back," he hopes to stay in Hollywood.



Bid for hearts: Bobby Driscoll, Bob Preston in saga of three generations and the problem two faced in their youth

✓✓½ (F) When I Grow Up (U.A.)

IF YOU have tears, prepare to shed 'em by the bucketful, for this is a real little heartwinger of a story. The premise—that of a boy who thinks he isn't wanted and then in adversity discovers the real depth of a parent's love—is sure fire and the performance of Bobby Driscoll as the boy adds to the tender poignancy of the tale. Bobby, in fact, plays two roles. He plays his grandfather as a lad in the flashback scenes and himself in the modern sequences. And of course Charley Grapewin as *Granpa* is the final straw that breaks the floodgates of the heart.

Robert Preston and Martha Scott play the first set of parents (and very good they are, too) and Henry Morgan and Ruth Lee the modern parents. Johnny McGovern is "Duckface" Kelly and Poodles Hanneford, one of the most famous clowns in the world, plays himself. Garson Kanin directed and what a fine job he turned out!

Your Reviewer Says: Fathers and mothers, see this and think upon it.

Program Notes: "Location—World Jungle Compound," When Bobby Driscoll and Johnny McGovern found this notice on their morning call sheet, they were two of the happiest kids in movies, for the Compound in Thousand Oaks, California, is the most complete private jungle in the world. Nine hundred and seventy-two animals of all kinds roam this jungle and 105 were used in the circus sequences. When it came to setting up the circus tent, the Compound furnished its own tent crew who can put up and take down the canvas like experts . . . Poodles Hanneford entertained the cast with tales of his real circus days and taught Bobby how to take a real "buster," meaning a fall that brings no injuries. Poodles made the picture while his circus was in winter quarters . . . Charley Grapewin celebrated his eighty-first birthday on the set and what a party they gave him . . . The only thing Bobby Driscoll didn't like about the film were the tight pants he wore in the "grandpa-boy" scene. How kids managed to keep from splitting out of those pants is a mystery to him.



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✓✓ (A) Strangers on a Train (Warners)

HITCHCOCK, at his eerie, frightening, frenzied best, has all but outdone himself in a story of maniacal murder against a background of Championship Forest Hills tennis matches and the home of a dignified United States Senator. It is this ambiguity of setting, in fact, plus cleverly devised camera work, that startles the living wits out of a body. How scared can you get and still keep your hair on?

The performances of Farley Granger, the tennis champ, Robert Walker as the neurotic but genteel murderer, Ruth Roman as Granger's sweetheart, Patricia Hitchcock as her sister and Laura Elliott as Granger's evil young wife and the victim, all add up to more devastating suspense. The interspersing of the normal with the "awful," of tennis matches, for example, with out-of-control merry-go-rounds, of quiet home receptions with active murderous impulses, are enough to send customers out of the theatre with large economy-sized breakdowns.

Your Reviewer Says: Go away! I'm still shaking.

Program Notes: "Strangers on a Train" is a true example of the new traveling Hollywood with the cast and crew taking off to New York, Washington D.C., Chatsworth, California and Darien, Conn., for on-the-spot locales... Robert Walker, who wears glasses off screen, and Laura Elliott, who doesn't, had a heck of a time seeing their way around when the director required Walker to take off his glasses for the picture and Laura to don thick lens spectacles. Neither could see beyond their own noses half the time... Patricia Hitchcock, the director's daughter, is a graduate of London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and claims she got the job of the younger sister through an agent—influence had nothing to do with it... Tommy Farrell, Glenda's handsome son, plays one of Laura's escorts to the amusement park... As usual, Director Hitchcock spots himself in the picture. This time the director is glimpsed carrying a bull fiddle (same size, same shape as "Hitchy") on the train from which Granger alights. How Farley kept a straight face is beyond us.

✓✓ (F) Comin' Round the Mountain (U-I)

JUST when a body thinks Abbott and Costello have exhausted every possible plot situation known to man, woman or billy-goat, up they pop in a hillbilly feud that certainly takes the cornmeal cake. And, oddly enough, it all begins in a New York night club when the celebrated Park Avenue hillbilly singer, Miss Dorothy Shay, in person, discovers Lou, an escape artist who couldn't escape his shadow, is actually a McCoy from the old Kentucky hills. So back they go, along with Bud Abbott, a theatrical agent, to find the secret hiding place of buried gold that only old Granny McCoy knows. A detour to a County Fair provides the surprise ending! Riot! Riot!

Kirby Grant plays the band leader and Miss Shay's romantic interest. Joe Sawyer, Glenn Strange, Ida Moore and Shay Cogan mess around the place for dear life.

Your Reviewer Says: Monkeyshines in them thar hills.

Program Notes: Dorothy Shay was born in Jacksonville, Florida, and never even climbed to the top of a hill, let alone lived among them. The song "Feudin', Fussin' and A-Fightin'" shot her into hillbilly fame... Little Shay Cogan, who gets a terrific crush on Lou in the film, was spotted by Bud and Lou on a Vaughn Monroe TV show and

signed for the part... The demand for realism on the set resulted in a ramshackle cabin collapsing in the middle of a scene with Bud and Lou trapped inside... Escape artist Erskine Arco was hired to teach Lou how not to escape his bonds. Lou said he couldn't anyway, so why bother.

✓✓ (F) Fort Worth (Warners)

BIG grown-up men like David Brian hadn't oughta be so nasty minded as to inveigle an upstanding citizen like Randy Scott into publishing his newspaper in Fort Worth just so he, Brian, could use it for his own varminty purposes. Anyway, the ruckus, that thank heavens happened 'way back in 1876, gets awfully all fired hot, once it gets going, with cattle stampeding, a train getting itself held up, romance getting all messed up with the different flavors of shooting, killin', chasin', in fact with everything that goes to make up a roaring, tearing, howling Western. Phyllis Thaxter is the good little girl, Helena Carter the naughty one, Ray Teal an ornery cuss if ever there was one.

Your Reviewer Says: Did nobody ever go to Sunday School in "them" days?

Program Notes: They came from everywhere but Texas. Randy Scott was bred in old Virginny, Phyllis Thaxter in Maine and both Miss Carter and David Brian are New Yorkers... Every Texan in the state of California tried at sometime or other during the shooting to visit the "Fort Worth" set on the Warner ranch. They all wanted to make sure their city and state got done right by... Phyllis Thaxter became the ideal mother of the neighborhood when she demonstrated her shooting ability with the Hop-along Cassidy pistol of her five-year-old daughter Susan. Susan brought in all the kids around to see Mommy shoot.

✓✓ (F) Francis Goes to the Races (U-I)

FRANCIS the talking mule returns to the screen with his old Army buddy, Donald O'Connor, in tow and still talking for dear life. Unfortunately, what "Frannie" has to say this time is not nearly so clever as his former conversational piece but frankly, you can't blame that on this particular jackass. He didn't write the script, you know. Well, anyway, there are moments of fun and frolic in the story that get Francis and Donald into all sorts of mix-ups with race track touts, the police, a pretty girl such as Piper Laurie and her charming uncle, Cecil Kellaway. Donald O'Connor is clever in his role of the ex-Army lad who loves his independent, take-life-as-it-comes mule friend. Jesse White is the track detective, Hayden Rorke and Barry Kelley the crooks.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun straight from the mule's mouth.

Program Notes: The beautiful Santa Anita racetrack was used for many of the scenes... Cecil Kellaway hopes he can play only with humans in his next film. He went straight from "Harvey," the story of a six-foot rabbit, to a talking mule and, after all, Cecil feels one can get terribly pixilated that way... Jesse White, who also played in both films, feels exactly the same way... O'Connor, who actually rode that horse for a track sequence, knew nothing about riding and after that experience doesn't want to, either... The voice of Francis is supplied by actor Chill Wills.

✓1/2 (F) Fighting Coast Guard (Republic)

ACQUAINTING civilians with knowledge of how each branch of the service operates is a fine thing and while the personal

side of this story is overly stressed and a bit too long, the work and purpose of our Coast Guard is clearly set forth. The action shots, effectively achieved, are also on the prolonged side but the work of each cast member stands out like a beacon.

Richard Jaeckel, an assured actor these days, Brian Donlevy, always tops in performance, Forrest Tucker, Ella Raines, John Russell and William Murphy are performers who know how to carry along a story to its ultimate goal and in this instance, they do.

Your Reviewer Says: A fine tribute to a fine service branch.

Program Notes: Story action carried the "Coast Guard" actors from the huge amphibious bases at Coronado and San Diego, California, to the United States Coast Guard Academy at New London, Connecticut. While none of the participants was in this branch of the service, each had seen action in other fields. In World War I, Brian Donlevy was a member of the famous Lafayette Escadrille in France. In World War II, Tucker was an army lieutenant; Russell, for two and a half years was a Marine, Jaeckel a Merchant Marine and Murphy was with the Navy. Miss Raines claims she did her stint, too, not only as a camp entertainer but by following her husband, Lt. Col. Robin Olds, an Army flyer, to his various stations . . . While visiting Republic Studios where certain scenes for the film were being shot, four young Navy recruits became so frustrated they almost went AWOL. Wondering how and why so many Navy officers were constantly popping up, and with their saluting arm ready to drop off, the lads suddenly recognized the Commander they had just saluted as Brian Donlevy when he said, "Okay, men. As you were." It was then the young recruits discovered they'd been saluting extras and character actors all day.

✓✓ (F) Excuse My Dust (M-G-M)

NOT nearly broad nor slapsticky enough for the wonderful pantomimist ability of Red Skelton. However, as the small-town inventor who manages to perfect a horseless carriage (this is back in Grandma's days, kiddies), the story has its moments, especially in the gas-buggy race. Its tunes are pretty and catchy but, hang it all, we want more than that from funny-man Skelton. There's a surprise ballet scene with Sally Forrest, cleverly executed through the wolfish imaginings of Macdonald Carey, the small-town college hot shot, and some cute little Parisian malapropisms uttered by Monica Lewis who also sings a mean song, "Lorelei Brown." There's even a romantic duet between Red and Miss Forrest but for all that if you find you just can't get up the steam to take it in, don't fret. A better Skelton film is bound to come along.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh well, it's relaxing.

Best Pictures of the Month

Show Boat

Jim Thorpe—All American

Strangers on a Train

Best Performances of the Month

Ava Gardner in "Show Boat"

*Burt Lancaster in
"Jim Thorpe—All American"*

Farley Granger in "Strangers on a Train"

Robert Walker in "Strangers on a Train"

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Program Notes: The attempts of Red Skelton and Macdonald Carey to drive those early horseless carriages had everyone on the M-G-M back lot in stitches. Neither Red nor Mac thought it too funny after the first dozen breakdowns—their own as well as the cars'. In the burning barn scene Red singed his russet hair into a fringe of toasty brown that on him somehow looked good . . . Sally Forrest surprised everyone on the set with her dancing ability, but Sally was originally signed as a dancer and spent her early days at the studio training other dancers in M-G-M musicals . . . Macdonald Carey sings for the first time on the screen—his first vocal effort since Broadway's "Lady in the Dark" with Gertrude Lawrence . . . Red practised his "Spring Has Sprung" song around the house until Mrs. Skelton finally drove him to the seclusion of his den. It didn't work. Red sprung spring louder than ever . . . Monica Lewis stepped from the floor of a Hollywood supper club into the singing vamp role.

✓1/2 (A) The Long Dark Hall (U. A.)

REX HARRISON and **Lilli Palmer**—names of theatrical import—lift an all too familiar story into the something special class. Their quiet underplaying and complete sureness capture the imagination and hold fast the interest albeit there are moments when the story wanders too darned far down that long dark hall.

The English filmed movie has Harrison, a staid, average sort of married man with two children, becoming involved in a "mad thing" with a show girl who gets herself murdered. All evidence points to Harrison, who is tried, found guilty and, at the last moment, reprieved. Anthony Dawson plays the maniacal killer and Patricia Wayne the show girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Stranger things have happened.

Program Notes: It has been five years since Rex and his wife, Lilli Palmer, appeared together in a film, "The Notorious Gentleman," but this season on Broadway the pair have co-starred in the successful play, "Bell, Book and Candle." Anthony Bushell, who plays Harrison's defense attorney, also acted as co-director, leaping from behind camera to in front with complete ease . . . Handsome Anthony Dawson almost missed the role of the mad killer for being too handsome. When approval finally came through at the early screech of dawn, Dawson, forgetful of the hour, enthusiastically telephoned his friends. "I'm the maniac," he shouted. "You must be," they agreed, which left Dawson slightly puzzled.

✓✓ (F) As Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)

YOU can't keep a good man down or fire him from his job, either. Not if that man is Monty Woolley romping around in a light-hearted little skit such as this. In fact there are no lengths to which Monty does not go to get back the job from which he was retired at sixty-five, even—with the aid of dyed beard and locks—to impersonating the president of a large steel company. He cuts quite a few didos with his boss's wife, as well.

Far fetched it is indeed, but for all that it's a homey, amusing, chuckle-laden story, that will delight. For good measure it has Thelma Ritter playing Monty's daughter-in-law, Alan Joslyn as his son, Jean Peters as his granddaughter with David Wayne her suitor. Constance Bennett plays the frustrated wife of boss Albert Dekker. And, oh, yes (or should it be oh, wow!) that blonde secretary is Marilyn Monroe who must spend all her

time looking at Lana Turner movies, she has so many of her mannerisms.

Your Reviewer Says: Cute as an old bug's ear.

Program Notes: The first day of shooting, Woolley received a telegram from his Yale classmate, Cole Porter. It said: "Remember my prophecy of college days. You'll never be a success as long as you wear a beard." Incidentally, if Monty fulfilled all the requests received for a snip of his beard, he'd be smoother faced than a baby . . . Thelma Ritter of "All About Eve" and "The Mating Season" goes from one movie to another so rapidly she has little time to visit her New York home and husband, Joseph Moran, an advertising executive . . . David Wayne made just one movie between his Broadway hits, "Finian's Rainbow" and "Mr. Roberts," and has been on a constant movie binge ever since . . . From her home in Weisbaden, Germany, where her husband, Lt. Col. John Coulter is stationed, Constance Bennett made her eighth Atlantic crossing in two years to play in this. Miss Bennett has organized her own film company in Weisbaden and will make films from there for the next year or two . . . The editor of "Stars and Stripes" recently acclaimed blonde Marilyn Monroe "Miss Cheesecake of 1951" and Miss Monroe claims she's received hundreds of proposals from servicemen since that great "cheesecake" day. But she isn't accepting any. Career, you know.

✓1/2 (F) Best of the Bad Men (RKO)

THEY rounded 'em all up, the four notorious Younger brothers, the two James boys, Jesse and Frank, and with a couple of other mean hombres, launched the outlaws on still another shootin', robbin', killin' spree. This time the boys ride under the command of Robert Ryan, an ex-Army major fleeing an unfair murder charge and seeking to avenge himself. The man Ryan is out to destroy is Robert Preston, one of the money-and-power-grabbing vultures who infested our country after the Civil War. The woman Ryan loves, to complicate matters, is Claire Trevor, Preston's wife. Finding himself wading deeper into outlawry than he figured, Ryan eventually extricates himself and Claire but not before tarnation itself cuts loose and darn near blows up everyone in the Old West. Bruce Cabot, Bob Wilke, John Cliff and Jack Buetel play the Younger boys and Lawrence Tierney and Tom Tyler the James lads. Walter Brennan is excellent as Doc Butcher, a combination veterinarian, horse thief and outlaw.

Your Reviewer Says: Famous bad men come in bunches in this one.

Program Notes: Although the story action centers around the Kansas-Missouri border and a strip of land between Oklahoma and Texas, known then as "Badman's Territory," the actual shooting took place in Kanab, Utah, which boasts some of the most spectacular mountain and desert scenery in America . . . Claire Trevor took to location like a homing pigeon, working in heat, dust and all the discomforts of a desert location with uncomplaining good will, winning the admiration of the heartier male actors . . . Jack Buetel, the former Billy the Kid, makes his first movie in ten years with four years in the Navy in between . . . Ryan was anxious to tackle the rugged, outdoor role but after headlong falls from his horse, rough-and-tumble brawls and the hazards of stage-coach driving, he limped home a chastened and badly bruised man. Walter Brennan was particularly happy with his role and for a unique reason: He was allowed to keep his teeth in throughout the entire film.

Casts of Current Pictures

AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL—20th Century-Fox: John Hodges, Monty Woolley; Della Hodges, Thelma Ritter; Joe, David Wayne; Alice Hodges, Jean Peters; Lucille McKinley, Constance Bennett; Harriet, Marilyn Monroe; George Hodges, Allyn Joslyn; Louis McKinley, Albert Dekker; Frank Erickson, Clinton Sundberg, Cleveland, Minor Watson; Conductor, Ludwig Stossel; Harpist, Renie Riano; Gallagher, Wally Brown; Willie, Rusty Tamblyn.

BEST OF THE BAD MEN—RKO: Jeff Clanton, Robert Ryan; Lily Fowler, Claire Trevor; Bob Younger, Jack Buetel; Matthew Fowler, Robert Preston; Doc Butcher, Walter Brennan; Joad, Barton MacLane; Cole Younger, Bruce Cabot; Jim Younger, Bob Wilke; John Younger, John Cliff; Jesse James, Lawrence Tierney; Frank James, Tom Tyler; Curley Ringo, John Archer.

COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN—U-I: Al Stewart, Bud Abbott; Wilbert, Lou Costello; Dorothy McCoy, Dorothy Shay; Clark Winfield, Kirby Grant; Kalem McCoy, Joe Sawyer; Devil Dan Winfield, Glenn Strange; Granny McCoy, Ida Moore; Clara McCoy, Shay Cogan; Uncle Clem McCoy, Guy Wilkerson; Luke McCoy, Bob Easton; Jasper Winfield, Slat Taylor; Aunt Huddy, Marg Hamilton; Judge, Russell Simpson.

EXCUSE MY DUST—M-G-M: Joel Belden, Red Skelton; Liz Bullitt, Sally Forrest; Cyrus Random Jr., Macdonald Carey; Harvey Bullitt, William Demarest; Daisy Lou Shultz, Monica Lewis; Mayor Fred Haskell, Raymond Walburn; Ma Belden, Jane Darwell.

FIGHTING COAST GUARD—Republic: Commander McFarland, Brian Donlevy; Bill Rourke, Forrest Tucker; Louise Ryan, Ella Raines; Barney Walker, John Russell; Tony Jessup, Richard Jaeckel; Sandy Jessup, William Murphy; Al Prescott, Martin Milner; Red Toon, Steve Brodie; Tom Peterson, Hugh O'Brien; Admiral Ryan, Tom Powers; Coast Guardsman, Jack Pennick; Desk Clerk, Olin Howlin; Captain Adair, Damian O'Flynn; Navy Captain, Morris Ankrum; Commander Rogers, James Flavin; Capt. Gibbs, Roy Roberts; Muriel, Sandra Spence; Civilian Wrestler, Eric Pedersen.

FORT WORTH—Warners: Ned Britt, Randolph Scott; Blair Lunsford, David Brian; Flora Talbot, Phyllis Thaxter; Amy Brooks, Helena Carter; Luther Wick, Dick Jones; Gabe Clevenger, Ray Teal; Mort, Lawrence Tolan; Castro, Paul Picerni; Ben Garvin, Emerson Treacy; "Shorty," Bob Steele; Waller, Walter Sande; The Sheriff, Chubby Johnson.

FRANCIS GOES TO THE RACES—U-I: Peter Stirling, Donald O'Connor; Miss Frances Travers, Piper Laurie; Col. Travers, Cecil Kellaway; Frank Damer, Jesse White; Harrington, Vaughn Taylor; Mallory, Barry Kelley; Rogers, Hayden Rorke; Francis, The Talking Mule.

GUY WHO CAME BACK, THE—20th Century-Fox: Harry Joplin, Paul Douglas; Kathy, Joan Bennett; Dee, Linda Darnell; Gordon Towne, Don DeFore; Willy, Billy Gray; Boots Mullins, Zero Mostel; Joe Demarcus, Edmon Ryan; Grandma, Ruth McDevitt; O'Mara, Walter Burke; Wizard, Henry Kulky; Station Master, Dick Ryan; Postmaster, Robert B. Williams; Tom, Ted Pearson; Captain of Waiters, Mack Williams; Waiter, Garnett Marks; Hat Check Girl, Shirley Tegge; Secretary, Barbara Woodell; Clerk, Charles Conrad; Captain Shallock, Grandon Rhodes; Cab Driver, Mack Gray.

JIM THORPE—ALL AMERICAN—Warners: Jim Thorpe, Burt Lancaster; "Pop" Warner, Charles Bickford; Peter Allendine, Steve Cochran; Margaret Miller, Phyllis Thaxter; Ed Guyac, Dick Weston; Little Boy, Jack Big Head; Wally Denny, Suni Warcloud; Louis Tewanema, Al Mejia; Ashenbrunner, Hubie Kerns; Hiram Thorpe, Nestor Paiva; Jim Thorpe Jr., Jimmy Moss.

LONG DARK HALL, THE—U.A.: Arthur Groome, Rex Harrison; Mary Groome, Lilli Palmer; Sheila Groome, Tania Held; Rosemary Groome, Henrietta Barry; Mary's Mother, Dora Sevensing; Mary's Father, Ronald Simpson; Chief Inspector Sullivan, Raymond Huntley; Sergeant Cochran, William Squires; Superintendent Marey, Ballard Berkeley; The Man, Anthony Dawson; Sir Charles Morton, Denis O'Dea; Clive Bedford, Anthony Bushell; Judge, Henry Longhurst; Rose Mallory, Patricia Wayne; Marjorie Danks, Meriel Forbes; Mrs. Rogers, Brenda de Banzie.

SHOW BOAT—M-G-M: Magnolia Hawks, Kathryn Grayson; Julie Laverne, Ava Gardner; Gaylord Ravenal, Howard Keel; Capt. Andy Hawks, Joe E. Brown; Ellie May Shipley, Marge Champion; Frank Schultz, Gower Champion; Stephen Baker, Robert Sterling; Parthy-Hawks, Agnes Moorehead; Joe, William Warfield.

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN—Warners: Guy Haines, Farley Granger; Anne Morton, Ruth Roman; Bruno Anthony, Robert Walker; Senator Morton, Leo G. Carroll; Barbara Morton, Patricia Hitchcock; Miriam, Laura Elliott; Mrs. Anthony, Marion Lorne; Mr. Anthony, Jonathan Hale; Capt. Turley, Howard St. John; Prof. Collins, John Brown; Mrs. Cunningham, Norma Varden; Hennessy, Robert Gist; Hammond, John Doucette.

WHEN I GROW UP—U.A.: 1890 Sequence: Josh Reed, Bobby Driscoll; Father Reed, Robert Preston; Mother Reed, Martha Scott; Ruthie Reed, Sherry Jackson; Duckface Kelly, Johnny McGovern; Mrs. Kelly, Frances Cheney; Bobo, Poodles Hanneford; Carp, Ralph Dumke; Doc, Paul Guilfoyle; Carp's Assistant, Paul Levitt; Dr. Bailey, Griff Barnett.

Modern Sequence: Denny Reed, Bobby Driscoll; Grandpa Reed, Charley Grapewin; Father Reed, Henry Morgan; Binks, Bobby Hyatt; Bully, Robin Camp; Bully's Mother, Ruth Lee; Volunteer Nurse, Margaret Lloyd; Harmonica Boy, Donald Gordon; Mother Reed, Elizabeth Fraser.

Are you in the know?



If you and your pal are smitten by the same Sigh Man, should you—

☐ Date him

☐ Bow out nobly

☐ Suggest a double date

Let's say you and your best pal are vacationing at a Dude Ranch. Gals meet cowboy—and you're both "gone" dogies! If you are the one he favors, why bow out? Suggest a double date; your femme friend may have a pleasant change of heart. Whatever the

plans, you needn't cower in a corner just because it's *that* time. Come slacks, jeans or datin' duds, no one will know, with Kotex—for those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines—shore 'nuff! And that special safety center gives *extra* protection.



With sleeveless dresses, which goes best?

☐ A stole

☐ A razor

☐ Long gloves

Daintiness—and sleeveless frocks—call for underarm contact with the razor's edge. Keeps you out of the untidy bracket. Promotes poise. Self-assurance at calendar time calls for just the right answer to your sanitary protection needs. So Kotex gives you 3 absorbencies to choose from (different sizes, for different days). By trying all 3 you'll learn which one's *exactly* right for you.



P.S.



When hickies heckle you, what helps?

☐ Change your makeup

☐ Court "old Sol"

☐ Shun the sun

If your complexion's an oil gusher—it's boom time for hickies! To dry 'em out, sun bathing's good, but don't get sizzled. Change your makeup to *calamine*: a flesh-tinted lotion that helps conceal and heal break-outs. Fine for problem day blemishes, too. Kotex helps keep you confident, at ease; because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; has softness that *holds its shape*.

More women choose KOTEX[®] than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

*T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Have you tried Delsey[®]? It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.[®] (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

photoplay's scholarship contest



*Students relax in the afternoon sun
between classes. Many work their way
through school—anything to
help pay for tuition and board
and earn right to appear in school plays*

Smith and Ornitz

*To understand the students' love for the
Playhouse and their enthusiasm, one only
has to walk across the campus or watch a rehearsal.*

*Right, students Stephen Terrell,
Patti Ritter on porch of girls' dorm*

Smith and Ornitz



*Famous stars who graduated from Pasadena
Playhouse tell of the exciting course that
lies ahead for Photoplay's contest winner*

The response to the Photoplay Scholarship Contest has been overwhelming—with many writing to tell us of their dreams and plans for an acting career.

Because this contest is a new idea to the acting profession and presented many problems, we limited it to women. The many letters of protest we received from men has decided us, however, to reconsider this point for next year's contest.

If anyone could be more enthusiastic about this scholarship than our contestants, it is those who have studied at the Pasadena Playhouse in the past. Such Playhouse students as Eleanor Parker, Dana Andrews, Robert Preston, Randolph Scott, Robert Young and others say: "My training there was invaluable . . . I feel immeasurable gratitude to the Playhouse for what it did for me . . . I only regret that I didn't spend more time studying there."

To understand this love for the Playhouse and the profession it represents, you have only to walk across the Pasadena campus or watch a rehearsal. The intensity with which these student-actors approach their work puts this school in a class all its own.

Robert Young, who was discovered there, calls this the spirit that makes—or breaks—an actor. "When I was just another unknown," Bob says, "I was given a book called, 'How to Be an Actor.' It wasn't much more interesting than the title but it made one point worth remembering. 'The prime requisite of an actor is enthusiasm.'" And then, Bob went on, "To my surprise, it said nothing about height or weight or good looks or anything else, but a willingness to accept disappointments and an eagerness to go on."

If enthusiasm alone could make an actor, the Playhouse students should all make the high (Continued on page 79)



Eleanor Parker, leaving Cleveland for Hollywood. She was still studying when a talent scout spotted her in a Playhouse audience

Says Robert Young, "My only regret is that I didn't spend more time at Pasadena Playhouse." Below, soon after being graduated



A talent scout saw him in a Playhouse play and young Bill Holden, above, was launched on a brilliant career



Beyond
Casablanca
in
Damascus...
Destiny,
in a
low-cut
gown,
waits
for
Bogart!

"MY DAY BEGINS WHEN—

THE SUN GOES DOWN!"



...New star Marta Toren
is terrific in his arms!



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

HUMPHREY
BOGART
in
Sirocco

co-starring

MARTA TOREN · LEE J. COBB

WITH
EVERETT SLOANE · GERALD MOHR · ZERO MOSTEL

Screen Play by A. I. BEZZERIDES and HANS JACOBY - Based upon the novel,
"Coup de Grace", by Joseph Kessel - A SANTANA PRODUCTION

Produced by **ROBERT LORD** - Directed by **CURTIS BERNHARDT**

no sad songs

for Judy

BY BUDDY PEPPER

THE night Judy Garland opened at the Palladium both of us sat in our dressing-rooms, scared to death. She was aware of how much this night meant. She knew there were people positive she wouldn't make it. Just as there were others hoping and crossing fingers for her success—all those people who had greeted her with placards at the stage door, all those people who had sent cables, friends like Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye and, literally, hundreds of others.

I wondered, waiting to hear our standby call, why I had come. . .

I remembered the telephone call I'd received one afternoon back in Beverly Hills from an old friend of Judy's and mine who had heard me say I hoped to get to Europe this summer. "So, would you like to go abroad to work with Judy?" this friend had asked. Without a moment's hesitation, I had answered with a very loud yes.

Then I had begun to have doubts. People said Judy was unpredictable, undependable, ill, temperamental. I hadn't seen her for some time but we'd known each other for a long stretch. . .

She was the only star I'd ever written a fan letter to. We'd attended a school that specialized in educating theater kids. After that we'd had a quick three- or four-week hand-holding romance, teen-age style. And when that blew up—a tremendous tragedy to me—we remained good friends.

I'd watched (Continued on page 80)

When London raved, Judy grinned. "Not bad for a kid from Lancaster, California, hmm?"



*The old heartaches were forgotten when Judy
Garland faced that London audience—and found her old bright magic*

For

sentimental

by Mrs. Alma Day

Photographs by Engstead



For summer evenings: Angovar's "Bermuda Honeymoon" dress in organdy, with a matching stole



Cover Girl

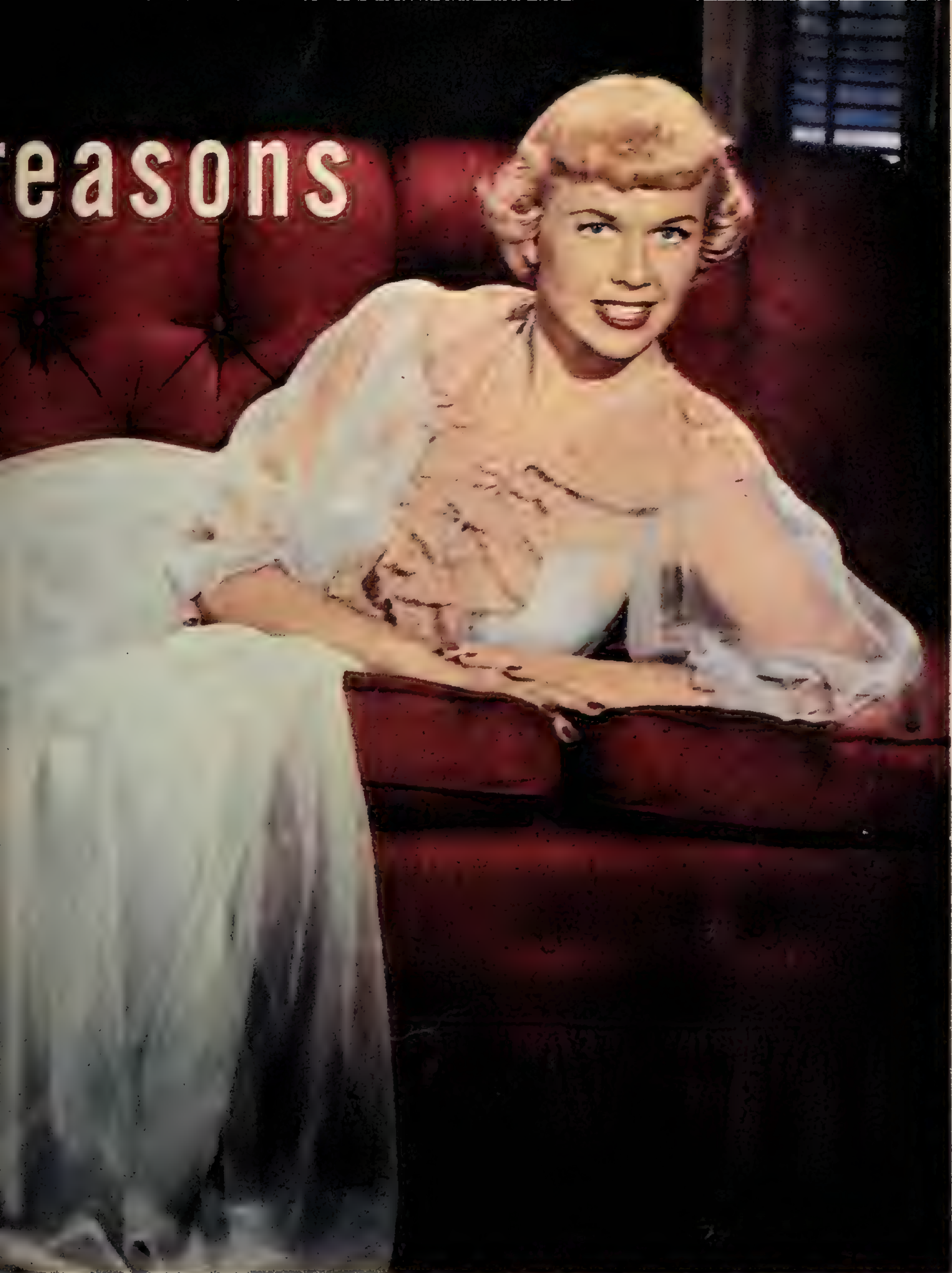


For her ideal trousseau, Doris chose Juel Parks's lovely negligee in chiffon, with ecru lace.



With men's shirting blouse, corduroy sports skirt, Doris wears jaunty polka dot scarf tucked in belt

Seasons



Robe ties in soft bow at front. Beneath it is matching nightgown in blue satin. Doris finished "On Moonlight Bay" in time to be married on her birthday

"I married a beautiful package," Marty said. And Doris Day's mother knew he meant all the happy things she, too, loves in her daughter

I couldn't have ordered a more wonderful life for my daughter Doris; especially now that she is, among other happy things, Mrs. Marty Melcher. Like other mothers, I've always thought myself very quick to know about any emotion my child might be experiencing. But I wasn't, it seems, too bright about Marty.

It was our old family friend Dr. Giles De Courcy who opened my eyes. Dr. De Courcy, who tended Doris through whooping cough and other childhood diseases, was visiting us one evening when Marty dropped in with some papers for Doris to sign.

Doris introduced the doctor to him before they went on into the den for their business discussion. "Cardiac condition there," the doctor said almost before they were out of earshot. "And he's the kind of man she should marry." (Continued on page 76)



For morning strolls, a Claire McCordell cotton with black suede tie

For tea and cocktails, Angovar's jacket dress with eyelet embroidery



I know the truth about

LIZ AS A BACHELOR GIRL

BY HEDDA HOPPER

Liz shares apartment with Peggy Rutledge, who acts as companion and secretary. Girls cook breakfast—the only meal they have at home

She always has had someone to pick up after her. Now Liz has to learn to take care of herself. Liz appears next in M-G-M's "Love Is Better Than Ever"



"Right now I'm on a strictly no-spending campaign," she says. "For the first time I know the value of money—and realize I haven't got much"



ELIZABETH TAYLOR had been a bachelor girl only a little while when I dropped by her new apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. I was her first guest. It was Sunday morning, she was wearing an exquisite negligee left over from her trousseau, and feeling mighty low. A touch of virus, she said.

"How do you like being a bachelor girl?" I asked.

"I don't know," Elizabeth replied. "I haven't gotten used to it yet. But I thought if I ever was to stand on my two feet, this was the time to do it."

"The main thing is—are you happy?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth quickly and defiantly.

"This is your Aunt Hedda asking," I reminded her.

"Well," she backtracked in a sad little voice, "I am happy. But I am not nineteen happy, Hedda."

I've known Elizabeth ever since she was a beautiful child of six and her movie-minded mother brought her to my (Continued on page 83)

Liz is standing on her own two feet, in a second-story-rear apartment. And because of what Hedda learned in this new home, she doesn't blame Liz for not going back to mother



de Gennaro

"This bachelor apartment is my first move in getting reorganized." Liz doesn't want to live on an emotional plane any longer—it's been too hysterical. She knew a month after marriage she'd made a dreadful mistake

*Hollywood raised its
eyebrows when Dan
Dailey disappeared.
Only now can the true
story be told*

SELDOM if ever have I written a story I consider as important as that which I have just heard from Dan Dailey. It is a story sure to help, and perhaps save, many people faced with the same experience Dan has just weathered—a nervous breakdown.

“Why are so many people afraid or ashamed to admit they need psychiatric help?” Dan, the young crusader, asked me. “A man is not ashamed of having pneumonia or some other physical illness. The mind, particularly in these restless and unsettled times, can become as ill as the body.

“Louella, I tell you in all sincerity that the four months I spent in the Menninger Clinic are the most important in my life. I want to talk about it. (Continued on page 81)

*His own man: Dan
Dailey appears next
in “Mabel and Me”*

THE



LIFE HE SAVED

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS



He fills their apartment with time-savers she doesn't know how to work



—but to



Pamela Murphy they mean "I Love You"

forever, Audie

By Pamela Murphy

Photographs by Sterling Smith

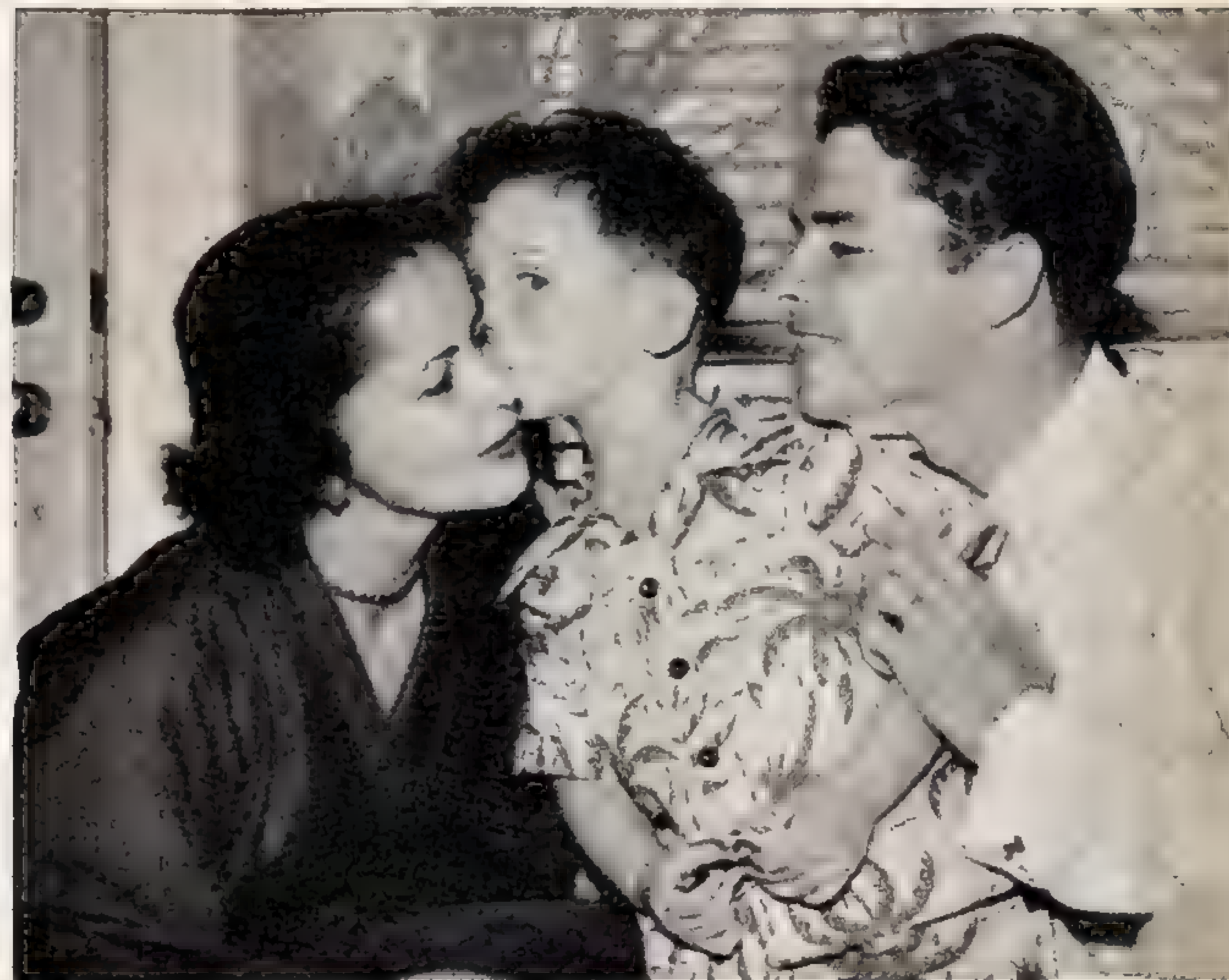
MRS. AUDIE MURPHY. . .

I can hardly believe it. Even now.

"Think I'll marry up with you," Audie used to say in his teasing Western vernacular when we first began dating. But I didn't believe this would ever happen. Not even when, in conversation, he was saying, "We'll do this—" or "We'll have that—" and he didn't seem to be kidding any more.

I was so surprised when Audie gave me my engagement ring. He had called and said he was flying back to Dallas and I'd met his early morning plane. We'd driven out to the house I shared with five other hostesses for Braniff Airways and I'd cooked breakfast for him. Then he'd said suddenly, "Close your eyes. I have something for you." And he'd put the ring on my engagement finger. I just stood there laughing and crying. "But it's so expensive! You didn't have to buy me a diamond," I said. "Expensive?" said Audie. "It's downright economy. With all this trans-continental commuting I've been doing between California and Texas, it's cheaper to get married. A wedding license only costs two dollars," he added teasingly.

You've read in Photoplay how we met, how in 1947 a pilot who knew how much I admired Audie had promised to introduce me to him at a big square dance at Ray Woods's dude ranch. And how, by the (Continued on page 86)



Audie and Pamela spent brief honeymoon at friend Ray Woods's Dallas ranch. Above, with Rusty Woods. Below, with Ray at Audie Murphy Arena



Bachrach



Smith



Kornman



Kornman



Jones



Vote! Vote! Vote!

Be a Talent Scout!

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Carla Balenda | 6. Janice Rule |
| 2. Robert Sherwood | 7. Robert Wagner |
| 3. Anne Francis | 8. Monica Lewis |
| 4. Mitzi Gaynor | 9. Anthony Dexter |
| 5. Alex Nicol | |



Schafer



Schafer



Anger

winner!



Murdy



Schafer

Support your favorites!

10. Charlton Heston

11. Barbara Rush

12. Bill Campbell

13. Pier Angeli

14. Peter Hanson

All are talented but not all will succeed.

Boost your favorites with your votes

choose your star

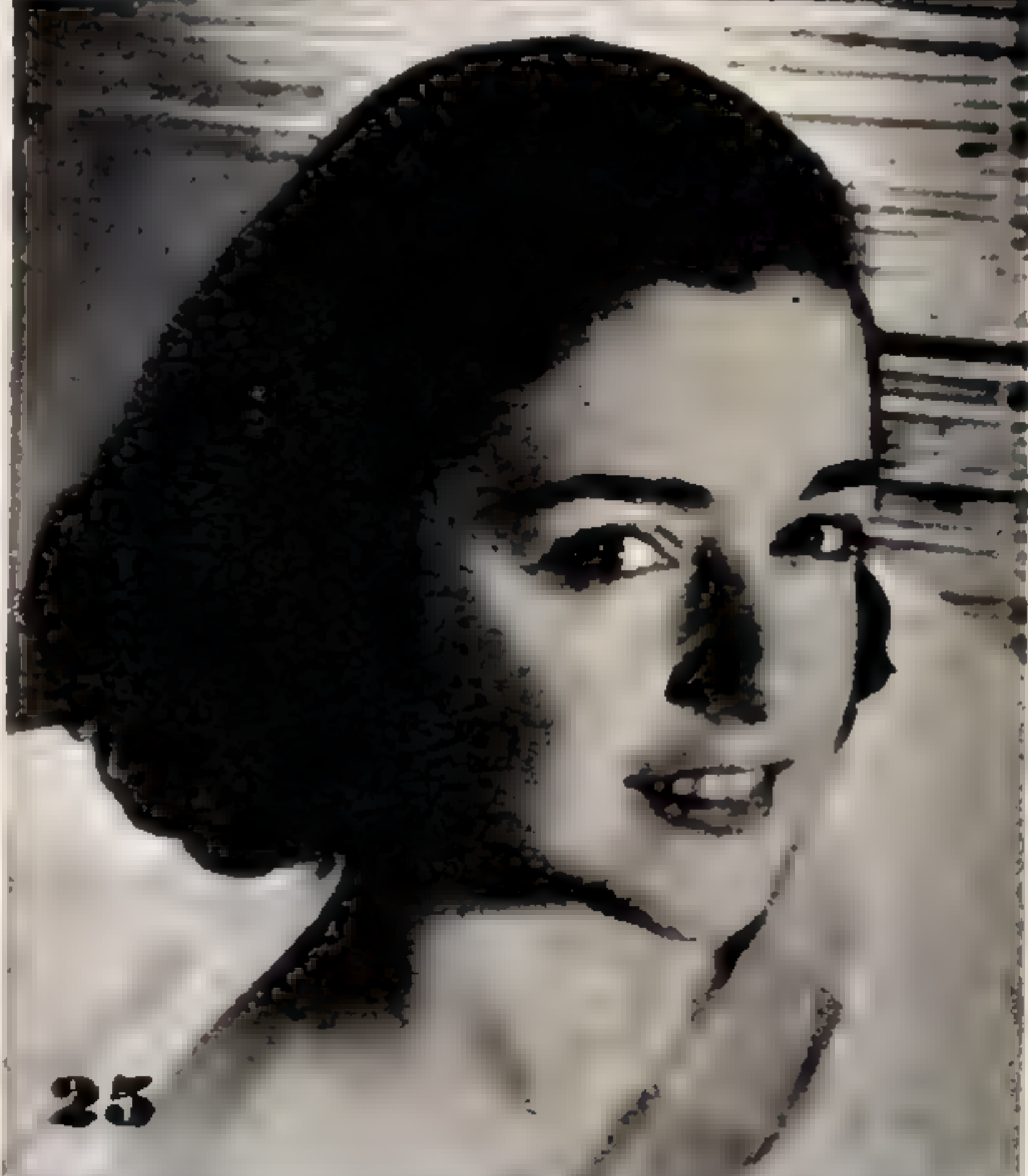
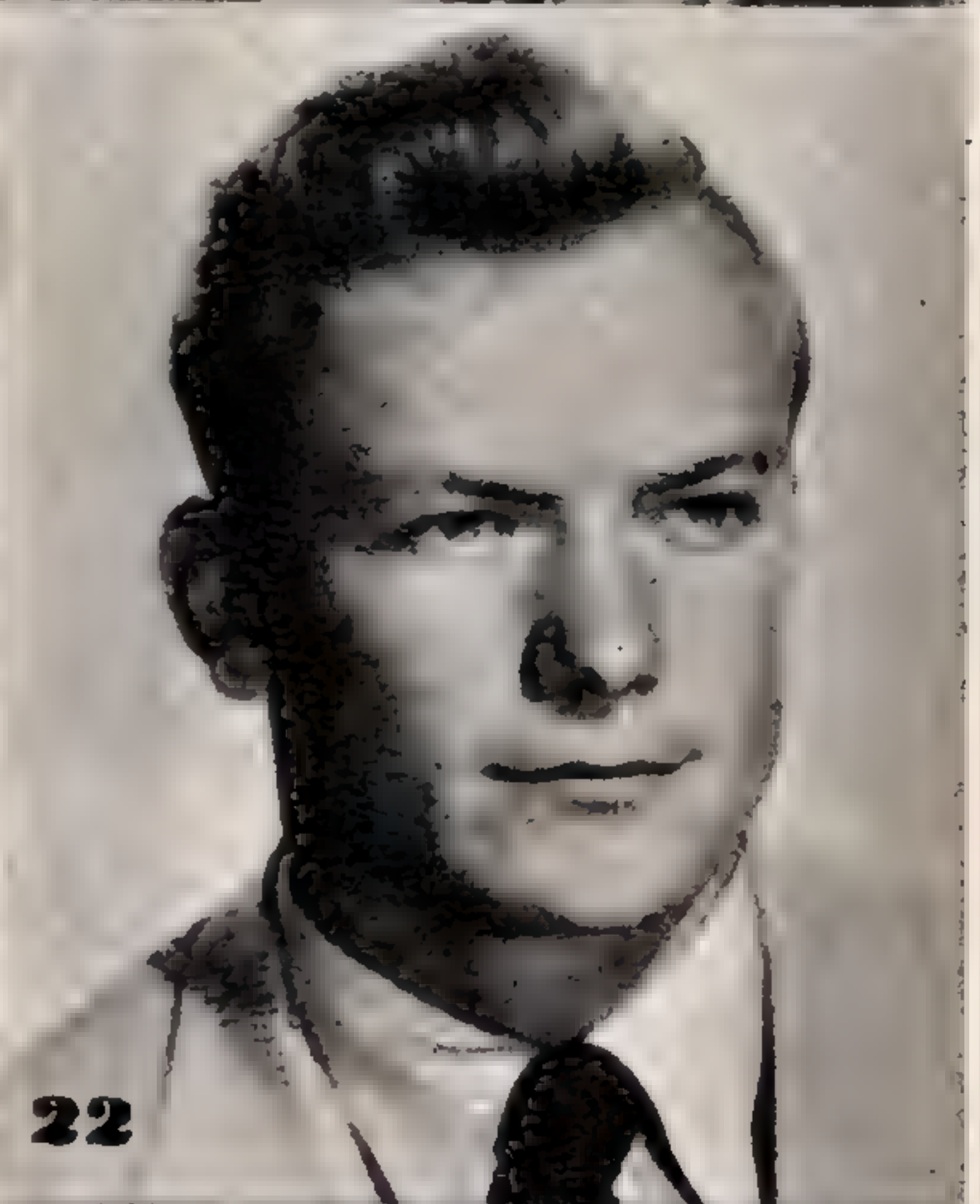
IT'S that glittering, exciting time again. It's that time when you will choose from more than one hundred newcomers currently in Hollywood, those whom you will help to make the stars of tomorrow.

You readers of Photoplay have hit a remarkable average in picking personalities. In this poll which began in 1948 and has run since then every year, you've picked better than 45 per cent of those who have hit the really big time. No casting director in all Hollywood ever has equaled this record.

Last year, for example, five of your chosen eleven males—there was



15. Lucille Norman
16. Alan Wells
17. Jody Lawrance
18. William Phipps



Every vote counts!

Hollywood wants your vote!

19. Julia Adams
20. Brett King
21. Maria Elena Marques
22. Aldo Da Re
23. Polly Bergen
24. Martin Milner

25. Anna Maria Alberghetti
26. Bruce Cowling
27. Aileen Stanley Jr.
28. Susan Cabot
29. Richard Stapley
30. Joyce Holden
31. Jeffrey Hunter

choose your star



Get behind your favorites!

Stop, look and vote!

- 32. John Hudson
- 33. Leslie Caron
- 34. Peter Thompson
- 35. Virginia Gibson
- 36. John Mallory
- 37. Gower Champion
- 38. Marge Champion
- 39. Darren McGavin

- 40. Robert Clarke
- 41. Gianna Canale
- 42. Philip Carey

a tie for tenth place—have become mightily important. They are, Howard Keel, your winner, plus Anthony Curtis, Gene Nelson, Jeff Chandler and Marlon Brando, listed in the order of your original interest in them. Your other six pets (again in your preferred order), Craig Hill, Keefe Brasselle, David Wayne, Rock Hudson, Robert Patton and Ben Johnson, may yet score vividly.

The girls? Well, your last year's choice, Judy Holliday, worked out well with the general public and won the Academy Award. Your top favorite, Sally Forrest, has had an active year. She has appeared in "Vengeance Valley," "Excuse My Dust" and "Hard, Fast and Beautiful." Peggy Dow,

Mail the coupon on page 49



43. Gene Evans
44. Barbara Payton
45. John Ericson
46. Fernando Lamas



47

Boost your favorites' score!



48



49



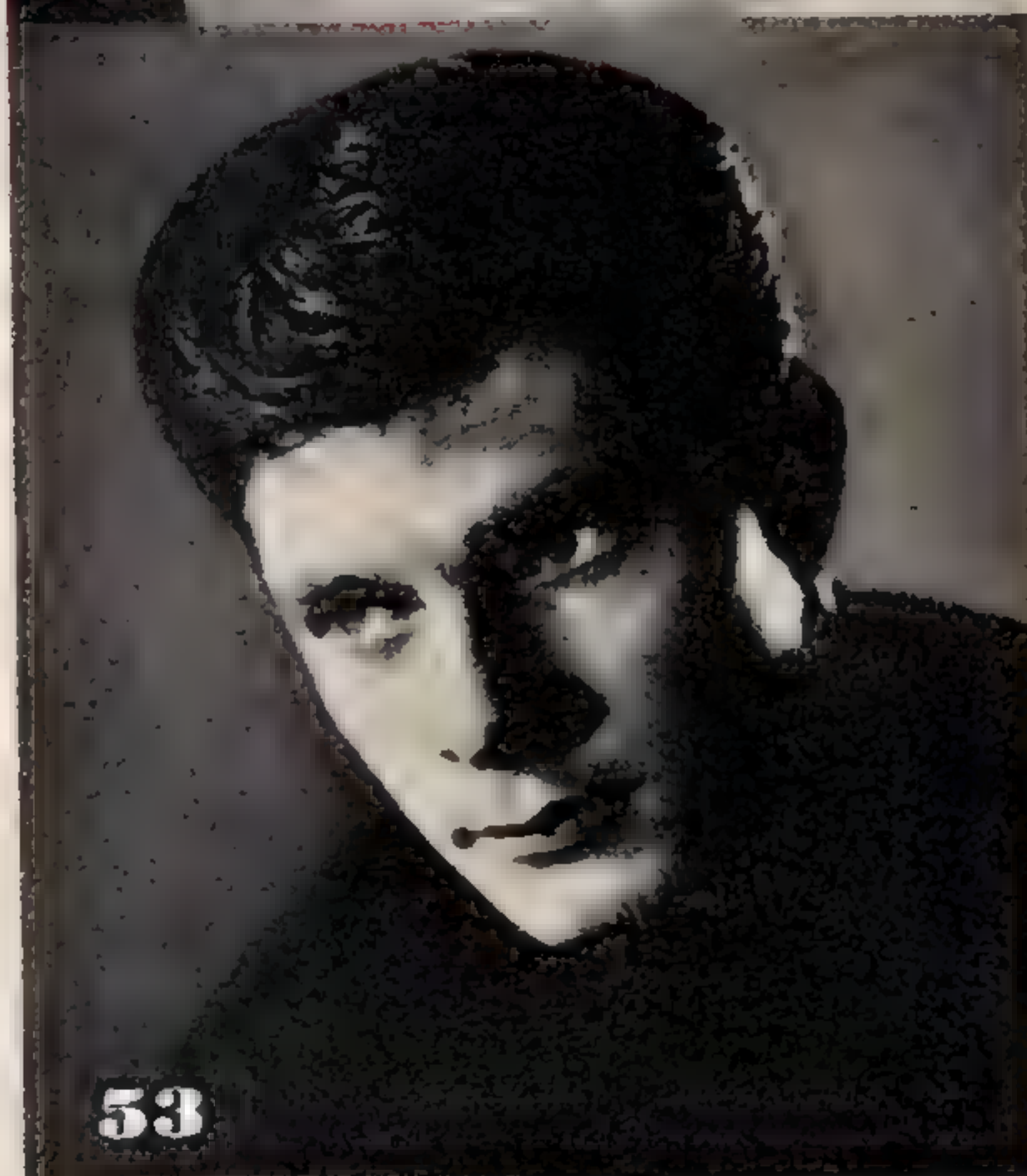
50



51



52



53



54

Mail the coupon today!



55

47. Eugene Iglesias
48. Grace Kelly
49. Scott Forbes
50. Constance Smith
51. Bill Andrews
52. Patricia Wymore
53. Dewey Martin
54. Pat Hitchcock
55. Richard Egan

56. Mario Cabre
57. Diana Douglas
58. Adam Williams
59. Pegg Castle



56



57



58



59

60. Richard Anderson
61. Phyllis Avery
62. Michael Rennie
63. Margaret Sheridan
64. Kenneth Tobey



60



61

Start them on the star trail!



62



63



64

choose your star

Piper Laurie and Nancy Olson, to whom you also gave the nod, have done extraordinarily well, too.

Your other dreamboats, Mercedes McCambridge, Nancy Davis, Jean Hagen, Barbara Bates and Micheline Prele, didn't get the best chances. Yet they all have advanced, insofar as casting would let them—proving plainly that you readers do definitely recognize talent.

Thus, this midsummer of 1951, cast your bright eyes over the new supertroupeurs added to Hollywood's contract lists. To be alphabetical about it, we start with Columbia, warmly cordial to newcomers since Bill Holden and John Derek. Columbia is giving the works to three special dazzlers (Anthony Dexter, Aldo Da Re, Jody Lawrance), plus keeping a watching eye on your reaction of four others.

Anthony Dexter: His first picture "Valentino" is not exactly a riot, but hot enough. His next will be "Brigande" in which he'll be himself.

Aldo Da Re (pronounced Ray): He's blond, rugged, a football hero from Northern California, unmarried, twenty-two, of Italian ancestry. Debut, "Saturday's Hero."

Jody Lawrance: As unconventional in appearance as Lauren Bacall, she has the figure, the fire of distinction. First, "Mask of the Avenger." Next, "The Family Secret." Burt Lancaster, after one meeting, cast her as his leading lady in "Ten Tall Men."

Peter Thompson: Tall, dark, handsome, also a fugitive from M-G-M. With the right casting, Pete can make it. Current, (Continued on page 72)

You've read the story

You've seen them on the screen

what is your verdict?

Vote for the actor and actress you think most likely to achieve stardom and mail it to Photoplay, 205 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

I choose: _____ actor _____ actress

name _____ age _____

address _____



Above, with daughters Rebecca, Princess Yasmin. Aly demands the little princess spend specific periods of time with him after she is seven years old

Valeska

the rincess abdicates

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Rita, with Jackson Leighter who accompanied her on motor trip to Lake Tahoe, Nev. He was formerly Orson Welles's manager—is now Rita's adviser





The formality, idleness and intrigue of her life as Princess palled on Rita much sooner than she was willing to admit



With former husband Orson Welles, Rita lived the kind of Bohemian existence she still prefers

WHEN Rita Hayworth came home this spring the reporters had a wonderful time writing about her British accent and her wish for a "hawt dawg"—otherwise, a good old American frankfurter.

Actually, it was natural Rita should have had a British accent—which soon disappeared, incidentally. For two years she has been surrounded by those, including her husband, who speak in such clipped British tones. Many who visit London only briefly come home sounding slightly Oxfordian.

It was natural, too, that Rita should be hungry for a hot dog. Our appetites grow on what they feed on and Rita, all her life, has eaten hot dogs and chili and—when she could afford it—roast beef with potatoes browned in the pan and rice pudding or chocolate cake. As Princess Margarita Khan, the fare—of every phase of her life—has been more lavish, but also, to her, less satisfying.

Rita, by upbringing and inclination, was less equipped than anyone I know to adjust to or enjoy her fabulous life with Aly Khan. Let it be said in her favor that I found her at all times simple and modest. And sometimes, too, I found her most inadequate to the demands of her position. I believe the idleness of her life, as well as the formality and protocol, palled upon her much sooner than she was willing to admit, even to herself. For in Rita there is not an ounce of the gold digger or the social climber.

She asked for that life, true. Within the same hour I introduced her to Prince Aly Khan it was evident that she was utterly dazzled by him. Understandably! Aly has a great flair for living. He has an unbelievable energy. He dances divinely. (Continued on page 88)

Elsa brought Rita and Aly together, remained

close to them during the two years that followed.

And always knew it must end this way

their Love is

like this . . .

BY IDA ZEITLIN



The ring that started the rumors. Shelley thought it was for the script girl! Farley and Shelley star in "Behave Yourself"



Valeska



What doughnuts do for Shelley, sports shirts do for Farley—soothe jangled nerves. When he's disturbed about something he goes out and buys another

*Prepare your-
self for something
different! With
Farley Granger
and Shelley
Winters, love is a
very funny thing*

SHELLEY, looking harassed but as if she liked it, bounced into Farley's dressing-room on the set of "Behave Yourself." "What'll I say?" she wailed.

Farley looked amused. "How's about keeping your rosebud mouth buttoned?"

The papers had just blossomed with engagement stories. Not maybe, or it looks like, or you never can tell, but positively Shelley and Farley were engaged, he'd given her the ring, they planned to honeymoon in Europe, hail the bridegroom, hail the bride, and don't forget who scooped whom when the credits go 'round.

Of all the calls clogging RKO's switchboard, only a few leaked through to the principals. Farley took his and remained unperturbed. Shelley's boiling point is lower. "What'll I say?" she cried in mock despair.

"Read a good book," advised her alleged fiance, (Continued on page 90)





SIS is a

Debra Paget of "Anne of the Indies." When asked why she wants to be another Betty Grable when she could be another



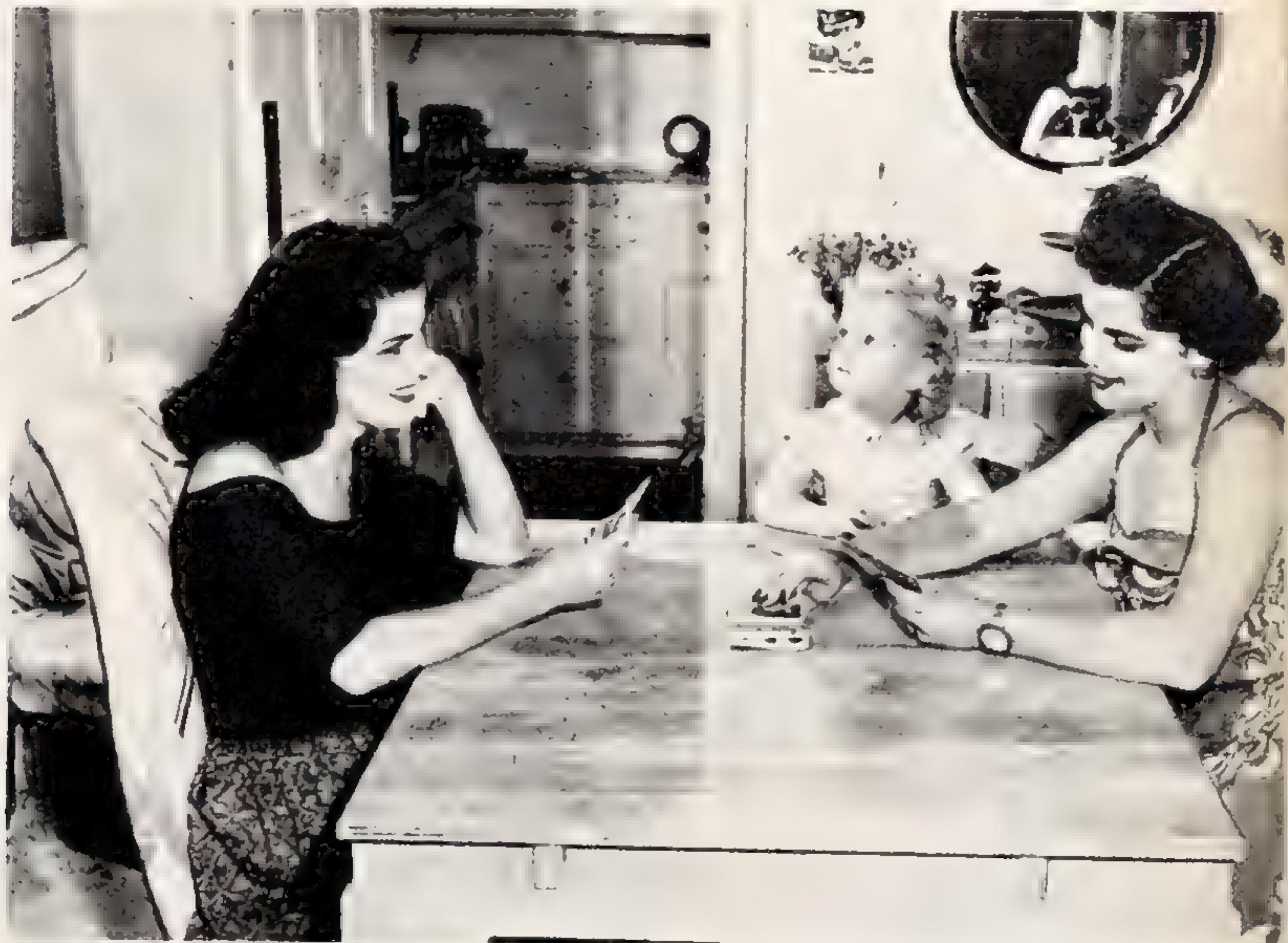
Her mother buys all her clothes. Debra bought herself a dress once, decided Mama's taste was better

DEBRA PAGET'S mother, an ex-vaudevillian, is bringing up her family of five to be movie stars. The fact that Debra made it first gives her no privileges. Debra's career began really when, at the age of eleven, she took to preening before a mirror. "All right," said her mother, "let's go to work!" And to Debra as well as to her brother and sisters, Mom's word is law. Even Pop, a painter at the Santa Fe Railroad Hospital, says Mother knows best—about bringing up her talented family.

movie star



The modest rented home in Los Angeles where Debra (real name is Debralee Griffin) lives with family



Even baby sister Meg has had screen test! Lezlie Gae, right, looks like Deb, goes to studio school



Olivia de Havilland, Debra replied, "I want to be both!"

But that doesn't get her out of washing dishes! For in Debra Paget's home, she's just one of a talented brood Mama is boosting to success




Debra and brother Frank, who's married now, have always been close. He plays in Western pictures



Married sister Teala does free-lance work in movies, still finds time to coach younger sister Debra



Photograph by Engstead: Ann's next is "Thunder on the Hill"



ann blyth

*A purple pansy . . . youth in control of its dreams . . .
a cameo framed in pearls . . . a deer startled by a hunter's*

call . . . a Victorian with bells on her toes

gordon macrae College letters on an old sweater . . .

friendliness without fear . . . the tang of a crisp apple . . .

harmony in tweeds . . . Romeo beneath a penthouse balcony

Photograph by Dirone: Gordon is in "On Moonlight Bay"



*Call her beautiful
Call her dumb and*

*and you're so right.
you're so wrong—about Arlene Dahl*



If you were as gorgeously beautiful as Arlene Dahl, I bet you wouldn't lift a finger. I wouldn't. I'd just sit and let the world admire me. But not Arlene of the Minnesota Dahls, now Mrs. Lex Barker of the New York Social Register.

She isn't content just to be a luscious-looking movie star whom Joel McCrea calls "the girl for whom Technicolor was invented." And whom Sir Charles Mendl, the beau of famous beauties since the turn of the century, calls "the most beautiful girl I've ever met on any continent." No, Arlene's got to be an ambitious business woman too. Practical, witty and shrewd, she'll end up being a Hetty Green with tons of that green stuff.

A daily column is a full-time job. As any poor hack knows. Arlene writes a daily beauty column for the Chicago Tribune. Several times a week, with a photographer in tow, she whips around studio sets interviewing stars about their beauty secrets. They should be a bit shy about telling *her* about beauty, sort of carrying coals to Newcastle, but being movie (Continued on page 74)

designing woman

BY LIZA WILSON



Lex Barker calls her Chat



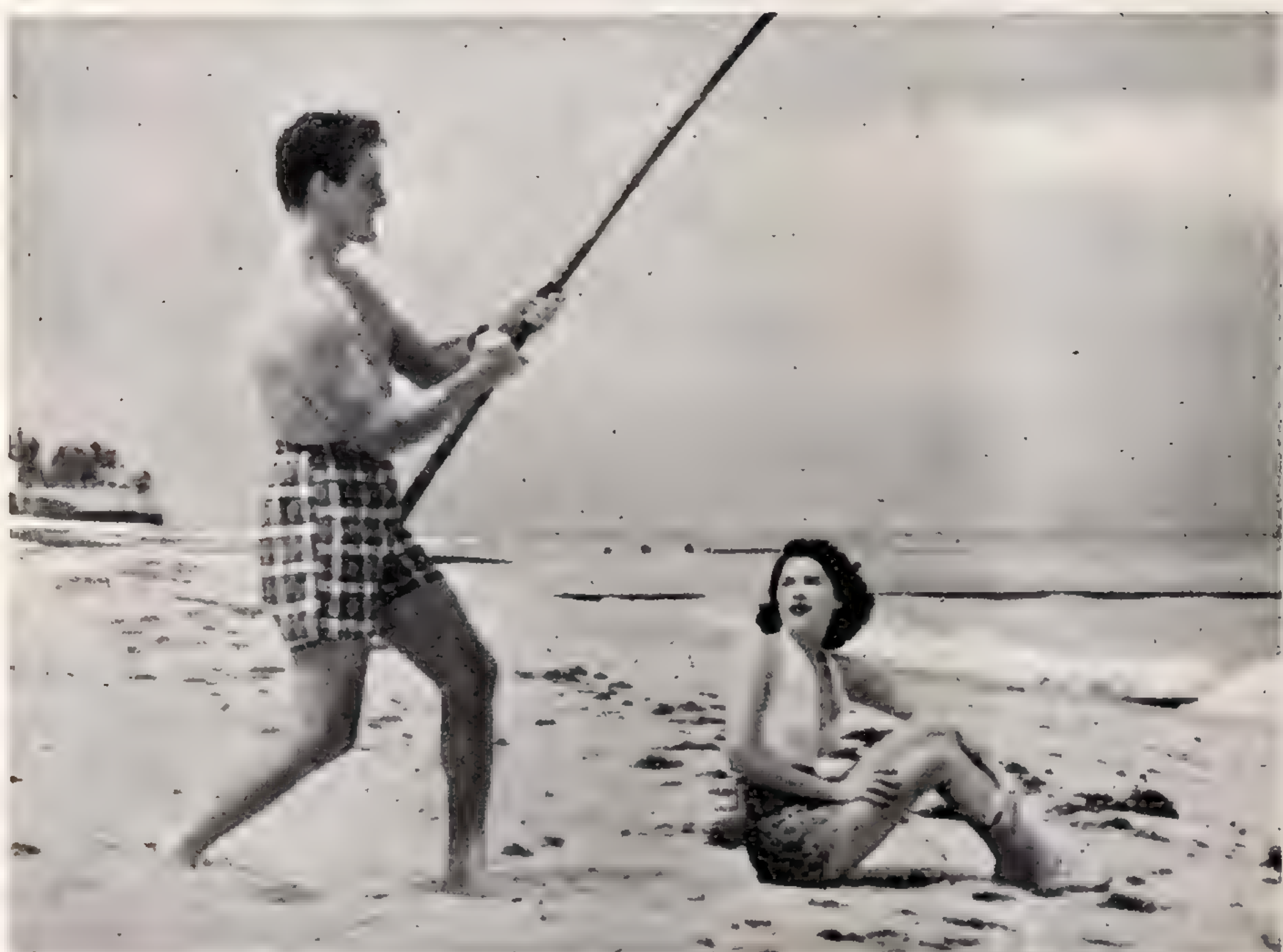
photoplay pin up
Seven

color by Apger

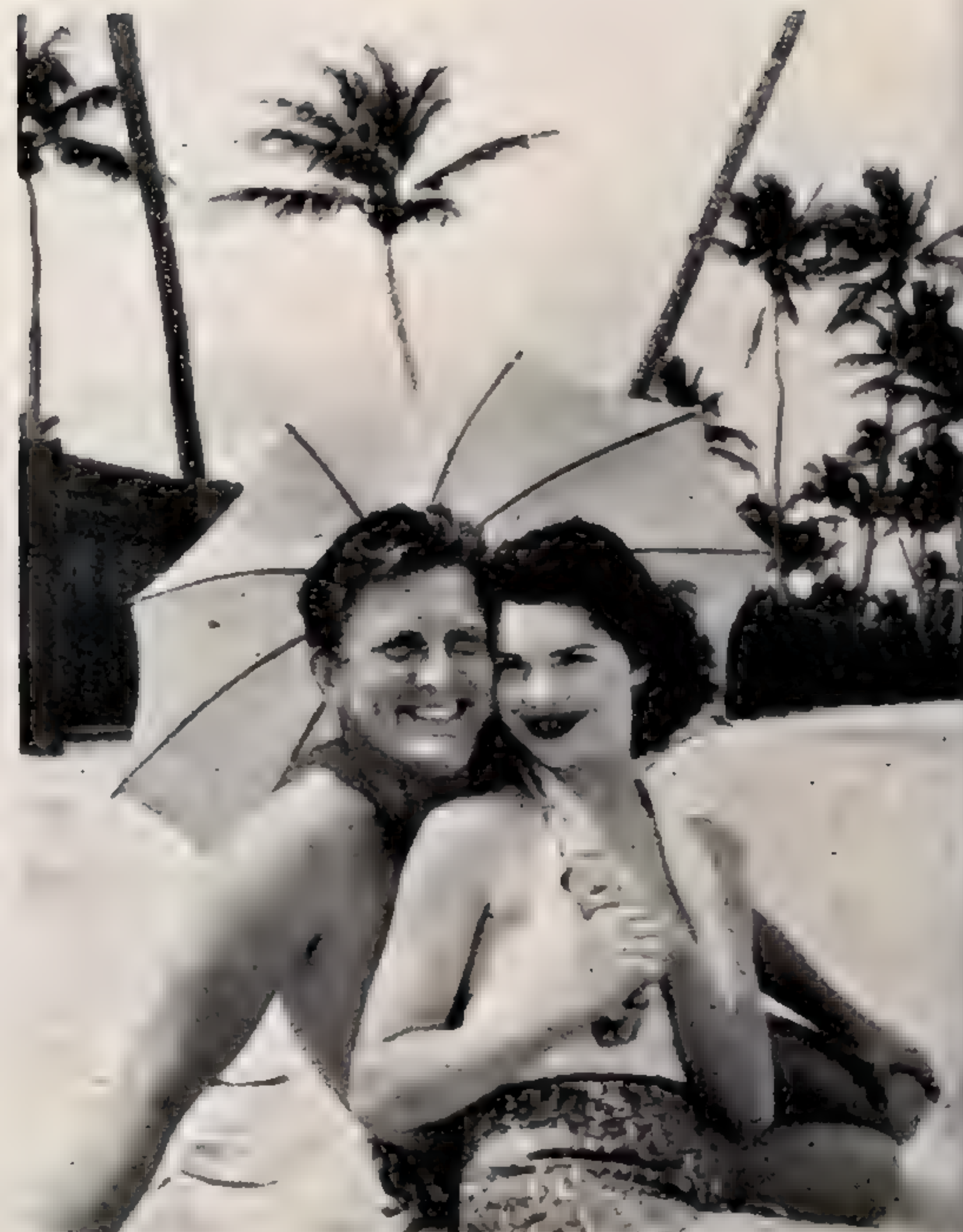


Contented hour: The warmth of the sun, the tang of ocean-swept air! For Kirk and Irene the present is too perfect to feel they must rush into marriage. They have made no plans, but both Kirk and Irene have been known to act on impulse!

... LOVE TAKES A



Surf casting is fun—besides it's a good way to show off your muscles to your best girl! Kirk's latest film is "Ace in the Hole"



Just a pose—but they make a romantic picture beneath Irene's sun parasol

*Our photographer trails
Kirk Douglas and Irene
Wrightsman to a Palm
Beach paradise to prove
there's nothing
so wonderful as a vacation
with someone you love*



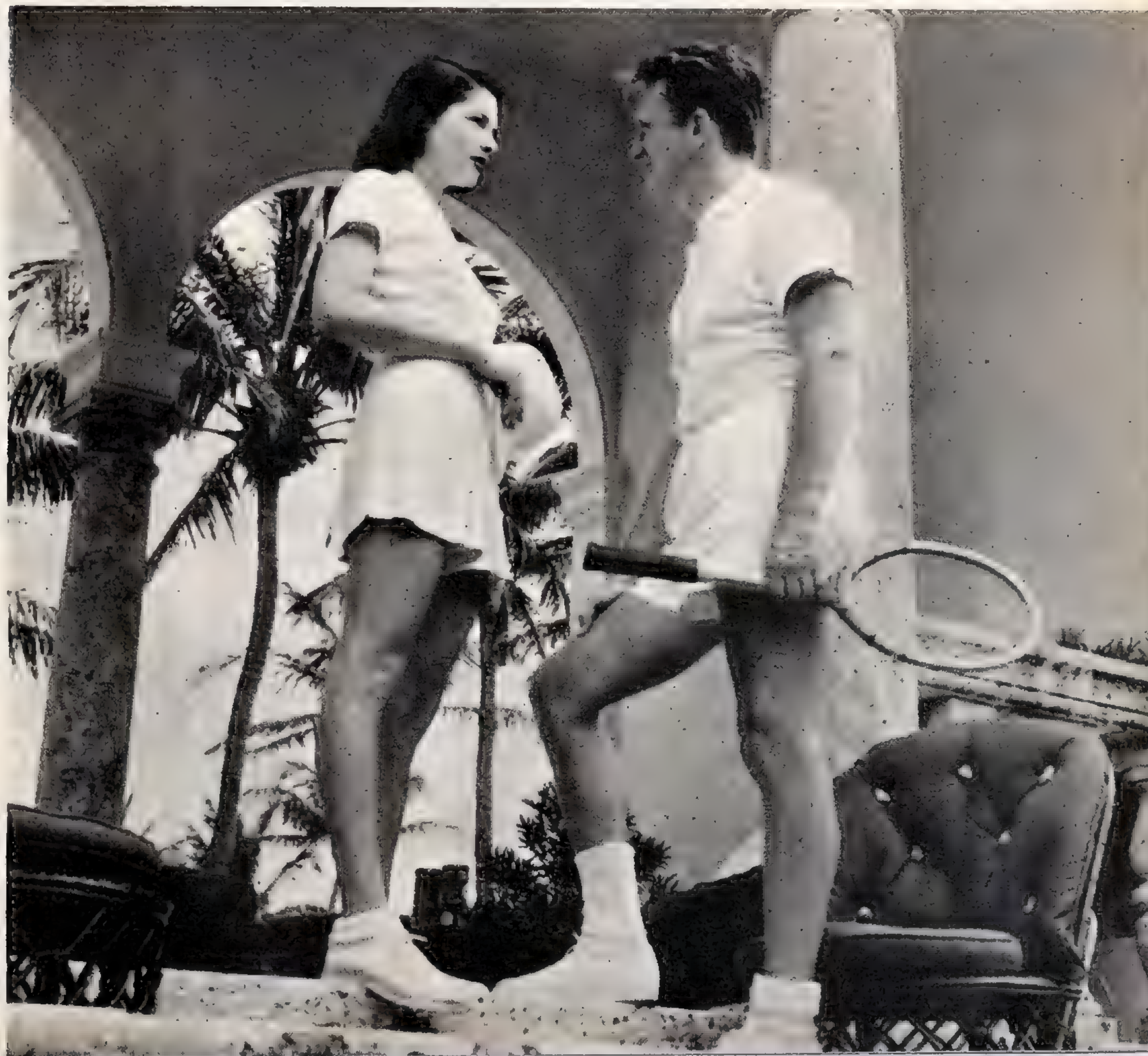
Mornings, Kirk and Irene cycled along romantic, palm-fringed Lake Trail, bordered on one side by Lake Worth, the Atlantic Ocean on the other

When Kirk was houseguest at Wrightsman home, Hollywood was surprised. Irene's dad always has disapproved of actors as beaux

HOLIDAY



*Air exchange: Irene's pet poodle and Kirk
get acquainted—and decide to be friends*



ENCORE! ENCORE!
ENCORE!



MARIO
LANZA

*whose lyrical
tenor scores in
"The Great Ca-
ruso," loves
hillbilly songs*

Smith

ENCORE!

BY JOSEPH STEELE



Mario wants six children, now has two, baby Elissa and Colleen. Latter got her name because Mario . . .



. . . was only member of his family who didn't marry an Italian. Wife Betty Hicks is sister of an Army pal

HE can milk a cow.

He has an uncanny memory for faces and facts but experiences great difficulty in remembering names.

His highest note is a D Natural above a High C. He is innately a gay spirit, weighs 180 pounds and believes that women in general are much happier today than they were fifty years ago despite the seeming contradiction of the divorce rate.

He wears no garters.

His legal name is Mario Lanza.

He has never played solitaire, has never worn a Palm Beach suit and invariably eats vanilla ice cream for dessert.

He would like to have six children. He prefers his oysters on the half-shell, never goes to a Turkish bath and finds it impossible to be on time for any appointment except for business.

He is afflicted with an insatiable appetite and consequently is on a perpetual diet. He was christened Alfred Arnold Cocozza—the surname meaning squash in Italian.

(Continued on page 95)

*He's crazy about gay people and
wild patterned ties. He*

*has an Irish wife, weeps at
sad movies and finds*

*excitement in the crowds that
keep calling for—Mario Lanza*

PHOTOPLAY

Photographs by Engstead

*Fashioned for the girl
who likes variety—matchmaking
separates with individual appeal*



• When one and one makes three! A fashion total that makes budget sense when it adds up to a versatile weskit and skirt like the rayon ensemble worn by **Sally Forrest**, left. Reversible

weskit is gray on one side, plaid on the other. Matching gray flannel skirt has center pleat, hip pockets. Double-breasted weskit comes in gray with Black Watch or Margaret Rose plaid. Skirt and weskit, around \$17.95. Add a white pique blouse with tucked front, \$5.95. All in sizes 10-18, by McArthur, at B. Altman, New York, N. Y.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 67

Right, Sally Forrest in scene from M-G-M's "The Strip," with Bill Demarest, wears original Helen Rose design for separates from which adaptation, opposite, was made.

• The Shirley Lee adaptation modelled by Sally, opposite, combines a corduroy Tattersall check vest, trimly buttoned in front, with slim all-wool flannel skirt with stitched pleat front. Vest, around \$6.00 in natural, green and brown; natural, black and royal; natural, red and black. Skirt, around \$6.00 in green, gray and brown. Both in sizes 7-15 at Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y. Wear Right Gloves



FASHIONS





- For that late season look in town—dark sheer dresses. Left, a shadow check sheer with crisp finish. Tucked front has jewel buttons, detachable white collar. By Pat Hartley in navy, black, brown, sizes 10-18, 9-17. Around \$14.95 at Crowley Milner, Detroit, Mich. To — complement your sheers, picture hats by Brandt.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 67

SHEER ENCHANTMENT

Jan Sterling of Paramount's "Ace in the Hole" models clothes shown on this page.

- As fresh as a late-summer breeze is the sheer voile dress, right. —→

Attractively feminine are the full, three-quarter push-up sleeves, soft rolled collar and tucked skirt. For a wisp of a waist, let the skirt billow over one of the new crinoline underskirts. Dress by R&K in navy, green, gray, 10-16, 9-15. Around \$20.00 at H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis, Ind., F&R Lazarus, Columbus, O.

Photographed by Dirone at Rockefeller Center Roof Garden



SMART FOR YOUR AGE



Helen Rose, M-G-M designer

● Dark-haired, dark-eyed Helen Rose, talented M-G-M designer, has a flair for young, smart clothes—like the jumper dress used on our pattern page and which Liz Taylor wore in "Love Is Better Than Ever." The designs Helen creates for Liz, June Allyson, Jane Powell, Diana Lynn and others are so popular,

she receives almost as much fan mail as they do.

Discussing fall fashions with Helen, we learned a lot of things you'll want to know. And some tips for the girls who make their own clothes. Right now, we're warning you to watch those figure lines—for, in Helen's opinion, waists will be nipped more than ever, which means accent on hips and bosoms! Skirts will have more of a bell-shaped look—peg tops will be prominent. "Weskits," predicts Helen, "will be popular because they accent the waistline. Shoulders will be sloped with just enough padding to look natural."

About the important question of hem lines, Helen says they will remain short, somewhere between fourteen and fifteen inches. However, she feels the most becoming length to any woman is at the broad part of the calf of the leg—and that differs with the individual. "In making screen clothes," says Helen, "we try to keep up with fashion and yet design clothes becoming to the star. And that goes for the hem length, too!"

Helen, personally, deplores man-tailored suits, revived this spring, thinks they make women look old and too masculine. This fall, however, she believes

they will be replaced by softer, more feminine suits—suits with shorter jackets and rounder hiplines, fitted snugly at the waistline. Short boxy jackets for the young girls will be even shorter than usual.

As for colors, watch for something new in the "caviar" range—from purple through gray and teal into black, having an over-all iridescent effect. Green will be popular, also brown worn with a soft pink.

Designer Helen was only fifteen when she went to work for a costume company in Chicago. Two months later she was designing gay dance costumes for a big producer in the East. Three years later she was in Hollywood, designing period clothes. Marriage and a baby temporarily halted her career, but in 1942, M-G-M signed her to a contract and she's been going ahead steadily ever since.

For the women who make their own clothes, Helen has this advice. To avoid that home-made look, she believes one of the most important items to have is a dressmaker figure, padded to measurements. "Even if it costs a fair amount, it's worth it," Helen declares, "because you can give your clothes a much better fit."

And, "Beware of that hemline!" she warns. That's the place that reveals whether a dress is home-made or not, if it isn't done well. "Even though it takes more time, it's worth it to measure and mark the skirt with pins or chalk, then baste the hem in. Then, try the dress on again to make certain it is right before stitching. Use a small needle and pick up just a thread of the cloth." Because buttonholes can be tricky, it's best to take them to a professional.

And for that final touch. "Taking a home-made dress to a good cleaner and having it thoroughly pressed after it is made is often the difference between the professional and non-professional look," says Helen. And she ought to know!

Wherever you live

you can buy **PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS**

If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity

where the Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

Corduroy weskit and wool skirt

Shirley Lee
1641 Washington Avenue
St. Louis, Mo.

Reversible plaid weskit and rayon flannel skirt

McArthur
1372 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

String gloves

Wear Right
244 Madison Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Sheer dress with detachable collar

Pat Hartley
1400 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Voile dress with tucked skirt

Rosenthal & Kalman
1400 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Picture hats

Brandt
1 West 39th Street
New York, N. Y.

● When ordering patterns, make certain of receiving the correct size by consulting the table of measurements below:

Misses Sizes 12 to 20

Order size.....	12	14	16	18	20
if hips are.....	33	35	37	39	41 in.
if waist is.....	25	26½	28	30	32 in.
if bust is.....	30	32	34	36	38 in.

Junior Sizes 9 to 19

Order size.....	11	13	15	17	19
if hips are.....	32	34	36	38	40 in.
if waist is.....	24½	25½	27	29	31 in.
if bust is.....	29	31	33	35	37 in.

Photoplay Patterns
Box 229, Madison Square Station
New York 10, New York

Enclosed find fifty cents (\$.50) for which please send
me the Liz Taylor "Love Is Better Than Ever"
pattern #1 in size 10-12-14-16-18-20.

Name.....Size.....

Street.....

City.....State.....Age.....

NOTE: For speedy delivery, enclose
five cents extra for special handling.

PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN



Liz Taylor in the original dress
designed by Helen Rose for her role in the
M-G-M picture, "Love Is Better Than Ever"

OF THE MONTH

Turnabout: A jumper dress and blouse for day or date wear. Left, a social success at night as a youthful evening dress, with flattering boat neck, fitted bodice and softly flared skirt. Cummerbund is separate. Right, a daytime flatterer with a graceful chiffon blouse with three-quarter push-up sleeves, shoestring neck tie. A design for any season, you can make it in a summer, fall or winter fabric

Photographs by Engstead



Editor's note: Beginning with this issue, Photoplay introduces a new pattern plan—patterns made exclusively for and available only through Photoplay. The price is more, fifty cents—but new features have been added. First, only the latest and best Hollywood styles will be offered. Pattern orders will be filled so that you will receive your pattern within a day or two after the coupon is received. For quicker delivery, as indicated on coupon, we will send the pattern first class mail for an extra five cents. Second, the new patterns will contain a two-color label transfer so your finished dress can be smartly identified as an exclusive Hollywood-designed Photoplay pattern. Every pattern envelope will be illustrated with a lovely photograph of the star in the dress from which the pattern was designed. And, so even the most inexperienced seamstress can achieve an expert look in her dressmaking, a complete, newly developed sewing guide will accompany all patterns. To check your correct pattern size, see table of measurements on page 67.

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

you're

off

to

a

good

start



in

Velvet steps

You'll impress the freshmen,
stun the office staff,
look and feel divine in this
sweet little shoe that
makes ankles slim
...fits superbly.

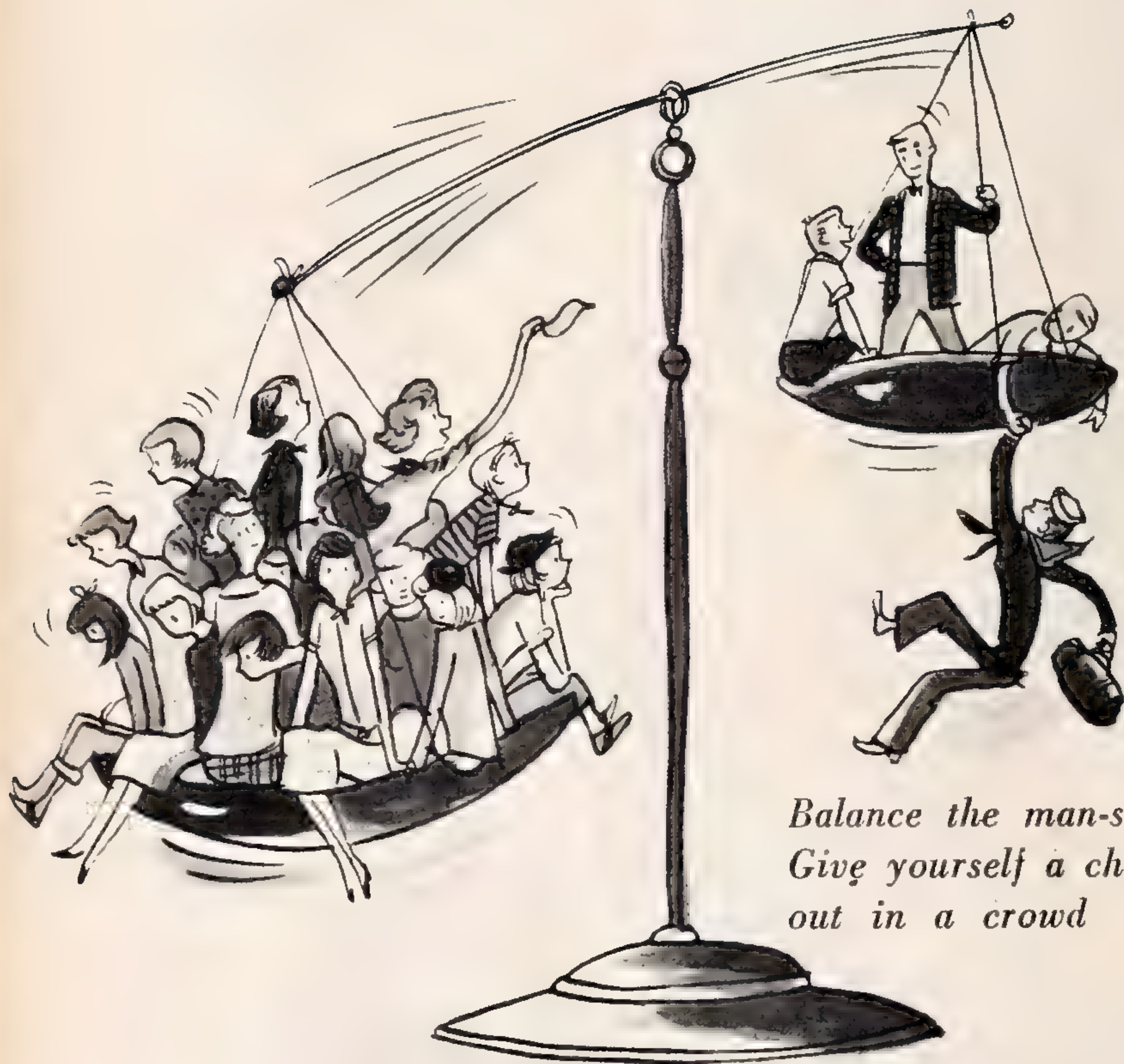
SIZES 4 TO 10...AAA TO C

1195 to 1295

for the store nearest you, write:
PETERS SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS

if you want to be charming

by **Joan Crawford**
Star of "Goodbye, My Fancy"



*Balance the man-shortage.
Give yourself a chance to stand
out in a crowd*

Hit by the Manpower Shortage?

"They're either too young or too old," is again becoming the national anthem---and the wails that trail in from around the country sound grim and resigned. "Why should I bother looking pretty?" these girls ask. "Why should I try to be charming? There aren't any men around to notice me anyway."

But look! You're neither a polar bear nor a sleeping beauty, so curling into a deep doze for the duration won't bring Mr. Special around one day sooner. And when he does come, he's likely to miss you... So face the current man-shortage realistically.

You've time on your hands. Well, use it---to turn yourself into the kind of girl worth coming home to.

One young wife whose husband is in the armed services has written saying she is using every minute of her free time while her man's away to make herself more attractive. She's exercising faithfully to streamline her figure. She's working towards improving her skin, too. She's all set to surprise him when he comes home.

This is a good idea, for with effort we all can improve our looks. But this should be done in moderation.

*You can have your
baby and your figure, too,
if you take some
Hollywood mothers' advice*



Every bit of your spare time is too much time to spend concentrating on yourself. In fact, such preoccupation with self isn't good.

A less lonely and more profitable plan would be to get out and do things, meet new people and gather new ideas so you'll emerge from your experiences a more interesting person.

If you struggle with words over a typewriter all day, hie yourself over to the golf links or the tennis courts. There's nothing a man likes more than a good competitive game. And there's nothing he likes less than finding himself in a game of doubles with a gal who doesn't know a serve from her backhand. If you know the rudiments of the sport and only need practice, he'll love teaching you the fine points.

Men, after all, are the more active sex and when they do come back you're certain to find them out playing tennis or skating, sailing or bowling---anyplace but at home with an emery board and a pair of cuticle clippers.

This doesn't mean that if you're a fireside sitter you should rush to the nearest ski slope and learn a slalom from a schuss. If you like the book-in-hand and the fire-side glow, the man for you probably will like that, too. So take a course in literature. The people you meet taking such a course will be just the kind of people you'll like---and who will like you.

Whatever you do, once you really get interested in something, you'll never complain again as some girls do that men scare you to death, or that you don't know what you could ever say to them. Men are people, too, you know. And if you discover, on the dance floor, that tennis is his pet passion, all you have to do is ask him which technique he thinks best. That'll keep him going for at least a half hour and by that (Continued on page 87)



If you run when a boy comes near you it's because you haven't stopped—to think



Put yourself in mothballs for the duration and he'll come home—to somebody else

choose your star



Shirley Ballard

Ralph Meeker

Sally Parr

Lawrence Tolan

(Continued from page 49) "Santa Fe." Next, "The Family Secret."

Eugene Iglesias: Not handsome but very male, young. A Puerto Rican of Spanish-French descent, his accent may hinder him. Current, "The Brave Bulls." Next, "Mask of the Avenger."

Miroslava: Blondely "femme fatale." A Mexican star of many pictures, nothing is immediately planned for her in this country. American debut in "The Brave Bulls."

The scoop on **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer** is that they have always loved stars and they still love them as passionately as a junior high crowd loves thick malts. Metro has:

The Champions, Marge and Gower: Really sensational on their feet, young, delightful, different, happily married to each other. Puzzle: Will you accept them as anything but occasional show-stoppers or love them as themselves? Debut as a team, "Mr. Music." Current, "Show Boat."

Fernando Lamas: He not only has youth, looks and dream-sending qualities, but much film experience in his native Argentina, plus a voice that has sung opera, musical comedy and radio. First Hollywood picture, "Rich, Young and Pretty." Next, "The Law and Lady Loverly."

Richard Anderson: Dark, handsome, 6'2", he is not expected to skyrocket but to build steadily like a junior Hodiak. Current, "Go for Broke." Next, "Rich, Young and Pretty."

Mario Cabre: Not under contract but "committed" to Metro if he ever makes another film. This smooth, passionate Spaniard may be able to jump the barriers of language, "foreignness" and the rest of it, due to his fiery appeal. Debut, "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman."

William Campbell: Tall, thin, not too handsome but with considerable appeal. Started with Warners, now under contract to M-G-M. Debut, "The Breaking Point." "Breakthrough." Next, "The People Against O'Hara."

Monica Lewis: Gets an excellent start because, as a recording and radio star, she starts with a "name." Has a face and figure to match her sexy voice. Current, "Excuse My Dust." Next, "The Strip."

Pier Angeli: Discovered in Italy, she is only eighteen, looks younger, has the spiritual appeal of a young Bergman. American debut, "Teresa." Next, "The Light Touch."

Leslie Caron: A ballerina from Paris, she debuts as exactly that in "An American in Paris." Unusual looking, unusual in her appeal, her studio strength comes from Gene Kelly's powerful espousal of her future. Next, "The Man with a Cloak."

Eileen Christy: Pretty, young, appealing, but no more so than a dozen other kids in Hollywood and right there is the trouble. Unless some lucky, spectacular break happens, she might be lost in the shuffle. Current, "Father's Little Dividend."

Paramount is building youngsters in their Golden Circle of eleven bright new-

comers. Of this particular group, however, only two (Peter Hanson and Barbara Rush) will have been seen sufficiently to be eligible for the voting this year.

Charlton Heston: Under personal contract to Paramount's most high-pressure producer, Hal Wallis, Charlton is potentially the biggest he-man on the lot. Debut, "Dark City." Next, "The Greatest Show on Earth," produced and directed by that old star-creator, Cecil B. De Mille.

Richard Stapley: Wallis also owns this one. An Englishman, he has refinement rather than ruggedness; charm rather than sex socko. You probably remember him as Janet Leigh's husband in "Little Women." Next, "The Door."

Polly Bergen: Flaming hair, flaming personality, Mrs. Jerome Courtland in private life, she ought to flash to the top. Current, "That's My Boy" and "Warpath."

Peter Hanson: Distinctively different, he scored in his first picture, "Branded," even against the competition of Alan Ladd. Next, "When Worlds Collide."

Barbara Rush: Starry-eyed brunette, 5'4", has deep, quiet charm. Might be a mite too quiet. Current, "The First Legion." Next, "When Worlds Collide."

RKO, owned and operated by a whimsical multi-millionaire (Howard Hughes), has six signatures on its dotted line. A seventh earnest aspirant (Dewey Martin) is partly owned by Hughes, partly by Howard Hawks, and this very division makes his possibilities strongest, since Hawks is a man much more definite in his plans than the highly impulsive Hughes.

Dewey Martin: Dark and interesting, he has debuted in "Golden Gloves Story." Current, "The Thing." Next, "Flame of Araby."

Kenneth Tobey: This freckle-faced, rugged, solid actor has had many bit parts, also extensive stage experience, is socially sought after in Hollywood and is unmarried besides! Current, "The Thing."

Carla Balenda: She has the only feminine role opposite Dana Andrews in "Sealed Cargo," which should do it—plus the unusual appeal of her tiny stature, dark hair and eyes. Next, "The Man He Found."

Margaret Sheridan: Glamorous, tall, dark, she lacks experience but since red-carpet orders have been given by Howard Hughes for her, she will probably get in the best productions. Debut, "The Thing."

John Mallory: His plus quality is that he's Bob Mitchum's brother—same type, too. Current, "Crackdown." Next, "Flying Leathernecks."

Robert Clarke: A nice boy, discovered by Ida Lupino, with a nice personality. And nice is a nice word meaning not too terrific in movieland. Current, "The Man from Planet X." Next, "Hard, Fast and Beautiful."

Republic, a studio so small that it has only managed to have the top box-office personality of them all, John Wayne, as its bright particular star.

Muriel Lawrence: A coloratura soprano from the Chicago Light Opera Company, quite beautiful and only twenty-one. Current, "Belle LeGrande."

Mary Ellen Kay: A petite brunette with a crooning voice, plays Rex Allen's leading lady, but has potentialities. Current, "The Rodeo King and the Senorita."

Twentieth Century-Fox did wonderfully with their newcomers of last year, as witness the careers of Debra Paget, Marilyn Monroe, Gary Merrill, Dale Robertson, David Wayne and Hugh Marlowe.

Mitzi Gaynor: Mentioned last year, but "My Blue Heaven," in which she scored, was held up. Vivacious, talented, she will probably be a star with the release of "Golden Girl." Current, "Take Care of My Little Girl." Next, "Friendly Island."

Michael Rennie: Twentieth's answer to M-G-M's Stewart Granger. He's English with long British experience like Granger. Also a fine actor—but what Mr. Granger has is quite different from fine acting, yup! Hollywood debut, "The 13th Letter." Next, "The Day the Earth Stood Still."

Anne Francis: Blonde baby-faced type, excellent actress. Debut, "So Young, So Bad." Next, "The Whistle at Eaton Falls."

Constance Smith: A beautiful Irish girl, tall and distinctive. Scored in "The Mudlark" and "The 13th Letter" but illness forced her out of "The House on the Square" and temporarily stopped her career.

Walter Palance: Bogieman from "Panic in the Streets," is probably too scarey-looking for big popularity. After "Halls of Montezuma," went to Broadway for stage hit "Darkness at Noon."

Jack Elam: Absolutely wild face but has the plus quality of humor and sex which Palance lacks. Debut, "Bird of Paradise," then "Rawhide."

Jeffrey Hunter: Mighty handsome athlete from UCLA, it remains to be seen if he has more than profile and muscles. Current, "Take Care of My Little Girl." Next, "The Frogmen."

Robert Wagner: A new Robert Stack type in that he's young, handsome and born rich. Debut, "Halls of Montezuma." Next, "The Frogmen."

Universal-International proved last year that it was a talent snarer of major proportions, as witness Jeff Chandler, Tony Curtis, Peggy Dow and Piper Laurie. They hope to repeat this year with:

Alex Nicol: Big, blond menace of "Tomahawk" and charmer of "Air Cadet." In "The Raging Tide" he's romantic.

Joyce Holden: Goldenly beautiful. Current, "Iron Man." Next, "One Never Knows."

John Hudson: Director Mark Robson is personally interested in this tall, dark young man. Current, "Bright Victory." Next, "The Cimarron Kid."

Richard Egan: Interesting and good-enough looking, his greatest handicap is that he has been around too long in too

Miroslava

Vincent Edwards

Jessie Cavitt

Paul Picerni

Eileen Christy

Philip Shawn





Walter Palance



Muriel Lawrence



Bill Regnolds



James Arness

many small roles. Current, "Bright Victory." Next, "The Golden Horde."

Susan Cabot: Dark, young, her individuality may let her score. Current, "Tomahawk." Next, "Flame of Araby."

Julia Adams: Very charming with a genuine dramatic capacity. Debut, "Bright Victory." Current, "Hollywood Story."

This year Warner Bros. have seven new personalities under contract.

Janice Rule: A former Broadway dancer, she is no cutie, but dark, with an intense young dignity. Debut, "Goodbye, My Fancy." Next, "Starlift."

Lucille Norman: Beautiful, already a radio, recording, opera star. Debut, "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine."

Virginia Gibson: Red-headed and shapely, she, too, is a singer and dancer. Current, "Goodbye, My Fancy." Next, "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine."

Paul Picerni: An ex-Loyola College drama student, he is the young character type. Current, "I Was a Communist for the F.B.I." Next, "Force of Arms."

Philip Carey: Handsome and young, but without much acting experience. Debut, "Operation Pacific." Current, "Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison."

Patrice Wymore: She sings, dances and is married to Errol Flynn, so she will undoubtedly do pictures only when they suit Errol's convenience. Debut, "Tea for Two."

Gene Evans: A terrific actor but no visible romantic force. Scored in "The Steel Helmet." Next, "Force of Arms."

There end the contract lists but this year the Free-lance list of talented newcomers is bigger than ever. Many of them have already been dropped from brief studio pacts. Among the most talented are:

Barbara Payton: Under contract to William Cagney, engaged to Franchot Tone, she will undoubtedly be used in future independents. Current, "Only the Valiant."

Aileen Stanley Jr.: Singing ingenue with stage experience and a theatrical ancestry. Debut, "Something to Live For."

Jim Arness: Menacing, tall. Current, "The Thing." Next, "Iron Man."

Shirley Ballard: Beautiful but dropped by RKO. Current, "Second Woman."

Alan Wells: Young, tall, dark, handsome, but there are so many young, tall, dark, handsome boys about town. Current, "The Man Who Cheated Himself."

William Regnolds: Young, pleasant, teenage type. Current, "Dear Brat." Next, "The Desert Fox."

Philip Shawn: Has contract with Mrs. Helen Rathvon, who put him in "Sun Sets at Dawn." Darkly talented.

Sally Parr: Good emotional young actress. Also under contract to Mrs. Rathvon and in the same picture.

Vincent Edwards: Tall, blond, muscular. Was Mr. Universe in "Mr. Universe."

Phyllis Avery: Small, blonde, sincere, with stage experience. In private life, Mrs. Don Taylor, mother of two toddlers. Debut, "Queen for a Day."

Darren McGavin: Handsome. Has done a few forgotten bits previously but scores in his first lead in "Queen for a Day."

Jessie Cavitt: Dark, pretty, "spoiled darling" type. Graduated from Pasadena Playhouse. Debut, "Queen for a Day."

Adam Williams: Rather handsome, though may lack the important spark. Debut, "Queen for a Day."

Maria Elena Marques: A dark, beautiful, fiery Mexican girl, a star in Mexico but probably too typed for success with us. Current, "Across the Wide Missouri."

Gianna Canale: Another M-G-M import of the dark, fiery type—from Italy. M-G-M did not exercise their option. Current, "Go for Broke."

Robert Sherwood: M-G-M contract for a year. His youthful charm may get him signed somewhere else. Scored as Howard Keel's co-pilot in "Three Guys Named Mike." Next, "The Two-Dollar Bettor."

John Ericson: He was the lead in "Teresa" and yet you remember Pier Angeli and that's all, isn't it?

Bruce Cowling: Handsome, versatile, there's hope for him. Next, "Lone Star."

Ralph Meeker: He played the tall, effective sergeant in "Teresa." Probably stands a chance. Next, "Rain, Rain, Go Away."

Pat Hitchcock: Nice, intelligent, hard-working girl but unfortunately plain. Current, her father Alfred Hitchcock's "Strangers on a Train."

Peggie Castle: Long-legged, pretty but U-I dropped her option. Current, "The Prince Who Was a Thief." Next, "The Golden Horde."

Martin Milner: Fair-haired boy, may be doomed to "sensitive" types too long. Scored in "Operation Pacific."

Scott Forbes: An Englishman Warners had and dropped. Next, "The Highwayman," may get him going again.

Lawrence Toland: Young gangster type, for which there is always some demand. Debut, "The Enforcer." Current, "Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison."

Bill Andrews: Dana Andrews's brother, rather like Dana though blond. Current, "Sealed Cargo."

Grace Kelly: A beautiful blonde, the right picture might very well put her over. Current, "Fourteen Hours."

Diana Douglas: Kirk's ex-wife, beautiful, accomplished. She'll bear watching. Next, "The Whistle at Eaton Falls."

Brett King: Handsome kid with socko personality. Scored in "Payment on Demand." Current, "A Yank in Korea."

Susan Douglas: Was daughter in "Lost Boundaries." Appealing, but probably too quiet. Current, "Five."

Bill Phipps: Good looking with good voice. Current, "Five."

James Anderson: Handsome. The villain in "Five." Next, "The Blue Veil."

Anna Maria Alberghetti: Italian girl who sings like an angel. Debut, "The Medium." Next, "Here Comes the Groom."

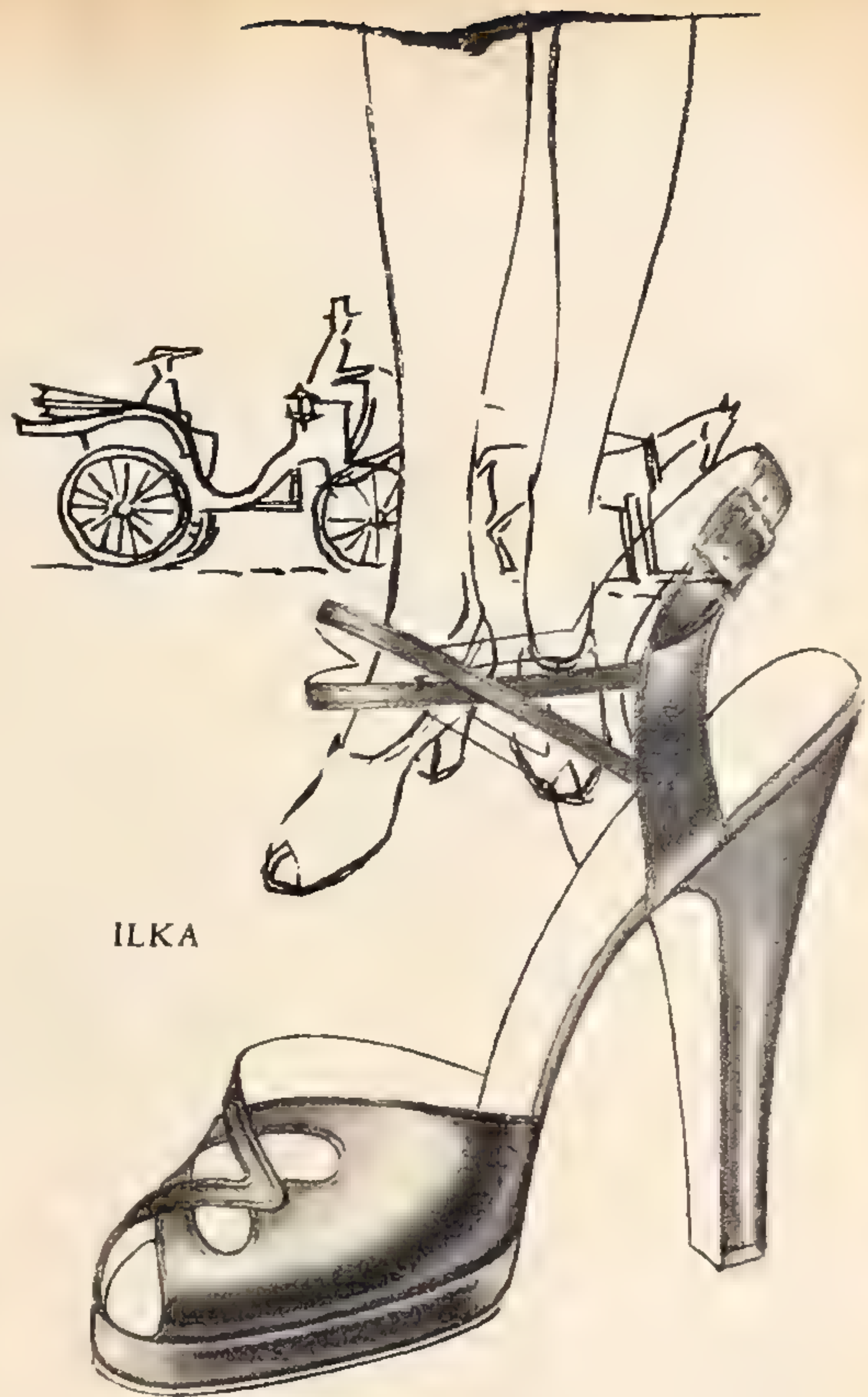
THE END

Jack Elam

Mary Ellen Kay

James Anderson

Susan Douglas



ILKA

EASE and ELEGANCE

without extravagance...that's

GRACE WALKER

Easy as they are to wear...lovely as they are to look at... Grace Walkers are not costly. You will be delighted with their styling, detailing, and workmanship... their comfortable fit. See Grace Walkers at your favorite store, or write us for nearest dealer's name.

FRIEDMAN-SHELBY DIVISION
INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

For graceful walking

Grace
Walker

(Continued from page 58) stars they probably aren't.

Also, among other things, Arlene has invented and marketed the "Dahl Beauty Cap." It's a cap of nylon net ruffles with tiny rosebuds embroidered between the ruffles and a ribbon chin-strap finished off with a ribbon bow. It's to wear in bed to cover those very un-glamorous pin curls. A feminist of the button-and-bows school, Arlene believes that women should look their best even at their worst. The Dahl Cap, she is certain, will reduce the number of divorces the country over. Arlene herself wears the cap at night, in colors to match the pink or black sheer nightgowns she favors. She thinks the old-fashioned negligee (and she loaded up on them for her honeymoon) is far more feminine and "sexy" than the tailored robe most women wear today. With her negligees she wears mules she designed, satin with toes of nylon ruffles. She sleeps between pink sheets which smell not of the laundry, but of her favorite perfume.

NOT only does she design all her own clothes. She also designs clothes for friends and relatives. And it is her ambition to own, when her bank account permits, an Arlene Dahl Dress Shop for which she will design the clothes. Since she dresses for men, and not for other women, her trademark will undoubtedly be "The more feminine the better." And the husbands of Hollywood no doubt will push their severely-suited mates right into her frilly dressing-rooms.

According to her father, Rudolph Dahl, who lives in Santa Monica and works for an automobile agency, Arlene was mentally alert as a child. "She liked outdoor sports, but only in a mild way," he says. "She seemed to be happiest when she was sitting at her little table drawing and sketching. When she was six her mother and I took her with us to the Builders Show at the auditorium in Minneapolis. In one of the booths there was a blackboard and chalk. Arlene settled herself at the blackboard and started drawing different characters who were standing around. Soon she had all the people in the place watching her. Didn't faze her at all.

"Even as a child she could sketch clothes. She and her mother would go downtown, window shop until they saw a dress they liked, then Arlene would take out pencil and paper and sketch it. Back home she'd cut a pattern of it out of newspapers, and make herself a dress much prettier than the one she originally copied."

The pride of the Rudolph Dahls—Arlene was an only child—also exhibited a flair for acting at quite an early age. She made her first public appearance at four at a summer resort. Mr. Dahl's parents were celebrating their Golden Anniversary and took over an entire summer resort so that all the Dahls, hundreds of them, could gather. The Dahls are a hearty race of Scandinavians, and there are more of them in Minnesota than there are descendants of the Mayflower passenger list in New England. They all seem to be rugged individuals who live to be ninety. Anyway, Arlene's grandmother, who lived to be ninety-six, hoisted her up on a picnic table and said, "Sing, Arlene." Whereupon dainty little Arlene tossed back her red-gold curls and sang "Alice Blue Gown" with "Polly Put the Kettle On," for an encore. The applause was flattering. And Arlene got ideas which her family, predominately Lutheran ministers, did not care for. They frowned when Arlene started taking part in amateur plays in Minneapolis. They shuddered when she went on the radio on a child's program.

But her mother, up until the time of her death when Arlene was fifteen, always encouraged her.

When she first came to Hollywood on a Warner Brothers contract the studio wanted to change her name. It lent itself to puns, they said. Arlene can't stand puns about her name, either. The best way to bring on a deep freeze is to call her "Dahl-face." But Arlene Dahl was her real name and she liked it. So she called on Jack Warner in his inner sanctum, put on her Norwegian accent which intrigued him mightily, and said politely, "Mr. Warner, I thought you'd like to know that there are thousands of Dahls in Minnesota, all of them my relatives. If you change my name you'll lose a lot of ticket buyers."

Arlene kept her name. And speaking of names, she doesn't like nicknames. The kids at school used to call her "Carrots." And Lex Barker calls her "Chat," which is French for cat. But come now, it's a compliment. Lex likes cats, and so does Arlene. One of his first presents to her after they became engaged was a Persian kitten named Tigger. Tigger and a neurotic love bird with a Harriet Craig complex are her only pets.

Arlene has the usual temper that goes with red hair. But very few times has she been known to lose her temper. Her mother taught her that it wasn't "ladylike" to show her emotions in public. It may be old-fashioned, but Arlene likes to be a lady. She doesn't smoke because it isn't ladylike and she drinks nothing but wine—and that only occasionally. A friend tells about the time in Washington when Arlene danced with a South American diplomat. He evidently hadn't held so much sheer gorgeousness in his arms before and he was making the most of it. Instead of pasting him one Arlene finished the dance, said pleasantly, "It was a lovely dance," and made for the powder-room, muttering under her breath, "I'll kill that guy."

Arlene is 5'7" tall and weighs 118 pounds. Her waist measures 22½". Her bust 33". She loves candy, but only allows herself a candy spree occasionally. Between pictures she usually gains about four pounds. She is an enthusiastic salad eater and collects salad recipes. Her favorite non-fattening salad is a slice of tomato, two hard boiled eggs and green peppers on lettuce—no salt, dressing or mayonnaise. She is a pretty good cook and quite adept at making such Norwegian dishes as lutefish, rice soup, julekake and lefse.

Ever since Sir Charles and the late Elsie Mendl, attracted by her beauty and refinement, "adopted" her soon after she came to Hollywood (she was living in a

motel at the time) Arlene has been a popular party girl. "I was the only girl Sir Charles ever took out who didn't have a mink coat," she says with a laugh. She couldn't afford one then. Now she can afford one, but she prefers a black broad-tail which she designed herself. It's her only fur coat.

SHE gives one big party a year, in the Minnesota Dahl tradition. On about the 20th of December she takes over the Scandia (a restaurant which features Scandinavian foods) and invites all her friends in for a fine old smorgasbord—complete to boar's head with apple in its mouth. At her last party she announced her engagement to handsome "Tarzan" Barker.

When the Barkers return from their honeymoon they will live in Arlene's furnished apartment until they get around to buying a home. The apartment has a living-room, dining-room, kitchen downstairs, and two bedrooms upstairs.

Arlene keeps a recording machine (and a telephone) near her bed, as she likes to wake up to Debussy and Grieg. A romanticist of the worst sort, she confesses she rented her apartment because of the Normandy turrets on the building. She wishes she had lived in eighteenth century France. Or maybe in New Orleans before the Civil War. Practical and shrewd most of the time, our little Arlene can go off into a dream world all her own at a moment's notice. Lex, who is definitely of this world (there is nothing Old World about Tarzan except his great grandparents who were playmates of the Czar of Russia), will have a bit of coping to do when his bride's mind wanders off on a romantic binge.

High on her list of prerequisites for beauty, Arlene lists eight hours of sleep nightly. She doesn't always get them herself, but she makes up for it by taking a nap every afternoon, working or not. "I'm a drooper," says Arlene. "I have to have an hour's rest or I drop in my tracks."

Birthmarks to most women are a holy horror. But Arlene has two of them, heart-shaped, and plays them up whenever possible. One hovers just above the corner of her mouth and the other is on her shoulder. The one reputedly adorning her just at the neckline—a very low neckline—she claims is a fraud. It was placed there without her knowledge by a photographic retoucher on a widely printed picture of her last year.

During production of Arlene's last picture, "No Questions Asked," she said that above all, she wanted marriage, a home and four children. Now, Arlene?

THE END

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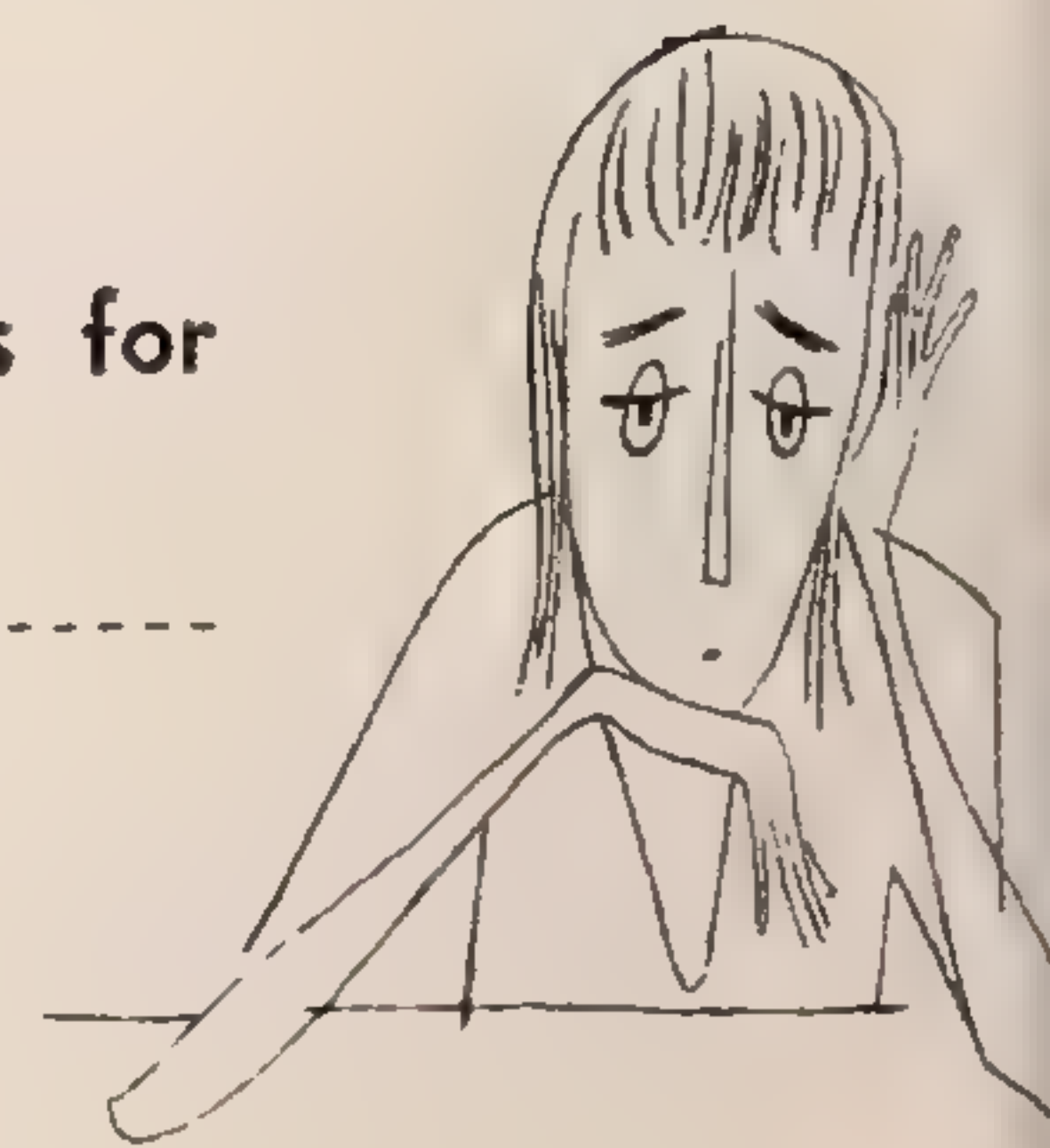
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Mary's sunny hair falls in soft waves to her shoulders. Her wonderful complexion has a satin smoothness. A charming smile twinkles in her eyes, about her lips. Her face gives out a bright picture of her captivating Inner Self. You see Mary and you know you will like her very much.

She uses Pond's

Mary Dell Martin—her complexion is lovely. "I always use Pond's," she says.

"It gives you such a lift when you look your best"
Mary says



Mary's Ring

A wonderfully sure, confident feeling comes to you when you know you are looking your sweetest and prettiest.

Mary thinks every girl's most important beauty asset is sparkling-clean, soft skin. "I wouldn't miss my nightly cream-cleansings with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's simply tops for keeping my skin smooth and soft."

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GET A BIG JAR
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Start now to help your face show a lovelier You!

For Sentimental Reasons

(Continued from page 37) I explained very earnestly that Doris and Marty were only business acquaintances, that there really wasn't anything personal in their relationship. "Maybe so," said Dr. De Courcy, unconvinced, "but there's a look of love in his eyes." You really can't fool the family doctor. And although neither Doris nor Marty were aware of it at that time, it turned out that Doc's diagnosis was accurate.

"Everything happens for the best," always has served as Doris's trustful philosophy. Although she has had her share of tragedy and discouragement, she has hung onto that trust. Even the accident that threatened to cripple her for life didn't depress her too much. One morning during the period of her convalescence I heard a peculiar rhythmic thump-thumping in the living-room and hurried in to find the record player beating out "Tea for Two" and Doris, on her crutches, working out a tap routine.

"Watch out! Don't fall," I cautioned. But I couldn't help feeling happy and proud. If this sixteen-year-old girl of mine, who'd always been so active, could be tap dancing on crutches instead of moping because she was missing proms and basketball games, she would surely, I felt, be able to weather whatever life held for her.

LITTLE did we know then that life would be so generous, and then, on top of everything else, bring the tall, dark-haired Marty Melcher from North Adams, Massachusetts, with his easy-going humor and thoughtfulness, into her life.

As for Doris's eight-year-old son, Terry—my grandson—one would think the whole affiliation his inspired idea. Since he was a towhead of two, when I held him up in the wings of theatres and ballrooms so he could watch his mother on stage, Terry's has been an all-important vote. So, one day, Doris settled down with him for a heart-to-heart talk, to discover how he would feel about acquiring a new father.

He was a little awed at first, then just plain delighted. "I'll have somebody to go fishing with," was his first comment. Then, very seriously, "Besides, Mom, a fellow needs another guy around." That evening, when Marty arrived for dinner, Terry opened the door for him with, "Come in, my intended father."

However, had Doris been marrying someone whose occupation threatened to remove her from Hollywood, I doubt if Terry would have been enthusiastic. For, as he points out to her, the fact that she's a star augments his own prestige.

"I'm going to quit this business," Doris announced one evening when she came in completely exhausted from the studio. "I'm tired of this getting up at 6:30 in the morning and working until 6:00 at night."

Terry was aghast at the mere suggestion. He talked about it for days, pleading with her not to turn in her Warners' contract. "I think you have a wonderful job, Mother," he said, really selling her. "You can sit on a couch or lie down between scenes. Suppose you had a job in a store, and had to stand on your feet all day."

Doris, who of course had actually no intention of quitting, was amused. "Well, maybe you're right," she finally agreed.

"And," Terry added, "think about me."

"You? Why, you'd be all right. You would be taken care of," said his mother.

"But I'm very popular because of you. All the kids at school would love to have you for their mother. Whenever they see you in a picture, I rate great!"

When Doris was growing up, she was always pirouetting and humming around

the house, but I never pushed her or entertained any thought of her having a career. I just let her take singing and dancing lessons because she loved them so. She was always play-acting, too, but like all kids do, putting on shows with other neighborhood children in our garage.

When she was ten, she was more excited about the pair of black patent pumps with "shaped" heels her grandmother got for her, than the applause that greeted her first professional appearance—doing a dance routine with a small boy friend, Jerry Doherty, at a private club.

It was a few years later when she was auditioning for a little morning show on a local radio station that she got the chance to sing with Barney Rapp's band. That and the band engagements that followed with Bob Crosby, Fred Waring and Les Brown were for Doris no feverish pursuit of a career, but rather exciting adventures and work that she loved.

★ "Say what you will about good bets, I have discovered that the only way to double your money is to fold it and put it in your pocket."

... PAT O'BRIEN

When she was sixteen, she had turned down an opportunity offered by Paramount. We were staying in California awhile so that Doris and Jerry, who had been playing clubs across the country, could study with Fanchon and Marco. Paramount seemed excited about Doris. "She's a natural," they said. But they weren't interested in her dancing partner and Doris wouldn't break up the team.

"Don't you want to be an actress?" they asked, amazed.

"Not that much," she said. "Not if it might hurt someone else."

She was singing on "Your Hit Parade" a few years later, when she was chosen for "Romance on the High Seas." In one letter home she'd mentioned casually that she was going to take a screen test at Warner Brothers. "I don't know what will happen, but I'm not going to worry," Doris wrote. "If it's meant to be, it will be."

A few nights later she called me and was about to hang up when I asked about the outcome of her test. "Oh, I almost forgot to tell you," she said. "I signed a seven-year contract."

That Doris can be so well paid for just being herself, for singing and dancing and doing what has always come naturally, still surprises her. If she's working with a good gang, if the cast and crew are relaxed and have a few laughs along—then it's a good job. She never sees her own pictures. Close-ups of her face make Doris uncomfortable. "They magnify feature faults too much," she says. If I put her photograph up on the wall, she promptly takes it down. And she never hesitates to tell interviewers who ask about her favorite singers, "Well—I don't like girl singers—including me."

The fact that Doris isn't overly career-conscious seems happily to eliminate any conflicts in this direction for Doris and Marty. As she says, "I am very happy with my work. I like the people I work with, and it's fun making pictures, doing different roles. But I would never put

my career before my husband or family."

Doris has absolute faith in Marty's judgment and is happy to relax and let him supervise her career. Theirs is, they feel, and I heartily concur, an ideal double relationship—that of husband and wife, and manager and star. Marty always picks out songs for her and on this they occasionally disagree. For, as Doris points out, "I am an artist—and you know artists—they like to sing a song they enjoy, one that appeals to them personally." But Marty knows the commercial angles and he's always there to remind her, "You have to give the people what they like."

"In fact, Marty's just perfect for me," I overheard her telling a friend the other day. "He understands all my little peculiarities. I'm a fanatic on keeping house. I can't stand crooked pictures, dirty ashtrays, clothes lying around. I'm a difficult character to live with, I imagine."

Hardly that, and certainly with Marty's own innate neatness and understanding have no worries regarding such domestic details. My good feeling about their marriage is based on more than that. I feel instinctively from the first, as mother will, that they were right for each other. They're basically the same. They believe in paying their taxes first and then living within their income. They both prefer living simply. Doris realizes now that love isn't just moonlight and orange blossoms, but something steady and serene.

BOTH she and Marty are on the informal side. They wanted their wedding to be fast, sweet and simple. And since Doris was working in "On Moonlight Bay" almost up to the very date, this followed automatically. For sentimental reasons, Marty hoped their work would permit them to be married on April 3, Doris's birthday. And they were married on that date before a Justice of the Peace at Burbank, with only close relatives present.

They wanted to jump in the car after the ceremony and take off for destinations unknown—without a too-planned itinerary. Doris did hope they'd get time to go to New Orleans. Once, while touring with the Bob Hope troupe, she'd spent two days there and she was enchanted with the colorful old-world charm of the city, with the "Old French Quarter" and especially the "Court of the Two Sisters" where she lunched. "The food is out of this world," she told Marty, forgetting for the moment that she was on a Yami Yogurt kick. "Everything is so old. It's been there such a long time," she enthused, leading up to the antique shops that abound there.

While it might seem odd to some that the newlyweds would route their honeymoon to some place where they might find an old English sea captain's table or an inside hutch—to Doris and Marty, bogged in completing the furnishing of their home, it seemed only natural.

Doris is antique-happy and nothing that's plantable is safe, with her around. She even planted an old bed chamber and made it into a lamp for my boudoir. Her favorite pastime is changing furniture from room to room. She decides that a 200-year-old table she inherited from her grandmother should be moved into the hall to serve as a telephone stand. Does Marty think the divan would be better between the windows against the wall? Mm-mmm? And poor Marty patiently walks around with a hammer and nails in his hand, saying hopefully, "Now, is this where you really want this?"

They're both homebodies at heart. On Sundays, if they're not switching furniture, they're working in the flowerbeds.

playing volley ball with Terry. Doris, who's always been sports minded, will play volley until everybody else drops.

For Sunday night suppers, we usually go out and get hamburgers, French fries and thick milk shakes, set up the table in the den and watch television.

When it comes to television, Doris, as a party teases, "has all the normal reception of America's most gullible housewife." She loves *all* audience participation shows. She also loves the bubble gum, giant pretzels and chocolate ice cream Terry provides for refreshments.

Yes, Hollywood, I'm afraid, has wrought sophisticated changes in my daughter in her demeanor. Unless she's very tired, she hits the door with the same buoyancy at seven P.M. now, as she did coming in from school back in Cincinnati. She's like an injection of vitamins, fairly picking up the whole house when she comes home. Marty's eagerness to catch up is equally apparent, his relationship with Terry a joy to see. "Marty's my manager, too," Terry is always quick to tell everyone. A very enterprising young man, he's periodically involved in any number of business projects, from selling fruit from the tree in the backyard to setting up a shoeshine booth out on the front lawn. His life's ambition is to be a cop "or I might be a chauffeur for Marty. I don't just know. I'm still a little young," he concedes.

JARNER Brothers were considering Terry for the role of Doris's pestering kid brother in "On Moonlight Bay," and Terry, after consulting Marty, was all for it. In fact, he borrowed his mother's script and had Marty rehearsing with him. But Doris decided she didn't want him in pictures, that he's too young. Furthermore, she would have been a nervous wreck worrying about Terry's performance and wouldn't have even thought of her own.

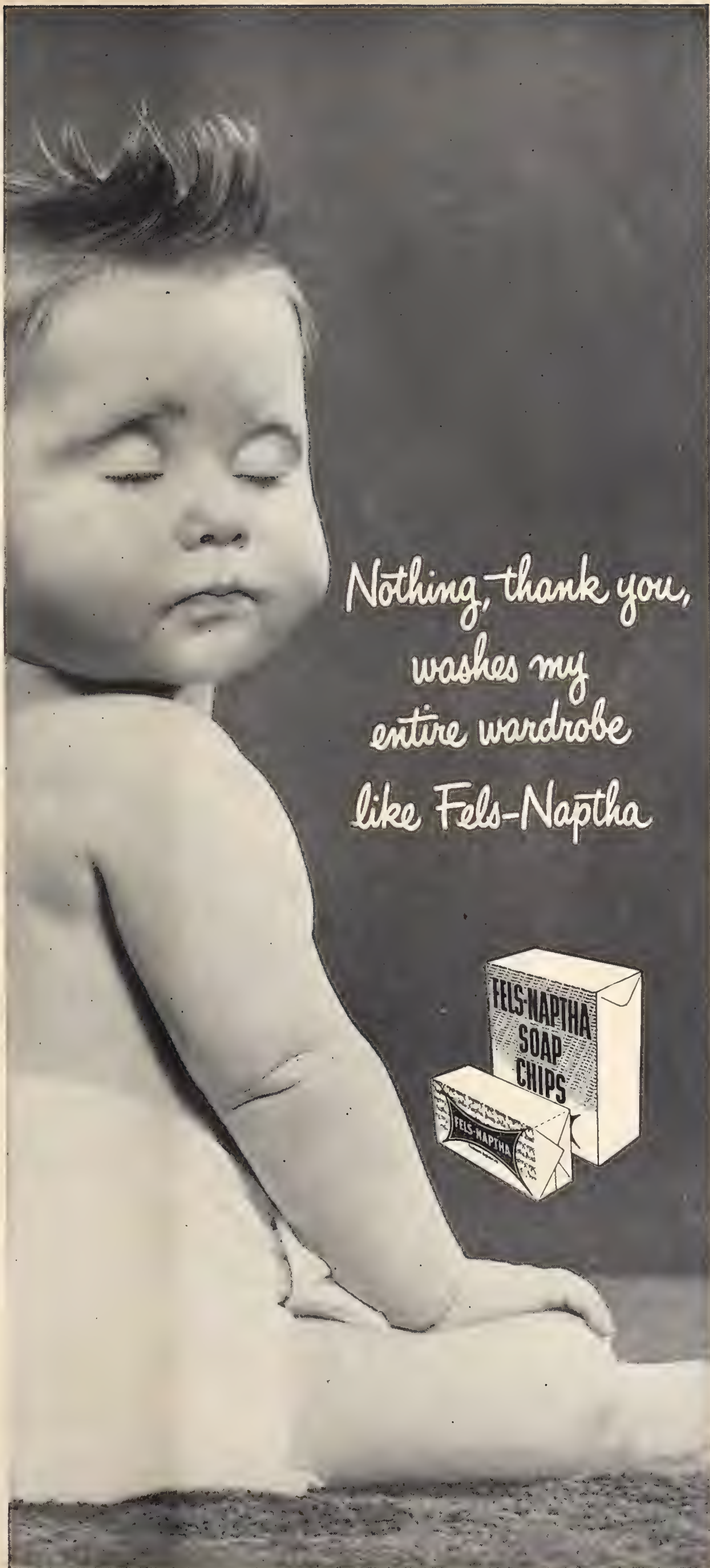
At present Terry's engrossed in taking piano lessons so he can accompany his mother. "Looks like it won't be long now," she announced, after his sixth. Marty provides the vocal relief. He loves to sing and isn't at all discouraged by Doris's opinion that he has "the funniest-sounding voice I've ever heard—and I've heard some mighty funny voices too."

Dinnertime, I think, when my brood gather in relating news of their various activities, is our happiest hour, usually capped off by Terry delivering an after-dinner speech. When we're almost through eating, Terry will suddenly rise to his feet and come out stirring with something like, "Stephen O'Sullivan is not a very nice boy!" We all look at each other, and somebody asks, "And who is Stephen O'Sullivan?" But Terry is already into his theme. "The more I think of it, the more I should tell what I know about how he bullies everyone. He's always picking on little kids, then I have to go in and break it up." Then, man-to-man, "You know, Marty, I'm getting *tired* of it too!" Then, having gotten it all off his chest, Terry adjourns to the den, leaving us still sitting there unenlightened as to whom or what he's been talking about.

The other evening I noticed Marty watching Doris and Terry laughing together. With a husky note in his voice he said, "I married a beautiful package." Then in the direction of Terry, "I could have had a son his age. And now, Nana, God has given him to me."

I couldn't help feeling Marty was speaking for both of us. For he was echoing my own sentiments. God has been good to all of us; He's given me another wonderful son. And everything has happened for the best of bests for Doris. I couldn't have ordered a more wonderful life for her.

THE END





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Photoplay's Scholarship Contest

(Continued from page 33) grade. Many of them work their way; washing dishes, waiting on tables, greasing cars, watering lawns—anything to help pay for tuition and board so that nightly they may appear in one of the plays presented on the college's four stages. Daytime, they learn about what goes into a stage production. Gilmore Brown, Director of the Playhouse, believes an actor must understand everything about his profession. And though a student may never write a play or design a set, all must study designing and playwriting, the history of the theatre and costumes. At the same time, slowly they discover themselves.

They discover the art of body control and grace of movement. They learn to speak from the diaphragm, with new vital voices. They learn that acting is a co-operative project. And they learn to act—in the only way anyone can learn to act—by getting out on a stage and acting.

OFTEN, too, the Playhouse proves the answer to how to find a job without experience when obviously you can't have experience until you've had a job. Dana Andrews elaborated on this. "The thirty different roles I played during my stay at the Playhouse," he said, "gave me a greater variety of experience than all the characters I've played during my twelve years on the screen."

All of which, of course, is the reason talent scouts look to the Playhouse for new faces and casting directors are almost always found in the audience.

William Holden, seen by a talent scout while at the Playhouse, was signed to a movie contract and became a star after playing the title role in "Golden Boy," a part for which dozens of big-time actors and hundreds of newcomers competed.

Marilyn Maxwell was a singer in a band when she was first offered a screen test. "I took the test, went home and never heard from the studio again," she says. "That decided me. I quit my job, went to the Playhouse and studied dramatics. The next time I was 'discovered' and given a screen test, I was also given a contract—and a role with Robert Taylor in 'Stand by for Action.'"

Many Playhouse students were signed while they still were studying. Eleanor Parker is one of the few not discovered "in action." Eleanor was in the audience, watching, when a scout saw her, liked her and asked her to make a screen test. She clicked, however, because she had the training that made her not just another beautiful girl but a beauty with ability.

Florence Bates, Barbara Rush, K. T. Stevens, Victor Mature, Lloyd Nolan, Gig Young are among others discovered at Pasadena. And among the current crop of Playhouse students, there undoubtedly are some of the names that will be bright tomorrow. The Photoplay Scholarship Contest hopes to discover just such talent. Right now, one thousand young women selected from many thousand entries, have been asked to send in voice recordings of two of the scenes printed in Photoplay last month. Five to six hundred of these candidates will be auditioned later in August and three of these young women will make the trip to the Playhouse as the guests of Photoplay. The still unknown winner will remain there for two intensive years of study. And though this girl is still a question mark and her talent is only just beginning to take shape, her dreams and hopes for the future may soon be fulfilled.

THE END



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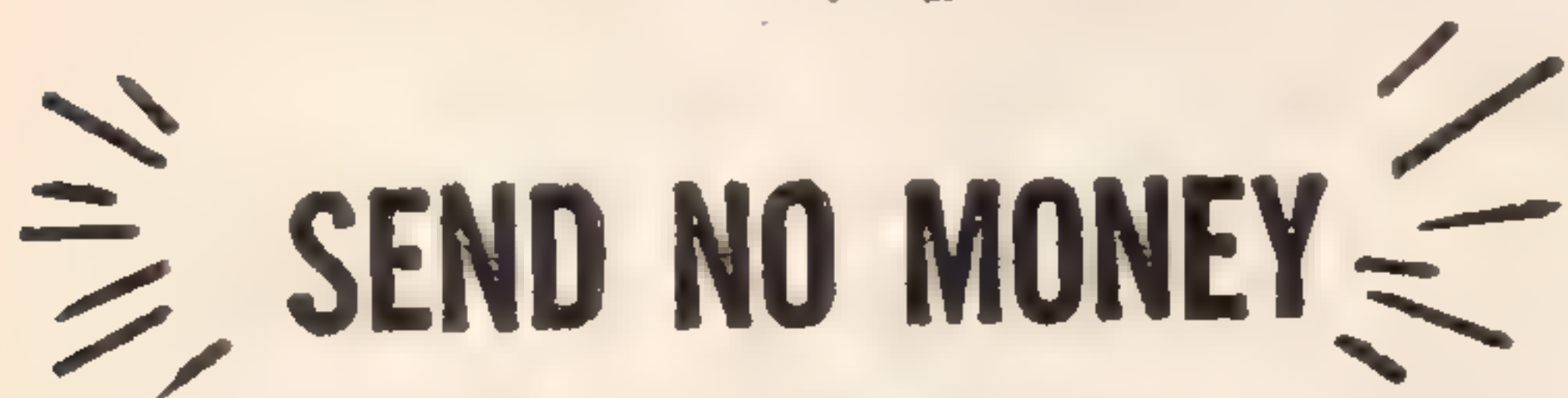


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No Sad Songs for Judy

(Continued from page 35) Judy grew up while I was doing likewise. It had been Judy and her first husband Dave Rose who had encouraged me to forget vaudeville and write songs. Dave had introduced my first song just before I had become another G.I. Joe. It was not until after I discarded khaki that I had started writing songs for the movies.

Judy and I met at lunch to discuss our European trek. We were both nervous over seeing each other for the first time in so many years, wondered if we'd hit it off. But after the first five minutes we were yakking it up all over the place.

When it broke in the papers that I was to accompany Judy, my phone rang continually. Friends of hers calling to instruct me how to "handle" her—friends of mine, skeptical that I should take a chance with Garland, fearing she might not hold up or blow up the whole thing.

Before we knew it, the night before our departure was upon us and Ruth Waterbury, whose name should be familiar to all you readers, gave us a party. Here we nervously tried out our act before an audience of friends and such tough critics as Louella Parsons, Cobina Wright, Maggie Whiting, Jack Smith, Gertrude Neisen, Burt Lancaster and so on. They all seemed to like what they heard and this encouraged Judy.

Then came the day we sailed. Judy called me that morning with cracks that the gloomy weather seemed more suitable for a murder than a bon voyage.

The first big laugh of the sailing came almost at once when Judy entered her stateroom and, in sweeping through the door to her bedroom, tripped over a ledge and fell flat on her face—as a beginning to her publicized "falling-down" journey.

Reporters who boarded the ship at Plymouth seemed shocked at the weight Judy had gained. Undoubtedly they had expected to see a frail, ailing individual. Judy has put on poundage, but for the first time in years she has regained her health. And isn't that of utmost importance? When Judy read the reporters' comments the next day, she remarked, "From what I've read, I feel like the fat lady from Barnum & Bailey's—" and roared with laughter.

As our tender moved from the ship, it seemed as if the crew and entire passenger list remaining aboard were on deck or hanging out of portholes to wave Judy farewell. Ships in the harbor flashed signals, spelling out her name. The *Ile* gave a long special blast on the horn, which we

were told was for Judy. She turned to me, saying, "Golly, can you believe all this? I can't."

Which brings me back to my first paragraph—opening night at the Palladium.

When stand-by call came, Judy and I walked arm in arm to the wings of the stage. Laughing, she said it felt as if we were walking "the last mile." And it did. We gave each other a kiss for luck and agreed if anything out of the ordinary happened, such as her forgetting a lyric or my hitting a clinker, we'd simply laugh it up and have fun. At that moment, the orchestra broke into the entrance music and I rushed on stage. Judy looked at me from the wings, terrified—and with a feeble "Oh, no." Then she walked on stage and it seemed as though the walls would come in with the applause.

Her performance went smoothly until she finished the fourth number. At this time, we were both supposed to exit. Suddenly the audience fell silent and looking toward the mike, I saw no Judy. However, right behind it, there was our girl—sitting flat on her you-know-what, stage center. I let out a howl as did she, walked over to her and helped her to her feet. The audience started yelling and laughing with us, with which Judy threw her arms around me, gave me a big smack.

It wasn't until Judy started to sing her final number, "Over the Rainbow," that I really realized what had happened. We were on at the Palladium. A baby spot was on Judy—and she'd done it. They started to roar before she'd even sung the last lyric—and as the curtains folded in on the final words: "Why, oh why, can't I?" it was bedlam.

We were a bit bewildered by some of the newspaper reviews. They lauded Judy's performance, yet they commented on her weight, her gown, her vocal volume and, naturally, all mentioned her fall. But we knew, above all, she'd been a hit. By noon that day, her four weeks' engagement was sold out.

In summing up, I'd like to quote a remark Judy made as the curtains fell on the Palladium's final show. The audience's response had warmed her heart, and just before she had made her final curtain call she had grabbed my hand. "Not bad for a kid from Lancaster, California, hmm?" I say now, not bad for anyone, Judy, who is willing to knock herself out to please others, as you have done. The papers called this your comeback. I object. I don't think you've ever been away.

THE END



It's a small world: At a Club Churchill party in London, Judy Garland chats with old friend Hoagy Carmichael. Buddy Pepper, right, accompanied Judy to England

The Life He Saved

(Continued from page 40) Through you—I want everyone who needs help now or may need help in the future—to know that the sick and the heartsick can find Utopia in Menninger's—or in some other good sanitarium—just as I did."

Looking at my husky, vital guest I could hardly believe he had ever been on the verge of a complete breakdown. He had breezed in to see me straight from the tennis courts, wearing a sports shirt, a cap on the back of his head and looking as brown as a berry.

What a different person he was from the man I had talked to in his studio dressing-room just a few weeks after his marriage to Liz Dailey hit the rocks for the second and final time.

Then Dan literally had looked and acted like a man who had just gone through a crash. He had been too nervous to sit down. As we talked, he had paced the floor, clasp and unclasp his hands. His voice had been strained and jittery.

THAT was just a short five months ago. The other day, looking at him sipping a soft drink across the card table from me, I asked impulsively, "Dan, how did you happen to make up your mind to go to Menninger's? How did you have the courage to take such a drastic step?"

He answered without hesitation. "I suddenly took stock of myself," he said eagerly, "I realized I could not go on faced with the threat of a complete breakdown. I couldn't do it to my little boy, Dan, the third. I couldn't do it to my studio.

"My days and nights—before I made up my mind—were a nightmare. Every morning when I woke up my troubles mounted and mounted.

"Then someone who had been at Menninger's—not Robert Walker, but a girl I know whose name I can't tell you because she's very well known—told me what had been done for her at this famous Clinic.

"So out of the blue, I called my agent, Al Melnick, who is also my close friend (Dan is now living with the Melnicks) and said, 'I want to go to Menninger's.'

"Al didn't say, 'You'll be ruined. They'll think something is wrong with you mentally.' He said, 'Okay, boy. If you want to—that's it.' Other friends were not as understanding," Dan laughed. "Well, I never was out of my mind. If I had been I wouldn't have had the sense to want to get myself well again.

"I wish I could describe Menninger's to you," he went on eagerly, "not just the appearance of the place—but the feeling there. It's near Topeka, Kansas—not a large place—in fact, they can only take sixty-five people at a time and they have a long waiting list.

"It's the complete wholesomeness and normality of the place that first hits you. It's like a fraternity house. It has the warmth and intimacy of a friendly family—and yet, if you don't want to associate with other people you do not have to."

For many years I have known of the Menninger Clinic and of the fine work being done by the famed psychiatrist, Dr. Carl Menninger, who heads it. His book, "The Human Mind," has been a best seller for a long time. But never before had I talked with anyone who had been a patient there and I found myself hanging on Dan's words.

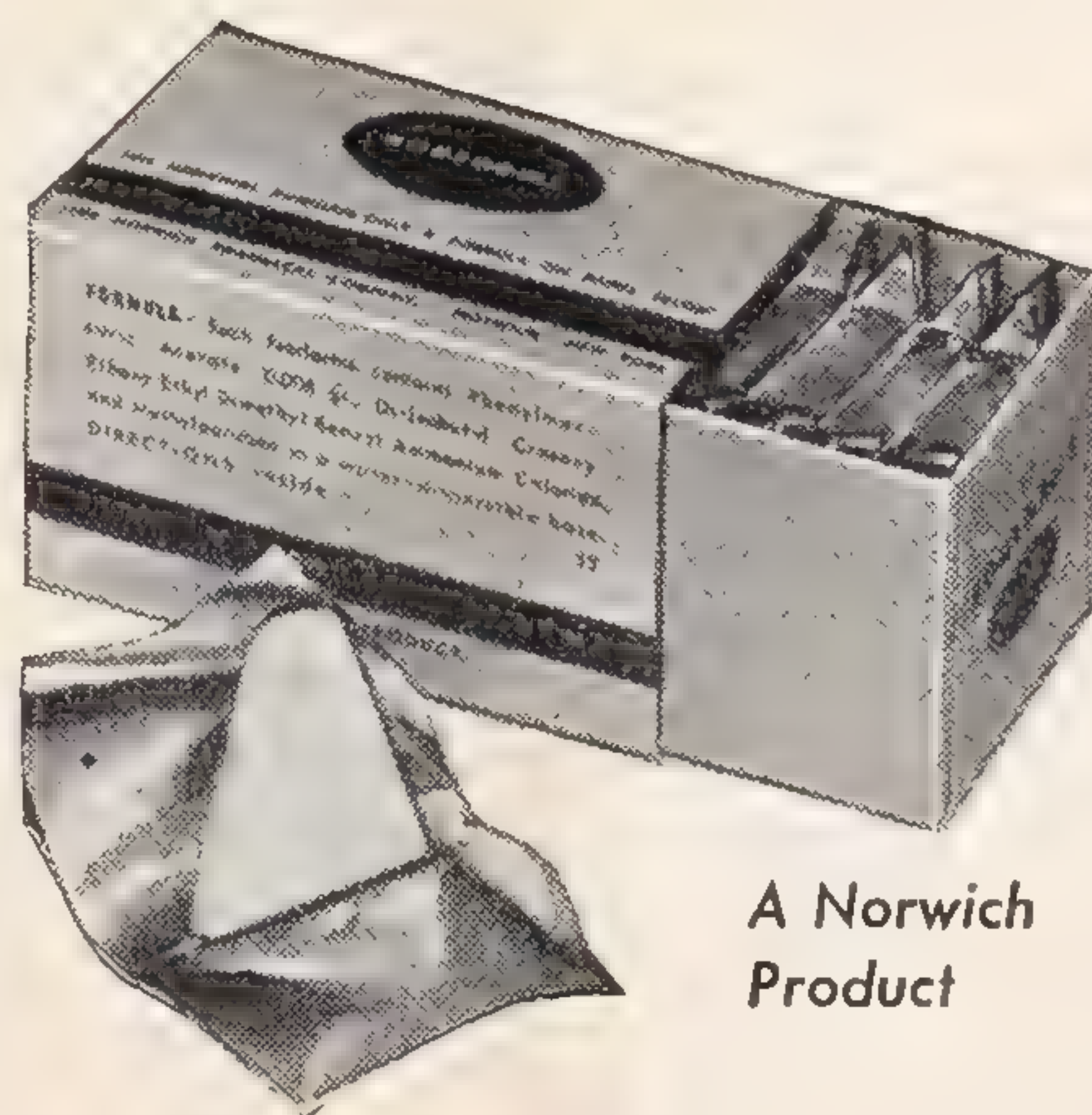
"The word 'mental' is never mentioned there," he continued, "nor is anyone made to feel like a 'patient.' Not for a moment do you lose your identity. A banker is treated as a banker, an artist as an artist, an actor as an actor. Even down to the little things—your personality is respected. If you like chocolate ice cream—you get it.

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Or," he laughed again, "if you'll take yours vanilla—you get that, too.

"You may wear sports clothes, or dress clothes—it's up to you. Nothing is ever made to seem *unusual*!"

"From the beginning they made it plain that I was to do the things I enjoyed doing. I like tennis, basketball and horseback riding. But most of all, I like to play the drums—did you know that? I used to feel guilty about that, sort of silly. But at Menninger's they made me feel this was not out of the ordinary at all. Someday, when I'm bored, I'm going to join an orchestra and play the drums!"

He smiled, but he wasn't kidding. "That wouldn't have been dignified in the old days—but in my new scheme of doing things I'm going to have the fun and the release of doing things I want to do just because I want to do them."

I suspected that a psychiatrist at Menninger's had given Dan that bit of advice.

As to the medical and psychiatric treatment he underwent at the Clinic—I knew he could not and would not talk about a subject that can only be discussed by experts, not amateurs, and is subject to change with the individual involved.

But Dan wants the world to know that people who need help should not be afraid to seek it. "I am telling you this because I know other people who are troubled as I was can find solace and comfort and get back on their feet again," he said, quietly.

Dan is one of the lucky ones who responded very fast. He came along so beautifully that, at the end of three months, he asked for and received permission to return to Los Angeles and work out a divorce property settlement with Liz.

A great many people thought Dan looked and acted so well he should not go back. But he had received so much help, he wanted to go back and stay until he and his doctors were perfectly satisfied about his condition.

"They don't police you at Menninger's," he went on, "When I went back the second time I asked if I might enroll in the Washburn University and study writing and political philosophy.

"I went to school three days a week—loving every minute of it. Finally, they said to me, 'There's nothing more we can do for you here. You'd better move on and make room for someone else.' I tell you truthfully I was loath to leave."

He chuckled, "After I left, I even missed the old movies they used to show. You should have seen those pictures. I saw an old one of Douglas Fairbanks Jr.'s—made before he spoke with a British accent!"

He was so glowingly healthy and his sense of humor was so completely restored that I ventured to ask what he thought had brought about his breakdown

in the first place. The crack-up of his marriage, perhaps?

"No," he replied positively, "Oh, no. You know, I really hadn't been myself since I came out of the Army. And yet, I tried to keep going, tied up in knots—never stopping to take stock of myself until I was face to face with the breaking point.

"Even making a picture was drudgery—and I love my work. I'm a born song-and-dance man. I'm happiest when working.

"But it isn't fair to blame the condition I was in either on my work or on the end of my marriage to Liz. We were not happy together and we could not work out our marriage. But other people have weathered divorces without going to pieces. That's all in the past, anyway.

"Let's just say—and it's pretty close to the truth—that I nearly cracked up because I was straining my nerves to the breaking point. I pushed myself beyond the point that I could go. But, luckily, I stopped in time—I stopped when I had the courage to admit to myself that I was ill."

Dan talked so sincerely that I can only hope I have put it down on paper as graphically as he said it.

"People who are not of the theatre," he said, "fail to grasp the problem of an actor, an artist—whatever you wish to call us. They have little conception of the demands on our nerves and the tension under which we live and work. Actors—to be actors—are sensitive creatures. That's the way we are made."

"They are very nice creatures," I said, "who give great happiness to other people and to the world."

"And I, for one, intend to find and keep some happiness for myself now that I am well again," Dan told me. "My greatest happiness, of course, comes through my little boy. I won't have my son with me all the time. That is my real regret over the break-up of my marriage," he said, "but I will see him often."

"You ought to see that kid. He can do a split, a turn and any dance routine. He's only three-and-a-half and is a dead ringer for me—not saying that with conceit, either."

"Yes, I think he will probably grow up wanting to go on the stage and I won't block him. I'll give him all the help I can. There's lots of happiness in show business. It's just that some of us show people get off the trolley now and then."

Thank heavens—Dan Dailey is back on the trolley again. He is a fine man—and someday, somewhere, with someone, he is going to find that happiness and understanding he has sought for so long.

He is well and wise and strong again. And when love comes along again for him, he will value it all the more for the dark days of loneliness he has gone through.

THE END

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Liz as a Bachelor Girl

(Continued from page 38) home one afternoon, and said, "Elizabeth, sing for Miss Hopper." (After which I said, "Elizabeth, sing for Mr. Mayer.")

I know that Elizabeth has been severely criticized for moving into her own apartment, and not running home to Mamma, following her divorce from Nicky Hilton. I don't blame Elizabeth. I think it is high time she broke the umbilical cord. But I haven't approved of some of the things that young lady has been up to lately. I was all set to give her a verbal slugging. But when she said, "Just not nineteen happy, Hedda," in a voice loaded with emotion, I was trapped.

"Show me your apartment," I said. "Let me see how the world's most famous bachelor girl lives."

I once wrote in my column, "Liz Taylor has very little temperament and almost no side." I was as right as rain. Elizabeth has just about as much side as a barn swallow. Her apartment proves that. To begin with, it's a furnished apartment, second-story rear, with back staircase conveniently near by, in one of those brand new two-story apartments in Westwood. Modernistic both inside and out. The living-room is painted in soft sea green with darker wall-to-wall carpeting. A two-piece sectional sofa covered in gold-brown nubby material is separated with a two-layer end table. On the end table is a handsome gold clock, one of Elizabeth's wedding presents. Also on the end table are two pieces of wood with fancy metal tops in a slinking design. Elizabeth said she didn't have the slightest idea what they were, but she liked them.

ALSO in the living room are a pink-gray chair, a pink armchair, a modernistic desk and chair, and a very attractive end table of glass. I dragged out a chartreuse chair from one of the bedrooms, and Elizabeth agreed it helped to give the room something. The drapes, of a heavy white and gold check material, are always drawn. It's a room without a view. On the desk and the tables are cigarette boxes (Liz is a moderate smoker) and silver dishes full of peanuts and candies—of which she is very fond. When you're nineteen and weigh 112, that's all right.

As nothing in the room belongs to Elizabeth, except the gold clock and silver knickknacks, it doesn't reflect her at all. The paintings are dreadful.

"And you the daughter and the niece of international art dealers," I chided.

From a closet she hauled out a painting of a girl by Angna Enters and paintings of a windmill and flowers by Benton Scott. I helped her hang them.

"You're my first company, Hedda," she complained. "Most of my things are in storage at Bekins. The silver tea service in the dining-room is mine, and I have some of my own silver in that box in the corner. (Elizabeth was given a silver service for forty-five by Gorham for a wedding present because she posed for them.) I have some of my china, not much, in the kitchen cabinets, and," she added with a giggle, "I have cups without saucers. Before I have any more company I'll have to make a trip to the warehouse."

"I plan to do the whole place over in time," she continued. "I shall start with my bedroom. It's dusty rose and it's dreary. I keep my eyes closed until I get out of the room in the mornings so I won't have to see it. But everything costs so much. Right now I am on a strictly no-spending campaign. For the first time I realize the value of money. And I haven't got any of it. Well, not literally. But I soon will be broke. See that telephone pole?" She

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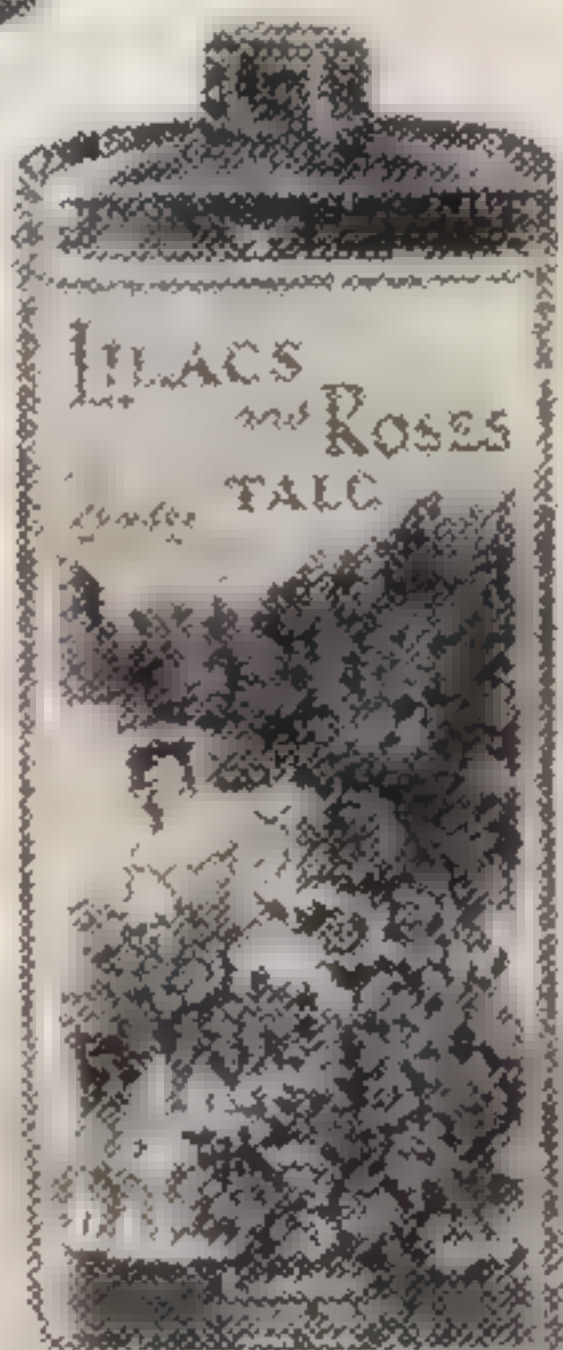
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pulled back the gold and white drapes and pointed at as bleak a telephone pole as I have ever seen. "I get twenty-five dollars a month off the rent because of that pole," she said proudly. "I haggled with the landlady."

This was indeed a new Elizabeth. I have never known her to count the cost of anything. She has been working in pictures for nine years, and is now making \$1,500 a week. But what with being on layoff (and she was also on layoff during her honeymoon) the bank balance presumably is getting low. She asked for no alimony when she divorced Nicky. When I asked her why she said, "I don't feel I deserve a bonus for getting a divorce."

She said, "I had a nervous breakdown brought on by tension during 'Love Is Better Than Ever.' And I had to spend thousands of dollars on doctors' bills to be able to finish the picture. I even had to have a nurse with me on the set. And now," she added gloomily, "it probably never will be released because of Larry Parks. He's my co-star, as you know."

"But you can't be broke," I insisted. "What about that block of stock in the Waldorf Astoria your father-in-law gave you. You've still got that, haven't you?"

Elizabeth said she hadn't thought about it, she guessed she still had it.

DURING our conversation Elizabeth paddled to the bedroom three times to answer the phone, whispered something I couldn't hear (undoubtedly "She's still here") and paddled back. I say "paddled" because she was barefooted. Something I've been lecturing her about for years. The minute she gets inside a house, theatre, restaurant, off come her shoes.

Elizabeth shares her five-room bachelor apartment with an attractive young girl named Peggy Rutledge. Peggy acts as her companion and secretary. The two girls seem to agree on everything except Elizabeth's passion for lavender—Peggy's trying to talk her out of having her bedroom done in lavender. Each girl has her own bedroom, one on each side of the living-room, which makes for privacy. They share a bathroom.

A maid named Irene comes in every other day to wash dishes, make beds, and clean. There were no dirty dishes in the sink—Irene had just left.

"We cook our own breakfasts," said Elizabeth proudly. Peggy makes the coffee in a dime-store coffee pot. And Elizabeth makes the toast on a brand new toaster—sometimes if it's a late breakfast and she isn't planning to go out to lunch she splurges with bacon and eggs.

Judging by the bareness of the cabinets in the kitchen and the general emptiness

of the refrigerator (the spotlight was held by a jar of peanut butter braced by a couple of bottles of a soft drink) the girls never eat at home—except for breakfast. One of these days, Elizabeth assured me, she expects to do a spot of entertaining—something she has never done in her life, except for a few kid parties. She fancies buffet dinners for six or eight. But right now she goes out to dinner every night. And the lucky man, of course, is Stanley Donen. Liz started going steady with Stanley when he was directing her in "Love Is Better Than Ever." When she was sick and in the hospital during the production, Stanley was the only one allowed to visit her. Which irked her mother considerably. When I asked Elizabeth if she was in love with Stanley she said, "No, I am not in love. We enjoy each other's company very much." A very cold statement for the mighty warm hand-holding I have seen.

Elizabeth adores previews almost as much as she does ice cream sodas. She and Stanley attend most of the previews and premieres of the town. They like to dance, and they like to go riding along the ocean with the top down in Elizabeth's Cadillac. Stanley certainly is the man of the hour.

Elizabeth's girl friends, with the exception of Barbara Thompson, are non-professional. Now that she's a bachelor girl, with no strings tied, she has discovered the fun of lunching leisurely with her pals. She is thinking about taking up tennis and golf this summer. But right now she's only thinking about it. Her favorite exercise is swimming, which she has been doing at Palm Springs. She is devoted to her sun tan.

Elizabeth, I noticed, is a very untidy teenager. Her belongings are strewn around the room. The built-in wardrobe showed dresses sometimes on the hangers, and sometimes the hangers on the dresses. In the bottom of the wardrobe was a confusion of shoes. A drawer filled with pastel shade sweaters was half open.

"I know," said Elizabeth sadly, "you're going to say I'm not neat. And I'm not. But honestly I'm getting much better."

And why should she be! She's always had people picking up for her at home and the studio. Too many people. Naturally she's untidy. Give her three months of being a bachelor girl. You'll see a change.

Elizabeth's sewing is like her cooking. Only in cases of necessity. "I can sew up a hem if it's absolutely necessary." But not if she can find a safety pin, I bet.

Elizabeth has never cared much for books and there are no books in her apartment. Several magazines were on the coffee table with one of them turned down on an article titled, "Are Frenchmen Better Lovers than Americans?" When I

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teased her about this she said with a laugh, "Well, I wouldn't know, Hedda. I was in France only once. On my honeymoon."

Most teenagers wouldn't think of spending five minutes in an apartment that didn't have some sort of a recording machine. But Liz doesn't even have a portable one. When I asked her her favorite song (surely she and Stan must have "our song") she said she didn't have a favorite.

This is the first time Elizabeth has ever been on her own. I told her doting mother long ago that she should stop running her daughter's life. Elizabeth grew up physically several years ago. But she has never had a chance to grow up mentally. Mrs. Taylor told me, "Elizabeth and I are so close we think as one person." It was on the set of "Julia Misbehaves" in which picture Elizabeth got her first screen kiss. I thought then that a certain filly was about ready to kick over the traces.

"I'm trying to reorganize myself," Elizabeth told me. "I don't want my life to be on an emotional plane any longer. So far it's been much too hysterical. I want to find out for myself what's right and what's wrong, and take full responsibility. I've been married and divorced, and I think it is time I knew the value of things."

"My first move in getting myself reorganized is this bachelor apartment. I love my mother dearly. I guess people think I am pretty snooty, moving out of my mother's home. But I think it is the best way for both of us to be happy."

"I was certainly a mixed-up eighteen," she continued, dipping into the candy bowl. "Eighteen seemed to last forever. It got me in such a tension that even now I can't relax. For the last year I've been like a person trying to catch a train."

Elizabeth knew a month after her marriage that she had made a dreadful mistake. "I tried everything I could not to have

a break-up," she told me. I know she tried hard. And denied a marital rift as long as she could. I recall a telephone conversation I had with her late last August when she was at the Stevens Hotel in Chicago. Here is the verbatim record of our chat.

"Are you and Nicky separating?"

"No, where did you hear that?"

I said, "Rumors are flying everywhere, on the air and in the papers."

"You can deny them," she said. "I am happy now."

"You mean you weren't happy, but are happy now?" I asked.

"I am especially happy now."

"But you were having trouble. I understand you were trying everything to keep your marriage from cracking up. I heard from a reliable source in Europe that Nicky was being a very bad boy, and that he seemed to think he was another Aly Khan and doing a lot of gambling in France."

"Doesn't everyone?" she asked.

"I heard he gambled day and night and threw poker chips in your face."

"That's false. They don't play poker in France."

"I hear that you are so anxious to get home that you want to fly. But Nicky insisted upon driving. Did you know that you have a new Cadillac in your garage?"

"No. What color?"

"Blue, like your eyes," I told her.

"It should be red."

"Why? Have you been crying?"

"No, my eyes are just bloodshot."

"I understand that Nicky's friends wanted you to come back by boat and leave him in Europe."

"That's not true, Hedda."

"But you have quarreled?"

"Sure, that happens to every young couple. But we didn't have our misunderstandings in public and we are not sepa-

rating. We don't take marriage that lightly. Every young couple has to make adjustments."

When I called her on December 14, 1950, she did no hedging. "I will file suit for divorce when I complete my present picture," she said. "I am sorry that Nick and I have not been able to adjust our differences. After personal discussion we realize there is no possibility of reconciliation."

At the moment Elizabeth is going through a phase of being sensitive to public opinion. "I know I have been spoiled," she said. "But I think people are unfairly printed about me. I try not to read about myself any more. (I suspect she reads every line written.) It only makes me unhappy."

I told her, "You can avoid being hurt by bad publicity by not doing things that get you in the headlines."

"I don't feel," claimed Elizabeth defensively, "that I did anything wrong. Most girls get engaged several times in their teens. A lot of girls marry in their teens. I feel I was being very normal. I didn't want to be in the limelight. I wanted just to be a girl."

"But you aren't just a girl," I said, "you're a movie star. Honey, you're trapped."

If Elizabeth had married Bill Pawley, I don't think she would be a bachelor girl today. Nicky and Elizabeth were babes in the woods. But Bill was an adult of twenty-nine, a real man of the world, and he simply adored Elizabeth. If Mamma hadn't interfered Liz might be a happy young matron today. Well, who knows. But one thing I do know. Elizabeth will not be a bachelor girl for long. Maybe until next May 6th when her divorce is final. Maybe not so long. There's always Mexico, perish the thought.

THE END

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(Continued from page 43) time I finally found the pilot, Audie had gone and how it was last summer before we really met when another air hostess and I spent our vacation in Hollywood.

Day-dreaming can be very dangerous—and disappointing. But as I knew Audie better, I liked him even more. His admirable qualities, I soon found, far outweighed any with which I imaginatively had endowed him. So many people in Texas loved him and I began to understand why. He's the kindest, most generous person I've ever known.

"Now that I'm a married man, I'm going to have to start saving," he says very seriously now. But somehow I can't quite foresee this. Audie would rob his own penny jug any time to buy a gift for a friend. Typical of his thoughtful selection is the gold choker, the matching bracelet and earrings he had made up specially for me. The bracelet has a large gold ornament made in the shape of Texas and set with a diamond denoting Dallas's locale.

I WAS impressed when I read about Audie, just out of the Army, buying his sister a home in Farmersville and taking his younger sisters and brother out of the orphanage to share it with her. More recently he bought them a car. And little four-year-old niece Charlene has the distinction of owning the first sixteen-inch television set in Farmersville. And for some time he has been corresponding with a little boy in Austin, Texas, who is seriously ill. He's always sending him things—cowboy suits, guns, clothing. He never talks about anything he does.

Which reminds me, a few days before we were married, Audie was officially honored by Texas by having his portrait hung in the state capitol building in Austin. It was quite a ceremony, with the Governor and many notables present. Audie addressed the Senate and the House and was very well received—so a friend of his who was present told me. Audie's only comment was: "My mother always said I'd be hung someday, but I wish they could have waited until after my wedding."

I really think he was glad that his "hanging" allowed him to escape the confusion of my wedding preparations. We were giving up our house too. And what with my getting married and packing and all the other hostesses packing and moving, it was pretty mad around there. That morning Audie walked in, gave a furtive look around and rushed out the door without even saying goodbye. I was ironing a skirt and didn't realize for a minute that he'd gone. When he reached the safety of a phone booth he called me. "Where on earth are you?" I asked. "I just couldn't stand all that chatter and confusion," he said.

Since Audie had to report back to Hollywood within a few days for "The Cimarron Kid," our wedding arrangements were hurried and quite informal.

A good friend of Audie's, S. H. Lynch, a Dallas businessman, gave a beautiful dinner for us at the "Cipango Club," topped off with a dessert course of individual Baked Alaska decorated with "Pam and Audie—Happy Years." We received so many letters and telegrams, none of which I valued more than the letter from Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Braniff (my former boss), expressing their happiness. They have a genuine investment in our marriage. I'll never forget how much I owe them. If my boss hadn't given me the free plane trip to Hollywood for my vacation—I would probably never have met Audie Murphy.

We were married at seven-thirty in the evening in the beautiful Cox Chapel of the Highland Park Methodist Church, with the

Forever, Audie

Assistant Pastor, William Dickinson, who is also the Chaplain in Audie's 36th Division, officiating. Annabel Schiesher, another air hostess and my dear friend, wearing a toast-colored shantung suit with white accessories, was my attendant. "Skipper" James O. Cherry, city manager for Interstate Theatres and an old friend of Audie's, was best man.

Everything went beautifully, but for a moment there I was a little worried. The groom and best man had come out of their room, and my attendant and I had emerged from the other. We were all walking slowly towards the altar when I saw Audie suddenly hesitate. I couldn't imagine what had happened. Had he forgotten the ring? Was he thinking it over? Was he about to say, "Look, Little Squaw (his nickname for my Cherokee heritage), let's not rush this thing"? Then in a moment, he was moving forward again. His little niece Charlene, watching wide-eyed from the front pew, had recognized her uncle and waved two little gloved fingers at him and Audie had paused to wink at her.

I received one note from a girl warning me not to marry Audie. She'd clipped the letters out of a magazine and pasted them together so her handwriting wouldn't be revealed. "Pamela:" it read, "If you marry Audie, you will live in fear. I love him," and signed, "Tigress." But I was not to be discouraged even by "Tigress"—not after six years of dreaming.

Most of our honeymoon we spent at Ray Woods's dude ranch, which always will have many sentimental memories for me.

For the present we're living in Audie's two-bedroom duplex in a bungalow court just off the Sunset Strip. It's very spacious and homey and charmingly furnished. I couldn't handle a more pretentious place.

In our bedroom closet is Audie's wedding gift to me. A set of three handsome leather travelling cases bearing the gold initials "P.A.M."—for Pamela Archer Murphy, my married monogram.

Also in the closet is an off-white raw silk suit with sequined collar and cuffs—my wedding dress. Mutely evident, a flock of rice in one of my toast-colored slippers. Funny, I don't even remember them throwing rice at us. I was too excited to be conscious of much of anything.

In a bureau drawer is a pair of gold cuff links in the form of tiny pearl-handled revolvers—my gift to the groom. "Shall I put them in my gun case? Or wait until I find a Western shirt with French cuffs?" Audie asked when I gave them to him, simulating a puzzled expression.

When Audie has a day off while working on a picture, I like to give him his breakfast in bed. The first time he was a little shocked at the idea. The second morning he'd weakened. "You know I might get to like this." And confidentially, he does.

Audie's always coming in with some new equipment he's sure will be of help to me. The latest is the ultra in electric ovens in which I could cook a whole meal in one painless operation. "This will save you work," he says, "and we will have more time together."

"It's lovely," I said. "But it will take me forever to learn to work it."

We're studying house plans all along, and "designing" the ranch home we hope to build north of Los Angeles someday. Audie brought back some horns from Texas which we plan to mount over the "future" fireplace. Someday too, we dream about building another ranch back in Texas and raising Brangus cattle. (This is a cross breed of Brahma and Angus.)

I don't care where I live—so long as it's with Audie.

THE END

If You Want to be Charming

(Continued from page 71) time you'll find something with which to disagree—or agree. Never fear, your conversation will be animated and he'll find you interesting because you're truly interested.

Does Baby Leave You Bulging?

Recently, I received an all too typical complaint from a young mother who says having her second baby left her figure permanently" impaired. She says that though she dieted and lost all the weight she had gained during pregnancy, her tummy bulges hopelessly and her bust—well, in her words, "I just look matronly, that's all."

I may not be an authority on this subject but I've lived in Hollywood too long and know too many young mothers who have had their babies and kept their figures, so accept any such lament.

Esther Williams and Jeanne Crain are the two recent screen mothers who came back to work after their babies, more radiant and figure-beautiful than ever.

"Diet alone won't do it," Esther says. Those post-maternity bulges are the result of lack of muscle tone and nothing but exercises—the *right* exercises, done faithfully every day—can faze them. Nearly every obstetrician recommends this simple routine which helped me back into shape. There are three basic steps and the trick is to do them *every day*, just a few minutes at first, and for longer times as your strength returns."

1. Lie flat on your back on the floor and raise the right foot a few inches off the floor, keeping the leg stiff; lower it slowly. Do the same with the left leg. Repeat eight times. Each day or two endeavor to raise the leg higher and higher until it is

possible, without tiring, to raise each leg eight times to a perpendicular position. When this can be accomplished with ease, raise legs several inches off the floor, keeping them stiff and together, increasing each day until you can touch your toes to the floor directly over your head.

2. Lie flat on your back with arms folded across the chest. Raise your head off the pillow a few inches. Repeat eight times. Gradually increase the height to which the head is raised until you are able to rise to a sitting position with arms still folded.

3. Lie flat on your back and raise the

★ "The reason so many engagements are broken is because most girls want to get married." . . . June Havoc

hips off the floor a few inches; with the hips thus elevated contract the muscles across the lower abdomen. Now return to the lying posture. As time goes on, increase the height to which the hips are raised and the force with which the abdominal muscles are contracted.

There is nothing better for toning and restoring the muscles which control the contour of the breasts (or for developing a beautiful bust in the first place) than swimming, particularly the breast stroke.

For those of you who are more comfortable on dry land, however, there is an exercise which John Robert Powers recommends to his models which, if you remember that "every day, no matter what" rule, is said to work wonders:

Cross your wrists and grasp the upper side of your forearms midway between

the elbows and the wrists. Now, raise your arms to the shoulder level. Grip hard and push your hands toward your elbows. (Don't let your hands slide upward!) Hold for a count of five, release and repeat.

Jeanne Crain, too, warns that you have to do your exercises *every day* if you want to have your baby and beauty too.

"There's nothing more dull or boring than calisthenics, but—after a baby—nothing more essential. When you have to go back to work before a camera, as we do, you have a deadline and that helps."

Another thing that helped, for Jeanne, was combining the basic exercises with a physical workout every day.

"I have loved ballet since I studied it when I was in high school," she says. On the set of "Take Care of My Little Girl," the first picture Jeanne made after the birth of her new baby, she and Jean Peters and Betty Lynn persuaded Mitzi Gaynor, who is a professional ballet dancer, to put them through a fifteen-minute "warm up" at the bar every morning.

"Steam baths and massages are fun, too," she added, "but, unfortunately, useless if you skip your exercises. And Paul and I love to take long walks after the children are bedded down in the evening. There is nothing like walking to melt away any ugly bulges which pile up during pregnancy on your hips and thighs."

It occurs to me, as I pass on all this good advice, that the mothers with new babies aren't the only ones who could profitably take a leaf from the exercise book of these two lovely stars.

Bulging—but too tired?

Sagging—but too lazy?

Well, bulge ahead then, girls. But don't say I didn't tell you. THE END

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Princess Abdicates

(Continued from page 51) He drives his motor cars at one hundred kilos an hour and sometimes his feet, not his hands, guide the steering wheel. He goes flying off in his airplane at midnight.

Lovely women he finds irresistible. Money he spends like water. He is the most fascinating and charming of men. But as far as being married to him—my sympathy goes to Rita.

Rita met Aly at the time she was being divorced from Orson Welles. She came to Cannes, I was convinced, because it was Orson's stamping ground. And he did visit her there for a few days. It was after he had left, and she was lonely, that I put her next to Aly, at my dinner party.

The next thing I knew Aly had reserved a suite for Rita at the Hotel Reserve near Monte Carlo, so they might meet without publicity. It was an unbelievable apartment, draped in pink satin like the boudoir of a French princess.

No need to go over the courtship or the wedding on May 27th, 1949. Or the birth of Yasmin at Lausanne, Switzerland, on December 28th, 1949. All of these things, in their time, crowded other far more vital if less titillating events off the front pages. Just as Rita's return to America, now, two years later, proceeded to do.

Curious that Rita should have Jackson Leichter advising her. He used to manage Orson Welles with no great financial success to Orson, certainly. But then it well may be no one could accomplish that.

However, I do not think Leichter is managing Rita well at all. The wildly flowing hair and shirt-tails and old dungarees that marked the news pictures taken of her as she motored across the country to Lake Tahoe, where she sued for divorce, were ill-advised.

It was last summer at Longchamps that I saw the flaws in her marriage structure.

The year before at Longchamps, Aly's father, the Aga Khan and his wife, the Begum, had occupied a box on the other side of the stands from Rita and Aly. When the ovation Rita received drew all attention from the Aga and the Begum, a very beautiful woman, I thought the Begum had not liked it very well.

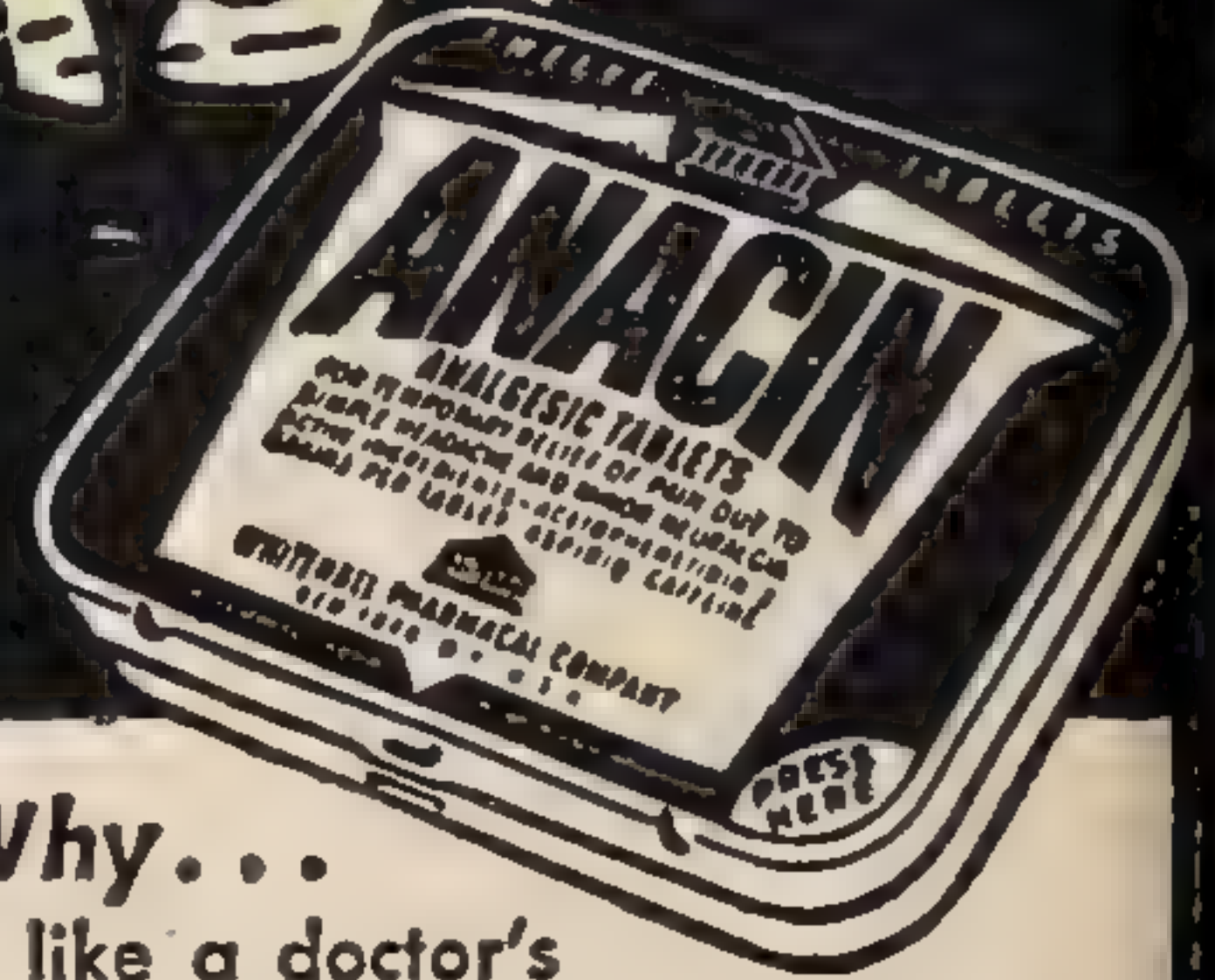
Last summer the Aga and his Begum had a box directly beneath the box of Aly and Rita—where they could not be ignored. It is not the Aga Khan's way to interfere with his sons. Nevertheless, I do not think he was happy when Aly, his heir to the spiritual leadership of twelve million Moslems, married a movie star. The Aga ad-



Rita Hayworth and two children live in rented house, pending Nevada divorce

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mired Rita, but knew she must, as she did, cause a split among his people; the young adoring her, the reverent disapproving.

The Begum, I think, never liked Rita. Not that anything ever was said. But those of us who saw the two women together were conscious of a strained undercurrent.

Besides, the Begum, who knows very well how to get on with Orientals, looks after the Aga devotedly; runs his domestic establishment beautifully.

Rita expected Aly to look after her.

SOON enough, Aly gave up expecting Rita to run his house. "I will order, Baby Darling," he would tell her. And by the time they had been married a year had she been a guest she would have known as much about what was being served.

"I never could run a house, you know that," she told me one day, laughing. "No one I marry should try to make a housekeeper out of me."

Indeed I did know. She could not even manage the little house she had with Orson. Dinner there, invariably one to two hours late, was likely to be uneatable. Such things were not important to her or to Orson—or to you when you were with them. For everyone had fun.

As the Princess Margarita Aly Khan, Rita was out of her element. She had no understanding of a Moslem. And, soon enough, I think, the lack of money in the purse, even while she was surrounded by every evidence of great wealth, reminded her of the great money-maker she was. So with time flying, she began to think about returning to Hollywood.

I think the Aly did not give her much money because he did not have it to give. The five million dollars which the Aga gave him before he married Rita was supposed to keep him as long as his father lived. An unbelievable fortune, until you buy fabulous race horses; maintain great houses all over the Continent, airplanes, thirteen motor cars—and when you are, in all ways, generous beyond belief.

I remember lunching with Aly at the Chateau de l'Horizon last summer.

On tables, on chairs, were checks waiting for Aly's signature. He frowned at them. "Expenses are frightful," he complained. "They eat up one's life."

Rita was disturbed, too, about Aly's recklessness, not only with money, with everything. The rumors, before Yasmin was born, which linked his name with Katherine Dunham . . . More recent rumors about him and Heidi Beer, wife of a European band leader and Nancy Masseroni, a Boston society divorcee.

"... Your wishes are my law," Aly wrote in reply to Rita's request for a divorce. That is Aly, the Continental gentleman.

"... Prince Aly Khan wishes Princess Yasmin to spend specific periods of time with him after she is seven years old." That is Aly, heir-apparent to the spiritual leadership of twelve million Moslems.

Rita, asking that Aly settle the same sum—three million dollars—upon Princess Yasmin that he settled upon his two sons by his former wife, Joan Yarde-Buller Guinness, asked no money for herself.

It was inevitable that it all should end his way. For it never was a marriage in the true sense. Marriage means a house and maybe a garden, children, a man and a woman planning and sacrificing, if need be, so the unit of society they have created may survive, and loving each other more deeply, if less excitedly, in the process.

Should Rita find her way back to Orson, won't be surprised.

As for Aly, whom I always shall love, he will, I am sure, go on, as he always has, living right up to the hilt.

It just isn't in the cards for two such strangers to live happily forever after.

THE END

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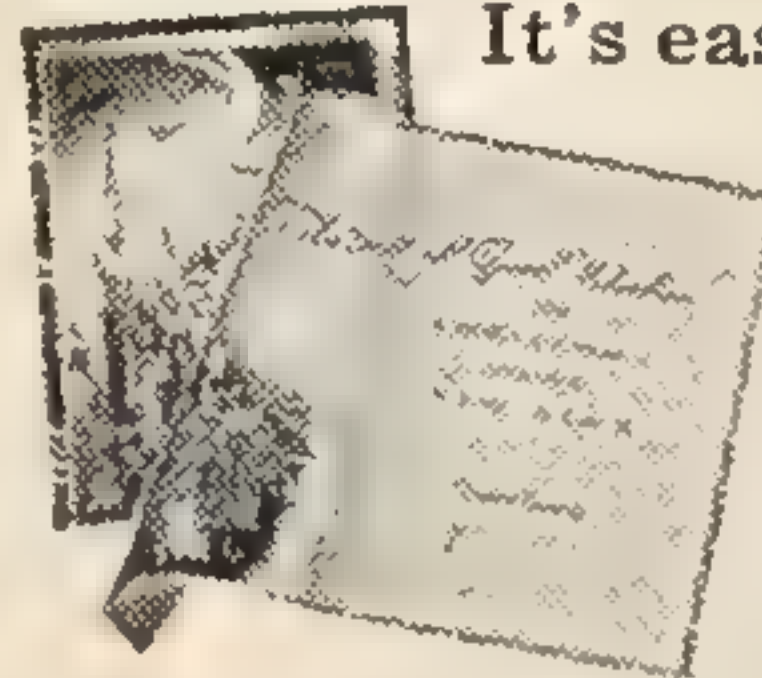
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Their Love Is Like This . . .

(Continued from page 53) and tossed her one that happened to be lying around.

Stories or no stories, both say they're not engaged. True, he'd given her a diamond ring. Not a solitaire, however, nor the kind you associate with engagements. More the dinner-ring type. And she was wearing it on her right hand.

It happened like this. "Behave Yourself" was in its final week. Farley had called a jeweler to order thank-you gifts for his co-workers. As usual, Shelley hovered. "Do you have any pretty rings for a girl?" she heard him inquire.

The script clerk! she thought. By her standards, he's a wild one with cash. "You can't do that. It costs too much—"

"Go away, woman. Leave me alone—"

That afternoon came the jeweler with boxes. Farley showed her the ring. "Try it on. Like it—?"

"Just beautiful, but I still think you're overdoing it—" She pulled the ring off to hand it back—

"Keep it—"

"Keep it?! You mean it's for me—?"

"End-of-the-picture present. For a good girl."

Of course she was thrilled, of course she scampered around showing it off, and of course people jumped to their own conclusions. But—

"It's not an engagement ring," said Farley. "Shelley and I are very close. We're very close, and there's no one else for either of us right now. But we have no definite plans. I hate this are-you, aren't-you routine, and I won't be cornered for the sake of a story. When, as and if we're ready, we'll say so."

SHELLEY was still more explicit. "Do you know two careers where two people have been happy? One's off on location, the other has to stay in Hollywood. Last fall I was all set to go to Europe with my aunt and uncle, and meet Farley there. Then came a chance to play *Billie Dawn* in 'Born Yesterday.' He was sore as heck, but I couldn't turn it down, I just couldn't. Not only for the part, but the money. Farley says money's for spending and life's for living. He saves up some dough, goes abroad and gets back with \$24 in the bank. Doesn't faze him at all.

"I wish I could be like that, but I'm not. I've come up the hard way, and it's left a bad scar. I worry about financial security. I've worked like mad for a career and it's just beginning and, frankly, it comes first with me. That's no good for marriage. For marriage you've got to be a wife first and an actress second. You've got to be able to say, 'I'd rather go with Farley, wherever he goes, than play a good part.' I can't say that now."

The future is guesswork. All we know for the present is that Shelley is Farley's girl. When they started dating, people shrugged. "It'll flare up and die. They have nothing in common." They've been dating more and more steadily, and seem to have more in common than ever. Yet, if you knew them superficially, the skepticism was understandable. Farley's a sensitive young man, on the reticent side with all but his intimates. Shelley's an extrovert, tempestuous, uninhibited, built up by publicity as a kind of junior Mae West—a buildup she hates, by the way.

Obviously, they found each other attractive. But if this had been all, it would have flared up and died. The clue to their continuing closeness lies in the fact that what you hear of Shelley is only half the truth, and therefore misleading. What you see of her is only half the truth too. She looks younger, softer, more vulnerable than on the screen. That she's a pepperpot

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nobody will deny, least of all Shelley. She also has great warmth and sweetness. These qualities don't make for salty reportage. But they show in her eyes and in the way she talks about Farley—

"He understands when things go wrong with me. He realizes that when I pop off, it's because I'm frightened, I really get panicky, and this is my stupid way of self-defense. Through Farley, I'm growing more mature. 'Children fall apart,' he says. 'Adults cope with things.' One day I barked at the director. Farley said quietly, 'I'm tired.' He wasn't tired. He said it to get us a ten-minute break, so I could pull myself together. He didn't preach at me either. Next day he just said, 'That's a nice fellow.' I knew what he meant. I sat down and wrote the director a note of apology.

"It's easy to get romantic over someone like Farley, but love's more than romance. Whatever happens, I'll always love him for the kindness he's shown me, for his real concern over my welfare. One night I got dressed up and we went out to dinner. All day I'd been doing some pretty grueling scenes for 'The Raging Tide.' He asked me a question and ten minutes later I answered that question. 'Come on, I'm taking you home,' he said. 'The best thing anyone can get out of you right now is a medium shot.' That's typical of him. He takes care of me. It's a lovely feeling. Nobody's ever done it before."

★ "The real achievement is to be the last woman in a man's life—not the first."

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Farley uses the same words. "Shelley's very independent in many ways. But underneath, there's a little-girl quality. She's the kind of person who needs to be taken care of. I'm the average normal male. I like that sort of dependency. It's a relationship I've never known before. I'm just happy," he grins, "that she doesn't think I'm her father."

"Behave Yourself" was no accident. For a long time, they'd been crazy to do a picture together, preferably comedy. Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna, who produced "Behave Yourself," sent Farley the script while Shelley was in New York. He liked it. "What about Shelley?" asked Wald. "I hear she's temperamental. Can you handle her?"

"She'd be great," said Farley, blandly ducking the last part. "If you can get her. And me."

There lay the rub. First Goldwyn said yes and Universal said no, then the other way 'round. For six weeks the deal teetered, with boy and girl egging their agent on (they have the same agent), breathing down their lawyer's neck (they have the same lawyer), falling blissful and exhausted into each other's arms when the thing was settled.

Dear hearts and gentle people warned Farley. "This will be the end of you and Shelley. She'll blow up in your face."

"We have a director, remember?" he pointed out. "He's in charge. We both take orders from him."

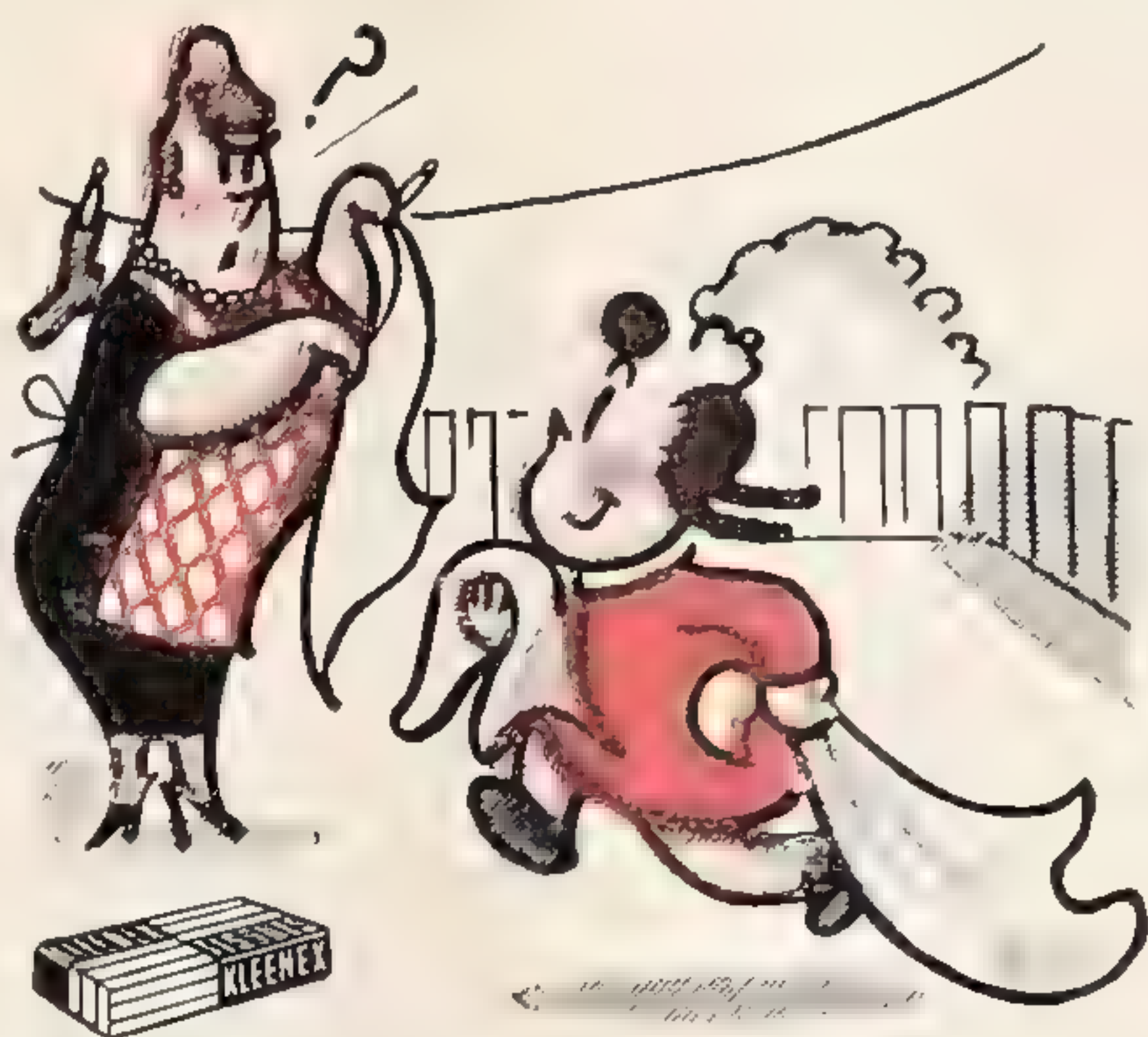
"Behave Yourself," his first comedy, was a big challenge. He bought a tape recorder and rehearsed for two weeks before starting. Worked every night rehearsing the next day's stuff. He's hopeful but philosophical about his own contribution. "Good or bad, I've learned something about comedy. And that's progress."

"He's like Cary Grant," chirped Shelley. "Only better."

"I should live so long," said Farley.

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

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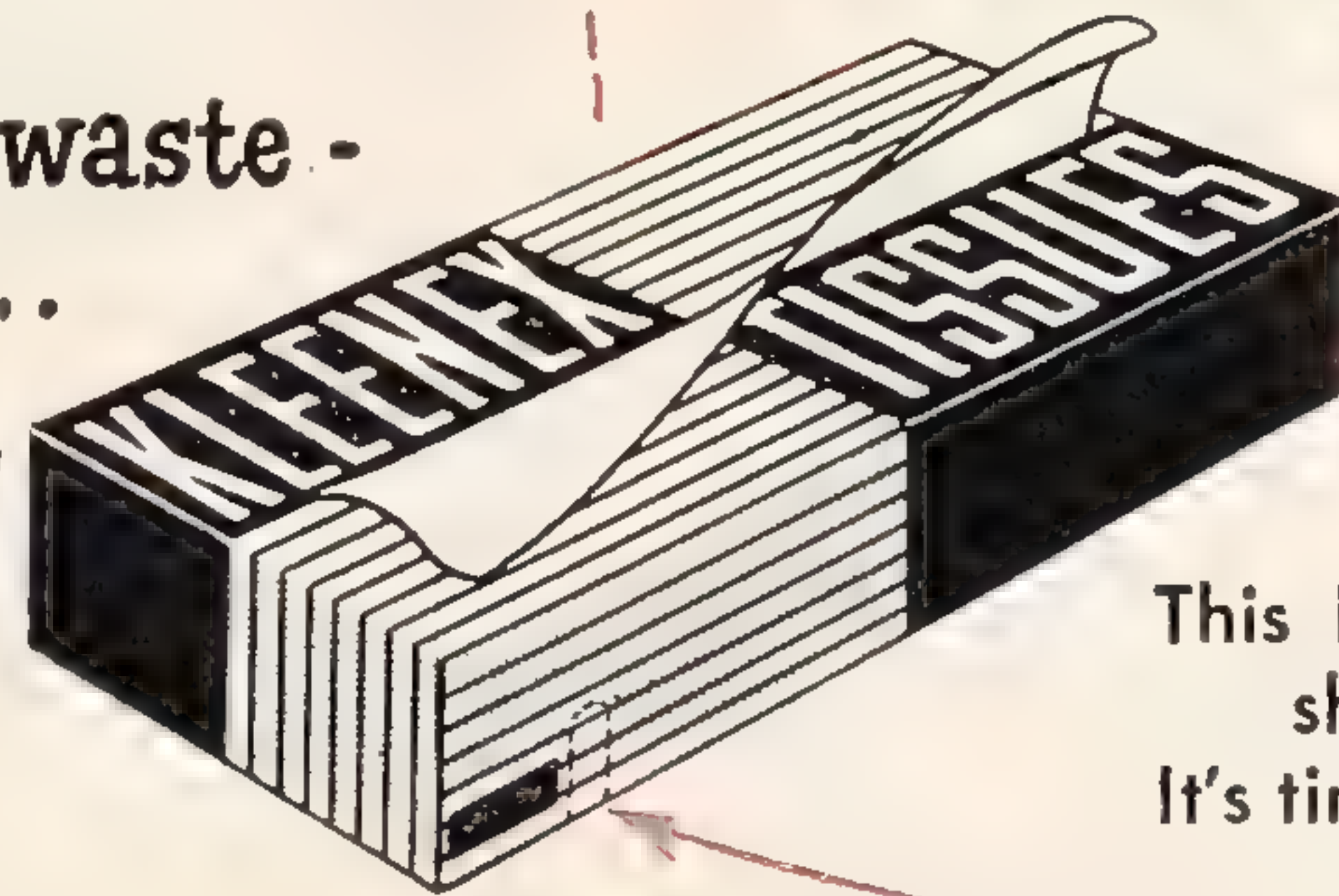
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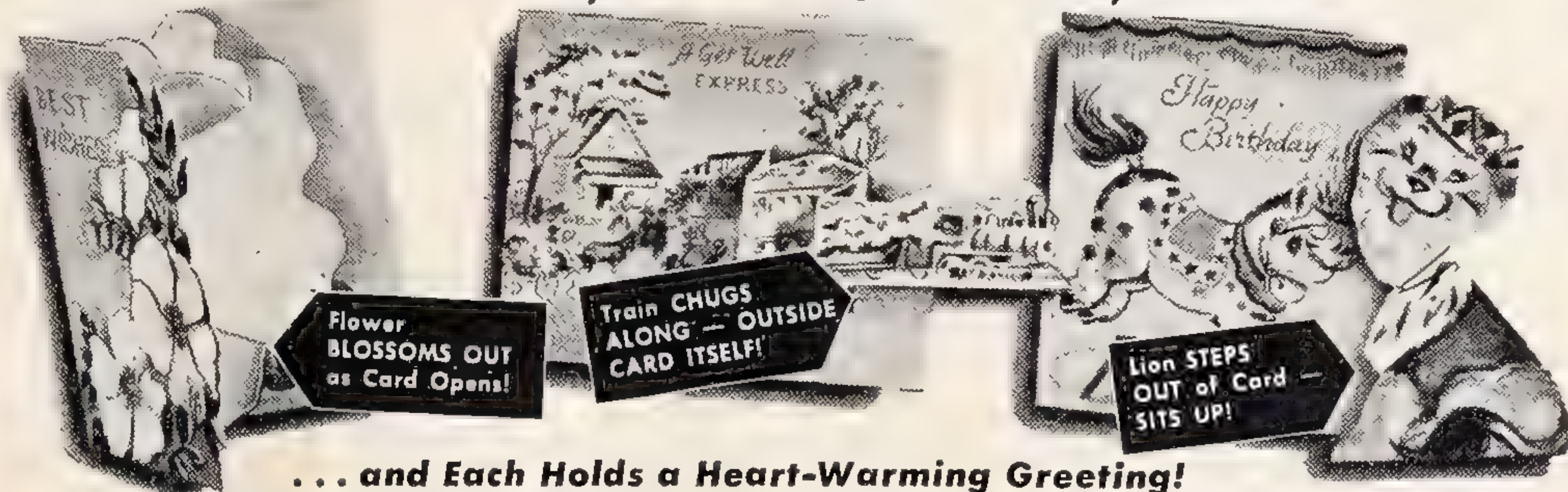
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They got along fine, their main trouble coming from doughnuts. Upset about a scene, Shelley'd head for her dressing-room and order doughnuts, which comfort the spirit and increase the flesh. Farley'd poke his head in. "You shouldn't eat that!"

"Okay, you eat half."

"I won't eat half."

"Then I'll get fat and spoil the picture, and it's your fault."

"There's no point in yelling," says Farley, "because Shelley can yell louder. So I find myself being adult and masterful. First I say in a loud voice, 'Shut up!' She doesn't hear me and goes right on talking. I let her finish. Then I speak my piece and walk away."

"Takes me home and goes home himself," the culprit chimes in. "Calm as an oyster. Won't let me argue, just refuses to discuss it. We have a good system, though," she adds cheerfully. "We take turns making up. If I apologize one time, Farley does it the next even though it's my fault, which it generally is. Then he buys me a clown. I collect clowns. If we didn't fight, I wouldn't have so many."

His coming of age is apparent in more than his relationship with Shelley. He's acquired independence and confidence in himself. He feels strongly about what's right and wrong for him to play and backed his own judgment by taking a suspension. Instead of brooding around Hollywood, he went off and had himself a ball in Europe. As movie stars go, his salary was small. "But I don't believe in stashing money away for a rainy day. As far as I'm concerned, the rainy day's here. Who knows how long you'll be able to travel in Europe? The most expensive thing is the trip over, unless you stay at fancy hotels, which I didn't. I was a tourist. I lived like a tourist."

HE returned for "Strangers on a Train." The next script they sent him featured another neurotic killer. "Uh-uh," said Farley, and stuck to his guns while the heavens crackled. For personal reasons, this wasn't easy. He feels an immense respect and affection for Samuel Goldwyn, who gave him his start at seventeen. But he's no longer seventeen, and a man of twenty-six must make his own decisions. Net result: A new five-year contract at more money and a new understanding between himself and the boss. Farley retains the right to turn down parts he objects to. Goldwyn retains the right to suspend him.

He still has enormous enthusiasm, but it's channeled and tempered. He no longer thinks everything is great. His overriding ambition is to be a good actor. This creates another bond with Shelley, who feels the same way. They read plays aloud and devour technical books on the theatre. Inveterate movie-goers, they're capable of sitting through two double bills and hashing performances over till cockcrow. This they find infinitely more stimulating than night clubs. Contrary to popular conception, Shelley never went in much for the gay spots. Farley brushes them off. "When there's a good act, yes. Otherwise, they're for people who have nothing to say to each other."

He doesn't hobnob with million-dollar stars and generally runs from fancy functions. Though he's been around the glamour capital a long time, his innocence of certain swank procedures showed up in Paris, where he got a bid to a plush dinner party. For a moment he toyed with the idea of going. "Do you have a white tie?" they asked.

"No, but I'll get one."

Arthur Laurents was with him. "You going to buy tails?"

"For what? I'm buying a white tie to wear with my dinner jacket."

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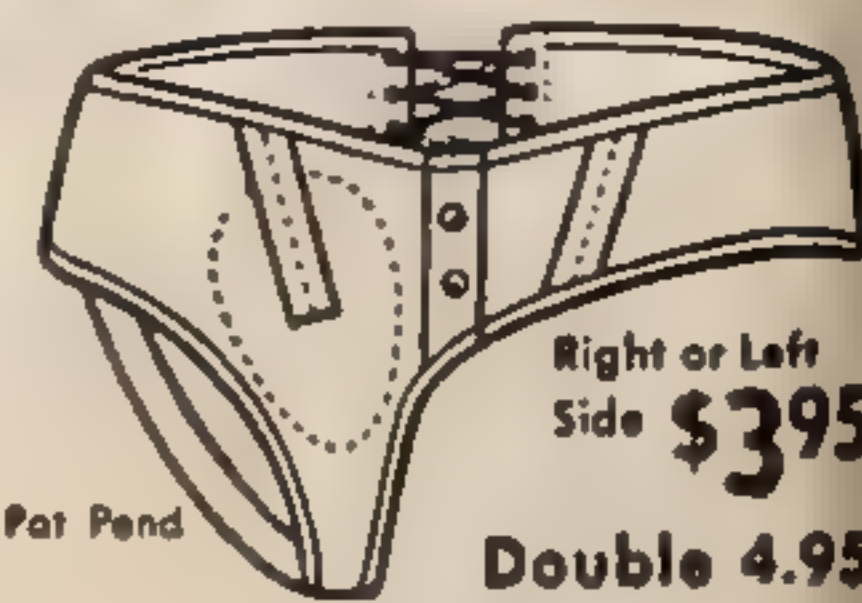
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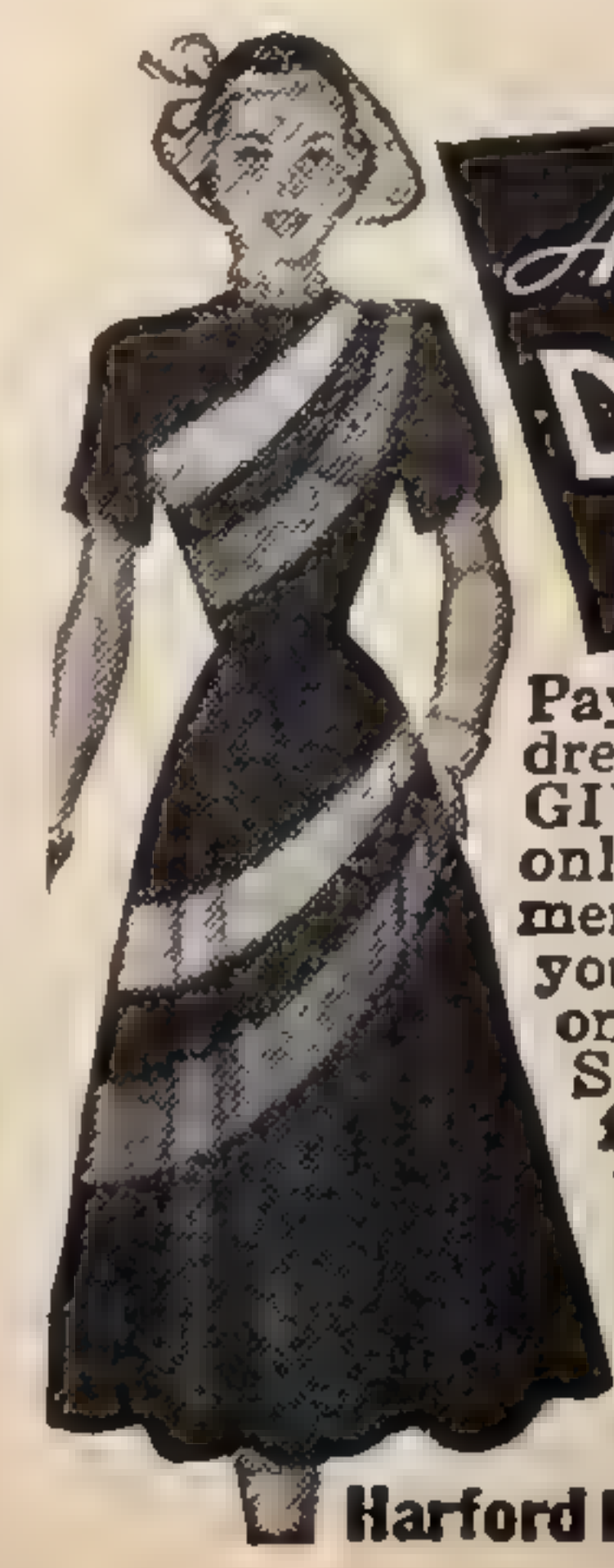
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"That's fine," said Farley, picking up the phone. "I'll stay home."

Most of his friends are older than he is—professional writers and musicians whose intelligence he respects. Like many people who've missed college, he exaggerates its importance. The fact that he's educated himself more thoroughly than lots of B.A.s doesn't register with Farley. There's so much more to learn. He learns by listening though he's now realizing that his opinions also bear some weight.

They gather often at the home of Saul Chaplin, the musician. Both Chaplin and his wife play, and everyone sings. Everyone, that is, but Farley, who's restrained by force if necessary, and sits around looking wistful. They suspect him of singing under his breath, but a dirty look throws him. If they're feeling indulgent, they'll let him take one note alone in "Porgy and Bess." That's his big solo. His warmest admirers (including his mother) will tell you that Farley sings like a frog. Shelley considers this harsh. "He's just off key all the time," she explains reasonably. To Farley, who loves music only second to acting, his vocal defects loom as a lesser tragedy. He's a frustrated song-and-dance man. "Someday," he threatens, "I'll ootz my way into a musical."

Partly because of the roles he's played, you think of him as intensely serious-minded. He can be as wacky as the next one, with an offbeat humor that he turns against himself. When there's nonsense afoot, he's semi-the-life-of-the-party. Does hilarious takeoffs on Granger, the man of doom. Or grabs Shelley, and they shove each other around in some nutty improvisation of the modern dance. As a ballroom dancer, he's been called a diamond in the rough. "Very rough," he stresses. What he lacks in skill, he makes up in exuberance. A friend considered the matter and put it this way. "He doesn't look the way he thinks, but try to keep him off the floor!" Even Shelley will go no further than to say, "He's brave."

TO his friends, he's loyal almost to a fault and hotly defends the absent against criticism. Knifing infuriates him. Once he said to Shelley: "Don't sit around with people who dish. What they do to others, they'll do to you." By the same token, he finds it hard to forgive a friend who lets him down, being young enough for the deep hurts of disillusion. He's readier than not to like people. If he does, he'll go all out for you. If he doesn't, you'll know it by his formal civility. Loathing all forms of affectation, it was Shelley's inability to be anything but her honest self that first drew him toward her.

When he feels strongly, it's hard to budge him. But he's not bullheaded. Convince him that he's wrong, and he's ready to admit it. Far from being a moody youth, he's exceptionally sunny and good-humored. On those rare occasions when he lets fly, it's in privacy with a friend or two and over something important. Trifles don't ruffle him. On occasion he's thoughtless, but the price he pays isn't worth it. Working late one night, he forgot a dinner date. Clean forgot it and never even phoned. For weeks thereafter he practically wore a hair shirt.

Some of his friends, including Shelley, share his passion for paintings. In the pre-Granger days, Shelley bought such pictures as she could afford. "But who," she demands, "can keep up with that guy? Not me." And not most of his art-loving chums, who crawl out of the galleries deadbeat while Farley keeps prowling. He buys books on art and, oddly enough, understands them. He buys postcard reproductions and, oddly enough, studies them. He buys good prints of great pictures and

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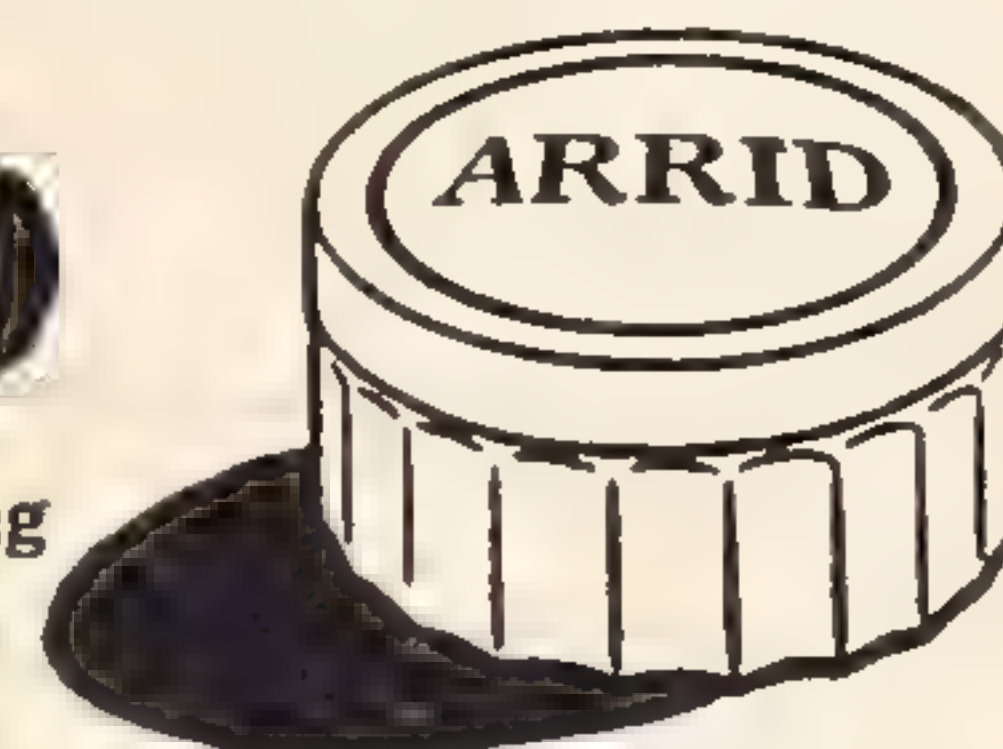
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hangs them in his apartment.

The apartment's new. He used to rent a small house and share a maid with Shelley—three times a week for each. Till it struck him as idiotic to come home on the odd days to littered ashtrays and dust. So he found himself an apartment with a view, a fireplace and daily maid service. There he threw his first big shindig—partly a housewarming, partly in return for hospitality received, mostly for Betty Comden and Adolf Green, friends from New York. The only movie names present were Shelley and Richard Conte. "It was great," says the host, "and went on forever and a year from now I might talk myself into it again. My idea of a good party is eight or ten."

His energy is all but inexhaustible. It annoys Shelley that he can sleep five hours and be in great shape, while she needs nine. Their fights—and this is her open-hearted version—come mostly when she's inconsiderate of someone. He used to get mad when she was late, but gave that up like a sensible fellow as waste effort. Now he waits peacefully and reads a book. He can't keep out of a book or record shop. His car is still a Chevrolet, and his driving acceptable except when he terrifies backseat passengers by turning around for leisurely conversation. On the radio he listens only to music, and once in a while to "My Friend Irma." He's just bought a TV set—why, he doesn't know. "It mesmerizes you," is his feeble explanation.

JUDY GARLAND'S his favorite singer and, for his dough, the most exciting creature on the screen is Bette Davis. "I love her," he declares brazenly. He and Shelley met her at the Screen Writers Guild dinner. "Farley," spoke up the irrepressible blonde, "has a crush on you."

"That's very flattering," smiled Bette. Between pleasure and embarrassment, Farley spilled his drink.

What doughnuts do for Shelley, sports shirts do for him—soothe jangled nerves. Disturbed about something, Farley fares forth and buys a sports shirt. They can't compete with Der Bingle's, but as runners-up they'll serve. He wears them with jeans and such shoes as you'd swear could never be bought on land or sea. Where he digs them up is a mystery. Why he wears them is simple. "I like them," he says, sticking out a proud foot.

Otherwise, his taste is excellent and he's influenced Shelley in the matter of clothes, which she takes less seriously than most women. Farley, however, thinks they're important to an actress. She used to concentrate on what she calls dressy-up stuff. "But I had no good basic things. I'd just kind of run around in a pair of old slacks."

"Which few women can wear," said the boy friend, "and Shelley's not one."

"So I've changed to blouses and flared skirts. And I never wear hats because Farley doesn't like me in hats."

"A regular Pygmalion."

"A regular Simon Legree, but who's kicking?"

They talk and act like people in love. But Farley won't be cornered for a story and Shelley won't subordinate her work to marriage. Therefore, since we have no choice, let's behave ourselves, leave them alone and see what happens.

This much is certain. Granger's a guy of gifts, and the greatest is for living. Lots of us just breathe. He's among the fortunate few, aware every waking moment that life, with its soaring peaks and bottomless chasms and all the flatlands between, is a boon bestowed just once on each of us. Whether he lives it with Shelley or another, he'll live it to the fullest.

THE END

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I Have \$50 For You!

Sell only 100 sensational value 21-card \$1.00 Christmas Assortments! FREE Book tells you how to get big orders easily. Also show Gift Wraps, "Hopple" and other Children's Christmas Books, Date and Address Books, Stationery and Gifts. Over 100 other fast-selling items for all members of the family. Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards 40 for \$1.00 and up. Start earning with FREE IMPRINT SAMPLES, Assortments on approval. Extra Profit Bonus!

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Mail COUPON FOR Samples TODAY!
B186, NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
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Encore!

(Continued from page 63) He thinks Madison, Wisconsin, the most beautiful city he's ever seen. He plays gin rummy "like mad" and his friends refer to him as "probably the luckiest and stupidest player in the world." He sleeps in the raw.

He hates to go shopping with his wife.

He has no faith in fortune-tellers or astrologists. He would like to own a yacht someday and reads himself to sleep no matter how tired he is. His eyes are black.

He never wears a hat.

His mother calls him Freddy, he takes vitamins all day long, and believes good taste is more instinctive than cultivated.

He takes lukewarm showers, has never been served a traffic ticket and cites the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa, Canada, as the most beautiful building he has ever seen. He has a cocker spaniel named "Tenor."

He has an aversion to manual labor and his wife laments his "horrible taste" in neckties of wild, crazy patterns.

His first job—at twenty-one—was moving pianos and one of his initial assignments was making a delivery to Philadelphia's Academy of Music where the great Koussevitsky was to conduct a concert that evening. Standing in a room across the hall from the conductor's dressing-room, he gave forth with unbridled voice to "Vesti La Giubba" and at that moment lost his job. Koussevitsky demanded the identity of this singer and not long afterwards Mario Lanza was the conductor's guest at Berkshire, well on his way to becoming one of the world's great tenors.

He never carries a money-clip and his guiding philosophy has always been his father's admonition: "Think of the art and to hell with the money."

He is built like a weight-lifter and dislikes so-called modern furniture.

He has no superstitions, dislikes cats and declares that his mother has had the greatest influence on his life.

He has a canary and a parakeet, and is utterly without system or orderliness; he drops his clothes all over the house and can never find anything. He is 5' 11½" tall.

Lanza means a flying lance, in Spanish.

He served three years in the Army Air Force. He is an excited spectator at boxing and football matches.

He plays no tennis, no golf, has never been seasick and was born in a two-story brick house with marble steps: "You know, there are whole rows of them, like you see in Baltimore and Philadelphia."

He married Betty Hicks, sister of an Army pal, April 13, 1945. He cannot remember telephone numbers and every time he calls his own home he asks his manager what the number is.

He is very fond of soft drinks.

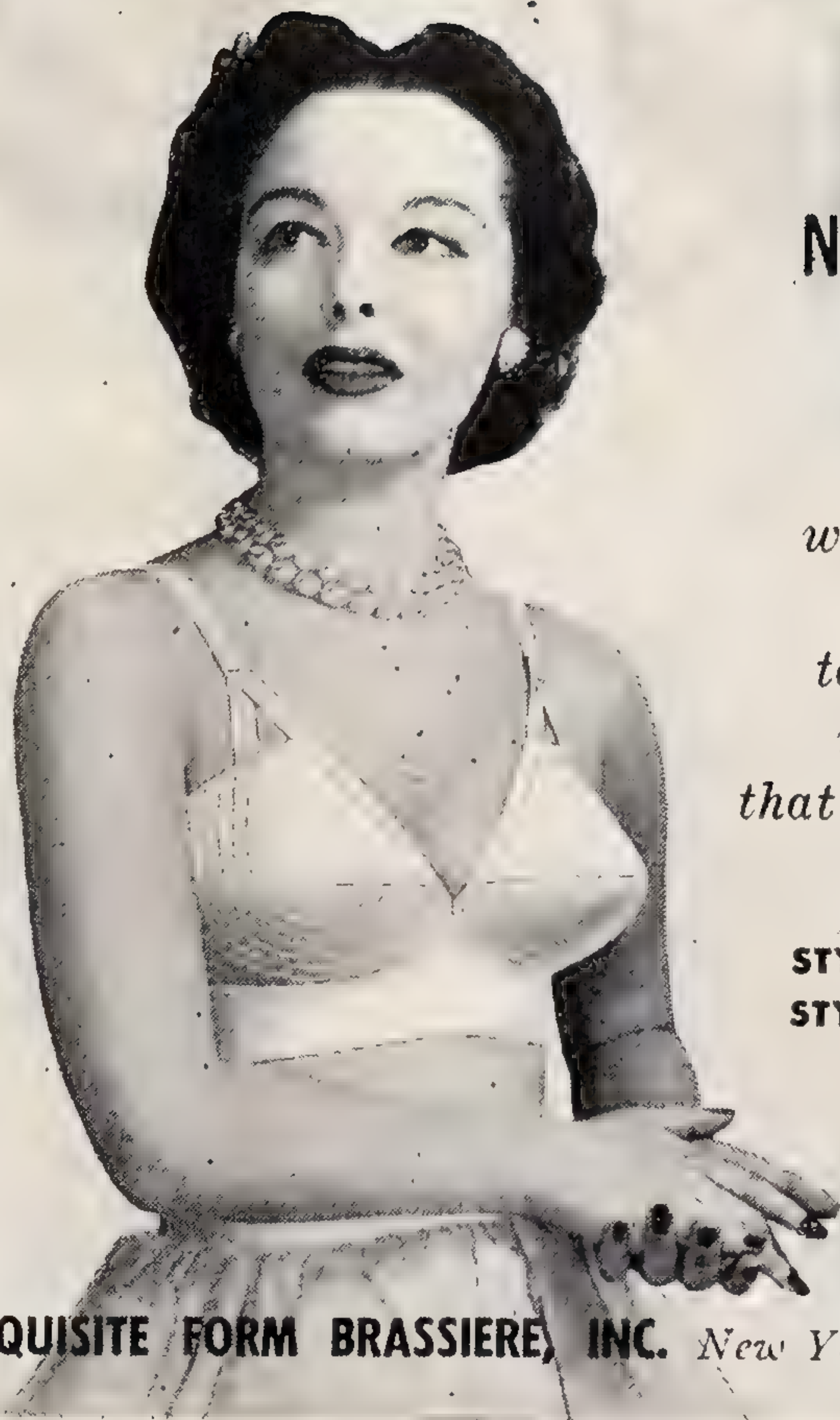
He used to be a chain smoker—averaged two and half packs a day, plus two or three cigars and "maybe a pipe in between." But during the filming of "Toast of New Orleans," he abandoned smoking altogether, deciding it was bad for his voice. He made his Grand Opera debut at New Orleans in "Madame Butterfly."

He always remains seated at a stage performance, never going out between the acts. He has a passion for pizza.

He likes his steaks medium rare but prefers the outside cut of roast beef. He was offered many scholarships as a result of his athletic prowess at school.

He likes flying but never does it because it affects his ears and he is unable to sing for days afterward. He is "crazy" about caviar; at one sitting he ate \$200-worth, paid for by Harry Zellzer, concert impresario of Chicago.

He hates double-breasted suits.



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He likes to play poker and often catches cold in the East but has yet to get one in California. His beard is very heavy, so he has to shave often.

He adopted his mother's maiden name for professional purposes. He was born on January 31, and his grandfather's was the one dissenting voice—"Let them rave about Mario's voice. His muscles must be put to work. . . ." And that's how he went to work moving pianos.

He carries no good luck charm, rides horseback fairly, hopes someday to build a home in Beverly Hills or Bel-Air and eagerly looks forward to seeing Italy for the first time next October.

His breakfast, when not dieting, consists of a steak and three eggs, sunny side up. When he's on a diet he takes only black coffee, Italian style, for breakfast.

He has never gone in for winter sports, speaks Spanish, Italian and, of course, English. His daughter Colleen was born December 9, 1948; Elissa, December 3, 1950.

He prefers mild climates, hates winters and is an excellent swimmer though he cannot go in the water due to an ear condition for which he was discharged from the Army. He is a devoted John Garfield and Tyrone Power fan.

He has a complete disregard of time, is constantly postponing things and thinks women in general look terrible in slacks.

His father was born in Naples and his mother in Abruzzi, Italy. He thinks operas on the screen can be made popular "only if originals are written for the movies or old ones modernized so people can understand them."

He likes wine and German beer. He possesses a wonderful collection of watches that have been presented to him, but he never wears one.

He carries his money in every pocket except the customary trousers pocket. He doesn't play checkers, plans to learn chess, and sentimentally displays on the wall of his studio dressing-room the telegram: "The greatest success imaginable on bringing the life of Caruso, your most admired idol, to the world. Your ambitions since childhood are now being realized. May God bless you and keep you well. (signed) Mom and Pop."

He is an excellent mimic, loves to tell

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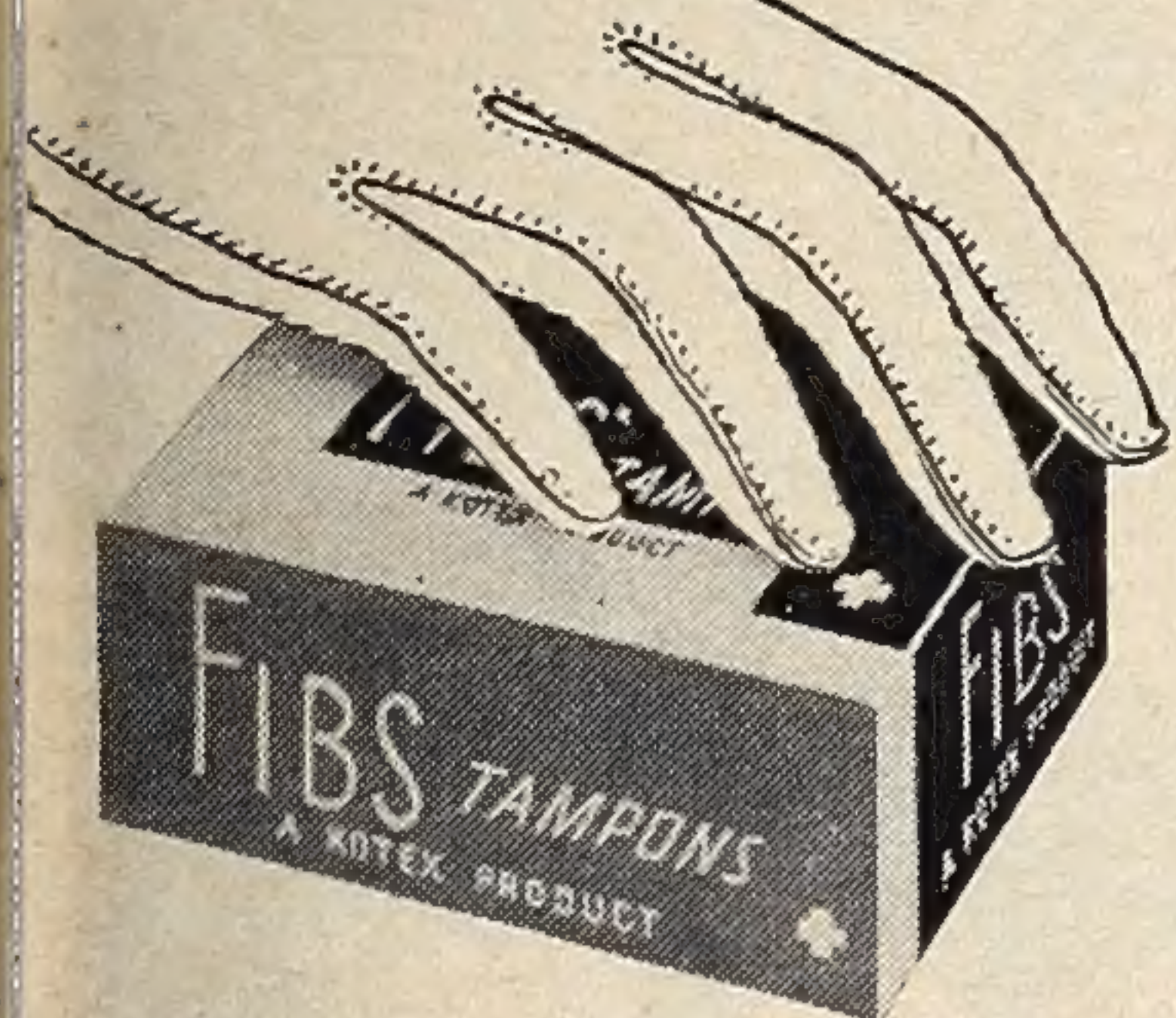
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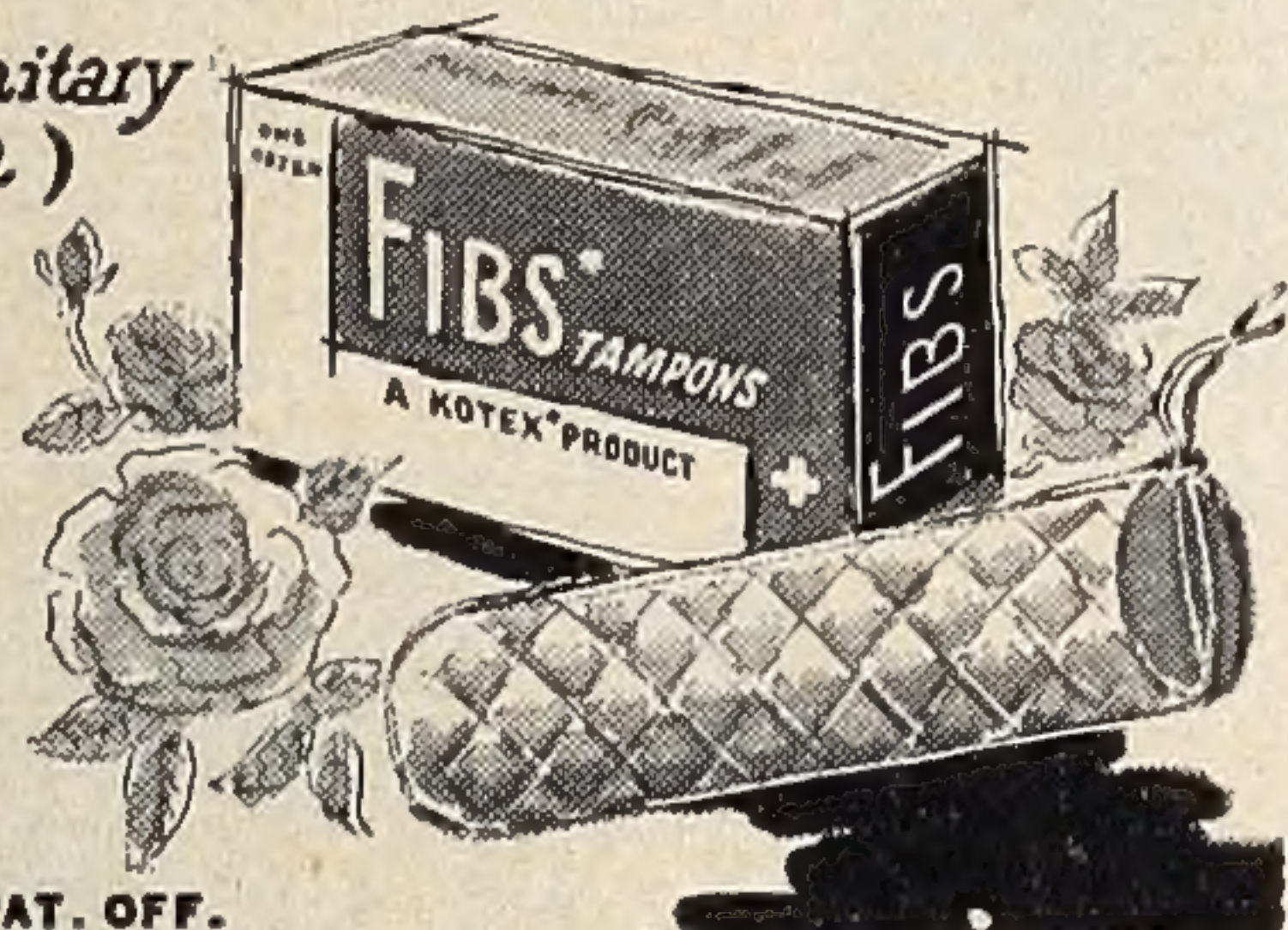
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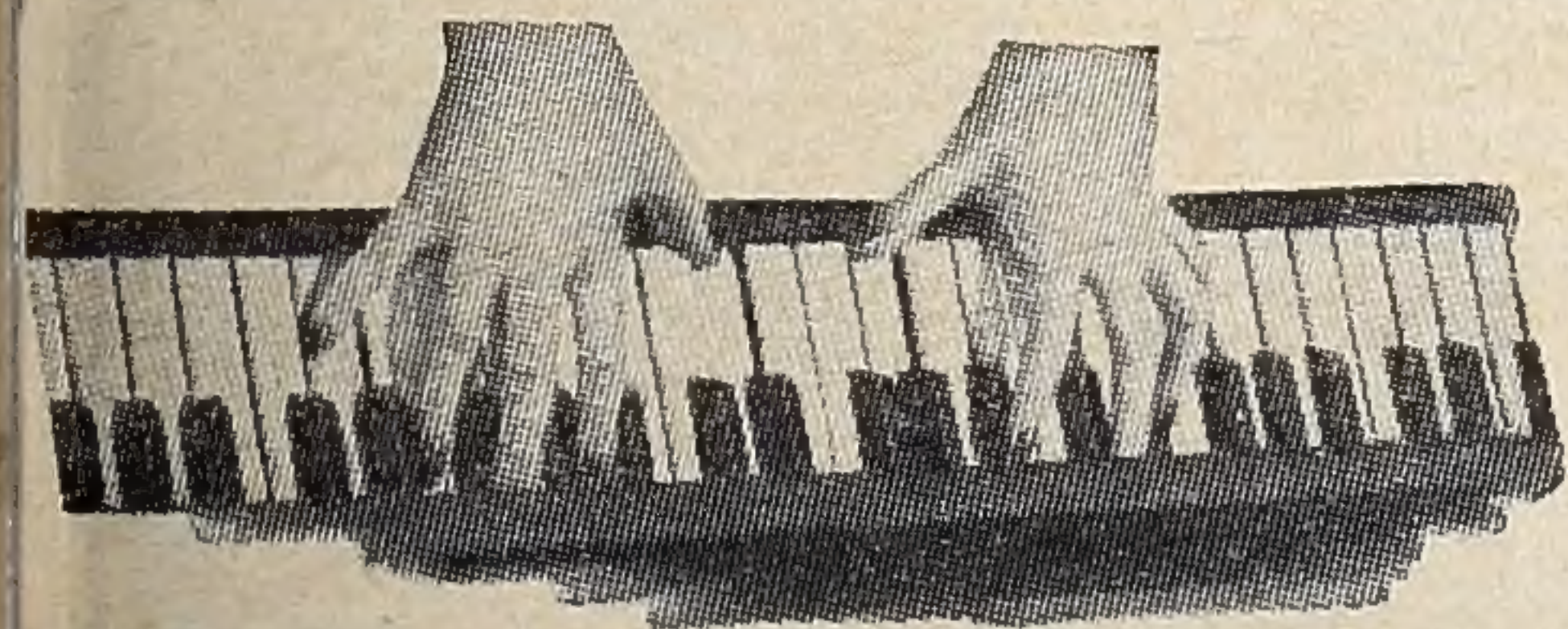


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a story but has the unhappy faculty of always spoiling the end.

He is a claustrophobe and hates small rooms: "I want tremendous rooms and I'm always opening windows."

He wants someday to own a dairy farm in California's Imperial Valley, and has always been dominated by a determination "to be best or nothing." "Whatever it was—I just had to make it."

He likes delicatessens, particularly kosher salami, and he works three and four times a week under voice coach Giacomo Spadoni, the great Caruso's former coach, who is now seventy-three.

He first learned to milk a cow in 1945 at Nyack, New York, while visiting the farm of Robert Weede, Metropolitan Opera star. His father is a disabled veteran of the first World War and one of its most decorated heroes.

He plays no musical instruments, did learn the piano as a child but failed to keep it up. He collects china and jade pixies, having about fifty.

He is extremely nervous and "on edge" just before a performance, he understands but doesn't speak French too well and as a boy was very popular with girls.

He doesn't like to drive.
His favorite non-operatic melody is "They Didn't Believe Me." He is one-

★ "There's one thing about flops. You learn more from them than you learn from successes."

... TALLULAH BANKHEAD

fourth Spanish on his mother's side and this coupled with his adopted name makes him a constant subject of argument among Spanish-speaking peoples who claim him for their own. He enjoys bull-fights in Mexico when on a concert tour.

He owns one of the largest collections of Caruso records, begun by his grandfather. He is very fond of shirts and underwear in silk.

He dreams someday of going to France—"just to see Paris," and his wife deplores his habit of inviting people without letting her know or unexpectedly announcing that "they are going out that night" without advance notice.

He enjoys hillbilly singing. "But it has to be good." He admires most about his wife her "lively, unfailing spirit," and he loves to sing at parties of close friends but quickly freezes up if he suspects that he was invited only to sing.

He maintains a completely equipped home gymnasium where he goes in for weight-lifting and boxing. He trains hard to combat a natural tendency to be lazy.

He likes listening to newscasts and classical music while driving, has been a soloist with the Boston and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestras, and is passionately fond of horseracing, always betting them "on the nose."

His idea of living is sitting at the head of the table with fifty or sixty guests at dinner, and as a boy he devoted more time to listening to music than he did to reading.

He named his first daughter Colleen because he is the only member of his family not to marry an Italian; his wife being Irish he used to greet her with, "How's my little colleen tonight?"

He played semi-professional baseball and football upon graduation from high school.

Mario Lanza never ceases to remember his father's axiom oft told him in Italian: "Who goes slowly, goes wholly and goes very far."

THE END

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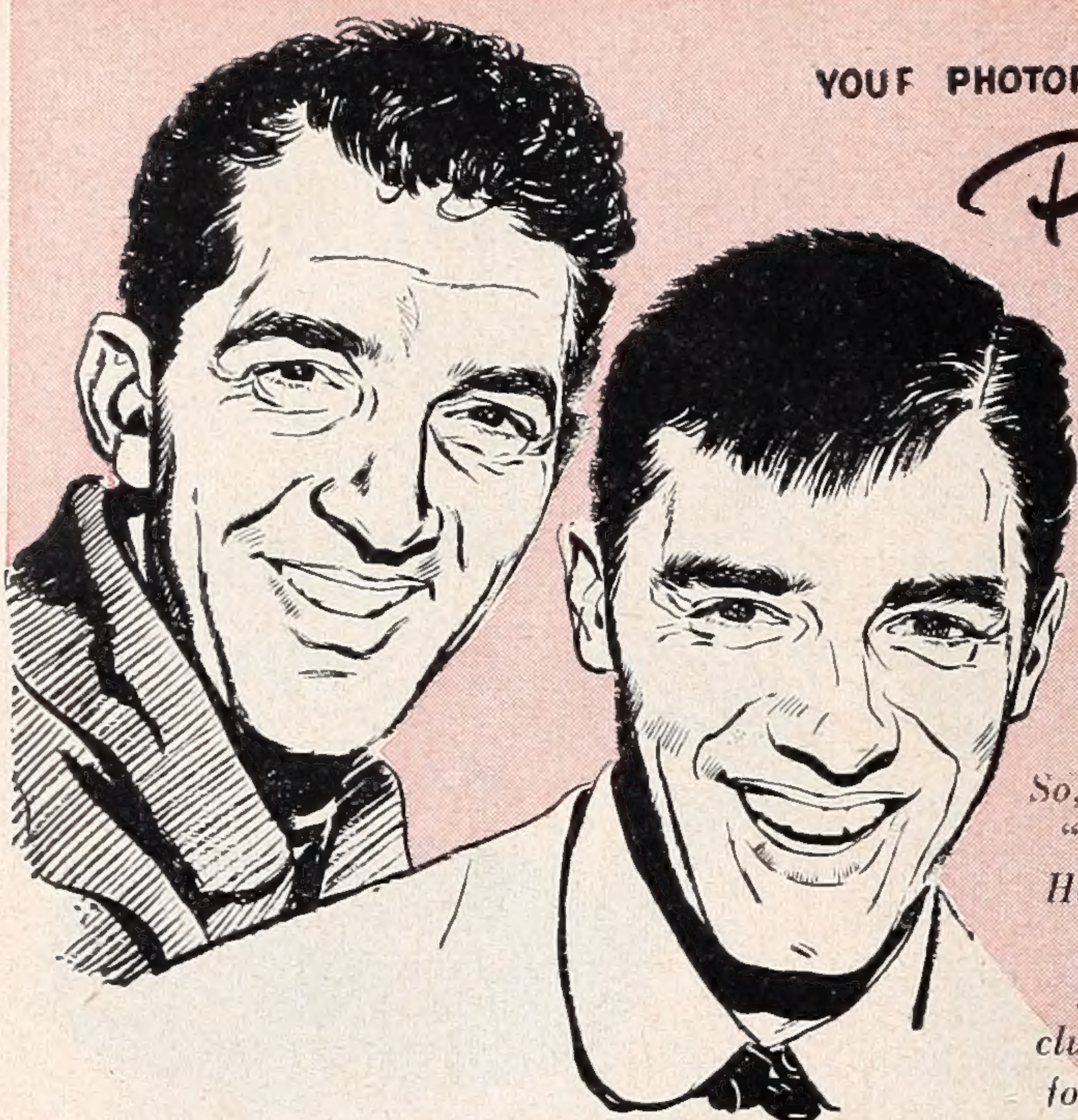
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Jerry planned to float blissfully in his swimming pool all day. But as wife Patti pointed out—it was just the time to paint the fence around their acreage! "Oh, . . .



. . . my aching back," groaned Dean when he met Jerry at the studio eight days later. "Spots!" moaned Jerry. "I've got spots before my eyes—paint spots!" But . . .



. . . fate—and the studio—had a surprise for them. The script for the day's shooting called for Dean—to act his role in bed! "Don't wake me," sighed Dean. But . . .



. . . Jerry wasn't listening. He was playing his part—in a bubble bath! "Enjoy your vacation?" someone asked. Chorused the boys, "We're having a wonderful time!"



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